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FATHER SHAW, C. M.

STORY

OF THE

La Salle Mission

SECOND PART

By REV. THOMAS A. SHAW, C. M.

From the appointment of Rev. M. Anthony, C. M.—1857
To the resignation of Rev. Thos. A. Shaw, C. M.—1907

“My train are men of choice and rarest parts
that all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
the worship of their names.”

KING LEAR—*Shakespeare.*

CHICAGO
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+ J. J. Luby,
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NOW PUBLISHED

“The Story of the La Salle Mission”

SECOND PART

By FATHER SHAW, C. M.

The enterprising firm of M. A. Donohue & Co., 407 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.,
have left nothing desirable for the beauty of workmanship in this volume.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 26, 1907.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the volume, “Story of the La Salle Mission,” which you have had the great kindness to send to me. I beg you to accept my sincerest thanks and my congratulations on having compiled this little history.

Most faithfully yours in Xto.,
†D. FALCONIO,
Apostolic Delegate.

DENVER, COLO., June 20, 1908.

VERY REV. THOMAS A. SHAW, C. M.:

REVEREND AND DEAR FRIEND:—I have read with a great deal of pleasure your delightful “Story of the La Salle Mission” founded by the Sons of St. Vincent and told in charming prose, interspersed with gems of poetry that make the perusal of your little volume fascinating and most profitable reading.

Your chapter on Catholic education, connected with the establishment of a parish school in La Salle, is a veritable gem which all pastors of souls might do well to ponder over seriously.

Affectionately yours in Xto.,
†N. C. MATZ,
Bishop of Denver, Colorado.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 12, 1907.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—

I beg leave to thank you most cordially for your kind favor in sending me a copy of your history of the labors of the early Lazarist Fathers in Illinois. I have read the book with the deepest interest and I am looking forward with pleasure to the reading of the second volume. I wish that a copy of your history were in the hands of every priest in America. Permeating every page, is your own high-minded zeal and your own intelligent love for the Church and for country. Your description of the pioneer laymen is admirable.

Very sincerely,
JOHN IRELAND.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 28, 1907.

REV. THOS. SHAW, C. M., La Salle, Ill.:

I wish to thank you most sincerely for the beautiful little volume which tells the Story of the La Salle Mission. I am very much interested in the book and especially in the inscription which tells the story of our life-long friendship.

Very sincerely yours,

†P. F. RIORDAN.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 29, 1907.

VERY REV. THOMAS A. SHAW, C. M.:

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I thank you for the Story of the La Salle Mission which you have written and kindly sent to me, and I place it reverently in my library. In after times this book will be anxiously sought by writers of Catholic history. I am, Rev. Dear Sir,

Respectfully yours,

†JOHN J. HOGAN,
Bishop of Kansas City.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 5, 1907.

DEAR FATHER SHAW:—I beg to thank you for sending me a copy of your book, "Story of the La Salle Mission." I find it very interesting and instructive.

Trusting you are enjoying good health,

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. H. COLTON, Bishop.

FROM MONSIGNOR O'REILLY.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., June 29, 1907.

MY DEAR FATHER SHAW:—During the week I have used your charming production for private spiritual reading. This tale of rugged bridal paths, saddlebags and log church and priests' house is good medicine for incurable "ecclesiastical fops." Although the events were before I was born and amid scenes I have never visited, there is a personal interest in all.

Yours faithfully,

J. L. O'REILLY.

FROM BISHOP MULDOON.

REV. THOS. A. SHAW, C. M.:

MY DEAR FATHER SHAW:—I am delighted to hear that you are about to publish the second part of your "Story of the La Salle Mission." When a history of the Catholic Church in Illinois is written, your most interesting and instructive "Story" will be invaluable.

FROM REV. DR. J. J. LOWERY, ST. MARY'S, TROY, N. Y.

"I find relief in just such books as this. It is fine, and well seasoned with classic lore."

ST. CECILIA'S CHURCH, CHICAGO, July 2, 1907.

MY DEAR FATHER SHAW:—I thank you very sincerely for your nice book. I am reading it and liking it very much. May God spare you.

Your friend,

ED. A. KELLY

FROM "THE WESTERN WATCHMAN."

We have received "The Story of the La Salle Mission," by Rev. Thomas A. Shaw, C. M., for more than a quarter of a century rector of the same. It is a very interesting recital of holy men and their holy deeds; and as charmingly written as it is intensely interesting. The story is from original sources, and in its slow, rhythmical flow it runs like a gentle stream between pebbly shores, speaking gently and lovingly of the past as it flows. The story is all new and one does not tire of it until the last line is read. Father Shaw is a walking chronicle of the last half of the nineteenth century, and we hope he will give us more of his personal reminiscences.

FROM THE CATHOLIC CITIZEN—ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"The Story of the La Salle Mission," from cover to cover, is replete with the benevolent spirit of the learned author, who, it is evident, spared no pains to unearth and present to his readers an authenticated and true account of the wonderful work accomplished by the early missionary fathers of La Salle, and the many and nerve-racking hardships which they encountered.

FROM MONSIGNOR CONNERY.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 7, 1907.

DEAR FATHER SHAW:—I sincerely thank you for sending me your book. It is an excellent one, through and through.

I don't know when I have read anything with so much pleasure, and let me also add, with so great profit.

I hope the second volume will see the light soon (*in lucem edita*), and, praying for your good health and every other blessing,

I remain, as ever, your devoted pupil,

M. P. CONNERY.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO., July 17, 1907.

REV. FATHER T. A. SHAW, ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, PERRYVILLE, MO.:

MY DEAR AND REVEREND FATHER:—

Several days ago the first volume of your history of La Salle Mission came to hand, and I write to thank you for same. Immediately upon receipt of the volume I began to read it and found it intensely interesting.

Yours sincerely,

L. HOUCK.



DEDICATION

To the Missionaries, Priests and Sisters, successors of the pioneer missionaries of St. Vincent of Paul, and to the sons and daughters of the pioneer Irish Catholics of the La Salle Mission, this second and last part of the Story of the La Salle Mission is lovingly inscribed by their confrere and friend,

THE AUTHOR.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY, PERRYVILLE, MO.

Saint Patrick's Day 1908.

PREFACE

THE facts given in this second and last part of the Story of the La Salle Mission, after the writer's share is subtracted, are largely due to (a) our Daughters of Charity, (b) to our Brothers of Mary, (c) to the Powers-Benson family of Peoria, the Keys (Edw.), the O'Rourks, the O'Donoghues, the Haskins, the O'Sheas (John), the Confreys, the Hanleys (Judge), to the editor of the La Salle Post, Judge Collins, Wm. Byrne, Harrison House, whose zeal as rescuers and promptness as deliverers are worthy of all praise. All these are entitled to the hearty thanks now given them by the writer. The open-handed generosity shown the writer by a few friends, whose names are withheld, whereby he has been enabled to print and pay for this second part of the Story, has touched the chords of his nature most feelingly, and the sounds shall not easily float away from memory.

THE AUTHOR.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, PERRYVILLE, MO.

Saint Patrick's Day, 1908.

THE STORY OF THE LA SALLE MISSION.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1857 OPENING YEAR OF FATHER ANTHONY'S ADMINISTRATION.
HIS ABLE ASSISTANT FATHER MICHAEL O'REILLY.

I've scanned the actions of his daily life
And nothing meets my eye but deeds of honor.

—*Hannah Moore.*

FEW days had passed after the departure of Rev. John O'Reilly from the La Salle Mission before his successor was appointed. In the Congregation of the Mission appointment of superiors is with the council at the suggestion of the Visitor, made by the Superior General. In our present case there was little reason for delay since no one knew in those days the subjects of the United States Lazarists province better than Father F. Borlando, the acting Visitor, who resided at Emmitsburg, Md., as he was also director of the Sisters of Charity. However, as the wits of men desirous of able leadership are stirred up and the liveliest curiosity is excited to get as near as possible at the name of the successor to fill a seat made empty, so after the departure of Father O'Reilly surmises were in order, guesses were made, wishes were expressed and written, now as to one, now as to another son of St. Vincent for the La Salle leadership.

Notwithstanding it should seem in the order of things that one who almost from the hour of his ordination in 1840 until 1857 had wrought for the highest of his community would be "the first among equals." The construction of a church, rectory and school was the result of Father Anthony's labors in the Immaculate Conception parish, Baltimore, Md. He also

had much to do with the building of the La Salle church, and had been the right hand of the superior in every project thrown forward for the betterment of La Salle.

The following letter from a confrere, who shall shortly call for special mention, though it deals with a few trivial matters, is interesting:

ST. PATRICK'S, LA SALLE, June 22, 1857.

REV. SIR AND VERY DEAR CONFRERE:

Gratia Domini nostri Jesu Christi sit semper nobiscum!

It is, I think, needless to enter on the details regarding the changes that have been made in this place, and at St. Louis, since you have had before this a visit from Mr. Rolando. Father O'Reilly is about to leave here for St. Louis to take Mr. Rolando's place. Father Anthony is appointed superior of this house. This latter change I did not anticipate. *Fiat voluntas Dei!*

May God grant that all is done with pure intention of promoting the cause of God's glory and His holy interests in our congregation. I trust you will give me the particulars of the ordination in your next. I regret I was not permitted to be present at that touching scene. I indulge the fond hope of seeing you here during the vacations. When matters are so I think you can afford yourself a few days relaxation. Father McGill is daily expected. He is bound to come. I am already suggesting the plan of his reception. I know you can come with him, but I think you may without grave inconvenience, come some time during the summer. The Sisters will require a retreat, which will afford some slight employment while here with us. My regards to all the Reverend Fathers and students, etc. I am yours,

My dear Father Hennessy,

Sincerely and affectionately,

M. O'REILLY, C. M.

P. S. Please let me know in your next, if you have selected a boy for my friend Mr. Crimmins; if so, give me his name.

M. O'R.

As some of the boys from this place will probably return from the Barrens, during the vacations, please send by some of them my felt hat which I forgot when coming.

MICHAEL.

Father Mark Anthony then was in office of superior June 22, 1857, and his chief assistant was the author of the above letter.

Blessed was Father Anthony and La Salle in enjoying the services of this worthy son of St. Vincent, the sketch of his life is part of the history of the La Salle Mission off and on from 1857 until 1867, when the Master called His worthy priest to Himself.

Mr. Michael O'Reilly hailed from Mullingar, County West Meath, Ireland, as he, time and again assured the writer, and as his life-long friend Canon Moynihan, formerly of New Orleans and now of the diocese of Peoria, affirmed. There he had trained. "I am sure," wrote Canon Moynihan to the writer, "that whatever he knew, he knew solidly and well. He was, I should think, a general scholar, and as an ecclesiastic, he was first class. He was nobility in every sense of the word. As to his seminary life, I know nothing, for he had passed through it in the old land; and I am sure at the suggestion of your Dean Dooley then living in Phibsborough, Dublin, he came to New Orleans, where I met him after his ordination. This took place in 1848 or 1849, at the hands of Bishop Blanc in the old cathedral."

The Charity Hospital, New Orleans, the pool of Bethsaida or the probatica, which for nigh ten decades of years has daily opened heaven to masses of both sexes of poor humanity through the ministering priests and Daughters of Charity, was the first mission of Father Michael O'Reilly. There in that lazar house where the human body, and often the human soul, lie disfigured with every species of foul disease, he found his vocation among the sons of St. Vincent. He was a man of keen sensibility and would have been disgusted and discouraged by the revolting facts that hourly came under his view, were it not for his manliness and priestly character and the examples of self-immolation that he saw in the sisters and priests around him. His zeal for souls induced him to knock at the door of the Lazarists for admittance to their number. He was accepted and sent to old St. Mary's of the Barrens where he arrived in time for the commencement exercises of the year 1853. The writer at this late hour remembers the huge form—height about six feet and width about three—with massive head and hands and feet in proportion. At first sight an observer could hardly conceal his amazement. However, that great frame bore a rare judgment. The eyes

of this worthy priest were as tender as a mother's, and his heart far exceeded the dimensions of his body. A gentleman he was to the manner bred; one who had ever moved among the best. He was a stickler for rule, of a piety strong and fervent, which at mass or meditation never failed to impress his neighbor. Full of humor, and with a store of anecdote inexhaustible, a moral theologian, a French scholar our Father Barbier loved to chat with, a hater of boorishness, a lover of the poor and whilst his health stood him vigorous one of the pillars of the missionary band of which Father John O'Reilly, and the new visitor S. V. Ryan, successor in office to Father Penco, appointed this year, was the head. He was a priest universally esteemed by all classes, and pointedly by the clergy of the New Orleans and the Chicago dioceses, in whose extensive fields he had so often sowed and harvested. Among his own he was looked up to for the manliness of his behavior, his sincerity of action and love of rule, as a model in whatever house he had lived. Suffering from ulcer of the legs—doubtless contracted on his mission at the Charity Hospital, New Orleans—he bore his cross, although he was naturally of a high temperament, with consummate patience, and whilst ninety per cent of priests afflicted as he, would have willingly laid down the burden of missionary labor which calls for uncommon vigor of body, yet at the call, he was up and off, to spend and be spent in the sublimest of works. His novitiate he spent at the Barrens and at Emmitsburg, Md. La Salle enjoyed him twice from 1857-61 and 1864-67. The twenty-sixth volume of our Annals has a letter from our Visitor of the U. S. province to the Superior General Etienne at Paris in which reference is made to the missionary career of our Father Michael O'Reilly: "We opened a mission of three weeks Low Sunday in Saint Patrick's Church, 1860, Chicago: Fathers Hennessy, Michael O'Reilly and your servant. The fourth Sunday after Easter I opened a short retreat at Bloomington, Ill., and I was obliged to send for Father Michael O'Reilly to finish the retreat, as I had to get home to the Barrens. At the close of September at Peoria a mission of two weeks was opened by Fathers Hennessy and Michael O'Reilly."

In a letter written by the Visitor to Superior General Etienne in 1864 it is stated: "I found our four Confreres very well, even Father Michael O'Reilly, whom I was obliged to recall to New Orleans, because of an ulcer declared incurable, is almost

entirely recovered." Little did the good Visitor imagine gangrene was setting in, and to the writer's knowledge who lived at the time with the noble patient, moments of freedom from pain were indeed few. This was the Confrere appointed procurator at La Salle the year Father Anthony entered as Superior and Pastor.

Father Anthony consequently had no ordinary helper to encourage by word and action the various enterprises the needs of the Mission would call for. Two out-missions, Peru and Utica, alone remained, which were looked after by a third Father until such a time when the increase of population would insure the support of a resident priest. It was not long before the coal and zinc industries and the richness of soil attracted the desired numbers, and these out-missions were made over to the Bishop. The Bishop at this time was the scholarly Anthony O'Regan, who was consecrated July 25, 1854, and who with the consent of the Holy See resigned his charge of the Chicago diocese in June, 1858. This same year our Confrere S. V. Ryan, Superior of our college at Cape Girardeau, Mo., was appointed Visitor of the U. S. province.

The following table of baptisms, marriages and deaths gives the status of the La Salle Mission from January, 1857, to January, 1858:

Baptisms, 371; marriages, 94; deaths, 53. A bright outlook for La Salle, if nothing beyond the number of births and marriages were considered. The object that engrossed the thoughts of the Fathers this year of 1857 was the salutary work of removing the bodies of the dear departed of the parish from the old cemetery to a new one.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOD'S ACRE, 1857.

"O GOD through whose compassion the souls of the faithful departed rest, mercifully grant to Thy servants here and elsewhere at peace, the pardon of their sins, that free from all guilt they may forever rejoice with Thee: through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

—*Roman Missal.*

DUE care of the dear departed was the first of the many praiseworthy actions of the administration of Father Anthony. Nothing also had been nearer the hearts of the greater portion of the people. The old cemetery had from the beginning been an eyesore, a heartache because of its marshy lay. With loathing had the writer, in common with others, to witness the corpse of the family's dearest floating over the grave, and with the strongest muscle forced down to its slimy bed, as the clods fell thick and fast upon it to hold it in place. Such a condition was not unfrequently met with, except in zero weather, when the axe cleaved the solid earth to open the grave.

The Fathers had grieved over the necessity that drove them to allow burials in a locality so repulsive; time and again had disgust also filled them in witnessing the reckless indifference of many to the whereabouts of their relatives' graves; as if the ashes of their dearest had been carrion. "It is true," as the great Saint Augustine remarks, "that funerals, choice of burial, pomp of interment are rather for the consolation of the living than for aid to the dead. What gain would funeral honors give a wicked man? For the just man such honors would be rather a shabby funeral or none at all. Nevertheless, there is no reason to abandon contemptibly the shroud of the departed, above all of the just and faithful the organ and instrument of the Holy Ghost for every work. If the garment of a father, his ring or any other object is the more tender, what care ought



The Departed
Missionaries'
Rest

St. Vincent's
Cemetery



The Departed
Sisters' Rest

we have of our bodies intimately more united to us than any garment whatsoever. For they are not only for man's ornament, they are a part of his nature. Hence the last duties of piety shown so solemnly the just men of olden times, the magnificence of their obsequies and care of their graves, and the orders given during their lives to their children for their burial or transfer of their remains. The care he had for the departed said the Archangel, drew down upon Tobias the graces of God. And our Lord Himself who should rise the third day, published the worthy action of the holy woman, who, as if burying her Lord in advance, poured out upon Him the precious ointment. And the Gospels honorably name those who, on taking His body down from the cross, covered it with a linen cloth and laid it in the grave. These venerable examples do not prove that lifeless bodies have any sentiment, but they prove the providence of God which guards the remains of the departed, that these duties of piety are agreeable to Him because they establish the faith in the resurrection of the body."

The gift of our Reverend John O'Reilly of eighty acres of land, which on his leaving La Salle for his new charge in St. Louis, he had generously made to his order, enabled Father Anthony to lay out from the eighty acres a plot of ground ten acres square, for a cemetery. This was done in the fall of 1857. The site selected for drainage and for an outlook eastward and northward, was so far good; but the grove of oak and hickory, charming indeed for picnic grounds, sadly—as the future proved—interfered with stately and durable shafts and monoliths which naturally would be erected. It is useless to number the headstones shattered by one or others of the monarchs of the grove cemetery—as the electric storm leveled them. The thoughtful Father Anthony, no more than the level head of Father Michael O'Reilly, never for a moment entertained a doubt of the suitability in every way of the new cemetery. Laid out into lots 12 by 16 feet, every 24 lots bounded either by a carriage or alleyway, the grove of oak, elm and hickory that covered the enclosure would serve for a holy sward where would meet the outlivers of the dear ones in the streets of the most solemn of cities, and where in communion they could speak with those who rest in Christ, "asking for them a place of refreshment, light and peace."

There the laborer or miners' wives may go and full of affection muse:

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share."

There may the farmer's surviving family repair and recall:

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."

There may the worldling dwell upon:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that duty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour---
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

There your giddy youth may learn:

"Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected high,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

Above all the forgetful and reckless may be aroused to deeds of filial duty as they reflect upon the lives of their simple Catholic parents, who

"Far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way."

There the sons and daughters of St. Vincent de Paul hie and at the graves of their beloved fathers, Anthony, O'Reilly, Cavanagh, Kreutz, and the holy Sister Vincentia and Sister Dougherty, and amiable Pacifica, take new courage to follow their bright example to the last.

How marked the difference of thought in visits paid to where the ashes of the lovers of Christ rest, and where the ashes of the enemies of Jesus Christ rest! What consoling hope may

not visits to the Catholic City of the Dead suggest! What a wealth of reflection they excite in the living thoughtful ones, be they parents, children, friends or strangers! No thought, no expression is allowed but the holiest over the dear departed of our cemeteries. Here are not the mausoleums of the enemies of God and His church, here are not those "who have given the dead bodies of Thy servants to be meat for the fowls of the air, the flesh of Thy saints for the beasts of the earth."

The exclamation of the great Augustine, as he surveyed the pagan sarcophagi of the cruel Domitian and Decius and Diocletian was:

*"Laudantur ubi non sunt
Et cremantur ubi sunt"*

and the exclamation of the same great Augustine as he surveys God's Acre, the Christian cemetery, was: "How striking in the eyes of God was the funeral the angels gave to the poor ulcerous beggar; they did not lift a marble monument to him, but they lifted him up into the bosom of Abraham."

The good fathers had no difficulty in disposing of graves and lots in the new cemetery they named St. Vincent's, few families delayed, as soon as the opening of the new cemetery had been more than sufficiently published at all the Sunday Masses to convey the bodies of their departed. Those that had not done so, the Church time and again gave them to understand even as late as 1864, fully seven years after the new cemetery had been opened, and this in the hearing of the present writer, that the old cemetery was closed to burials since 1857, that from the hour of opening of the new cemetery the old one ceased to be an object of concern to the church. It is unnecessary to write that from the hour of the opening of the cemetery of Saint Vincent the Pastors and assistants of Saint Patrick's parish La Salle, Father Anthony, Father Felix Guedry, Father Abbot, Father Peter Byrne and the present writer did their full and ample duty towards keeping the cemetery in proper condition, seconded by comparatively few of the parish; exceptions to the very many who acted, as if caring for the lonely grave meddled with the business of the living. Assuredly the remembrance of the dear departed in the meaning of the Catholic, is not limited to the funeral day, not even to that highest of actions of the funeral rites, the adorable Mass. Much

less is the remembrance satisfied with "the tribute of a passing sigh," nor with the visit paid occasionally to the cemetery by member or members of family no longer parishioners of the Irish La Salle parish when a funeral of their own or a neighbor's is in order. Few memories are more endeared to the writer than the conduct of not a few of our lot and grave owners of Saint Vincent's cemetery who lived up to their membership of the cemetery association for which Mass was offered every fourth Sunday of each month, and who, when called upon, rushed their money or teams, or both, to repair the cemetery road, every odd year for a week at a time, the La Salle and the Dimick farmers ever in the lead. For the splendid gift of tons of gravel to the maintenance of Saint Vincent's cemetery road the writer takes cheerfully this occasion to thank in the name of old Saint Patrick's Church, the Mitchell family of Dimick, ever the friend of the priests and of the Catholics of Saint Patrick's parish. With all its drawbacks no cemetery, of the size of Saint Patrick's La Salle parish, can show such a magnificent emblem of the Redemption rising fully twenty feet from the massive granite ten-ton base. The late addition put to the cemetery promises to become a marked improvement on the ten-acre plot, now all but taken up by "a multitude which no man can number."

"Give them, O Lord, eternal rest! May they rest in peace."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STRANGE COINCIDENCE, OR SYNCHRONIC STATUS OF THE
LA SALLE MISSION—THE NEW FEATURES THAT AROSE
AND HOW THEY WERE MET.

1857-1860

*"Nil admirari, prope est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum."*

—Horace Epis. 6.

"Numicius, to take things as they come is the one and only way to make and keep you happy."

THE cemetery in the beginning had received large attention from missionaries and people, as was most fitting. The city was filling with population, chiefly Irish Catholics, who were quite a substantial addition to the great canal town and church. The business men of that day were Irish Catholics and in the forms that governed the business of the world up to the mark—Mr. Michael Byrne was already showing his ability in the grain and lumber line. Main street—which is now First—could show in the grocery line, noble Jerry Lynch, the O'Hallorans and the Higgins and the Allens and the Reedys and the Fogartys and the Carrs and the Nevins—stores that did a rushing trade. Canal street was lined with stores, and princely Richard Cody and John Gerrity in the lead.

The chief bakery that fed the multitude was owned by the enterprising and excellent Andrew Campbell, the worthy father of the zealous and clever Rev. L. A. Campbell of Austin, Ill. Mr. Kennedy O'Brien, honest as the coin of Uncle Sam and regular as the sun, ran the leather trade of a tier of counties.

The fervent James King and Patrick Ryan had their tailor establishments and were creditors oftentimes of the fathers of Saint Patrick's. Bernard Hayden, or as he was friendly

called, Barney, had the rarest oyster house in the city and his goods were the best and eagerly sought. Dennis Murphy and his clever business wife did a large business in the dry goods line. The Hardy House had passed into the hands of Mr. Francis Harrison, and its reputation under the management of his dignified and fearless wife won for it then and afterwards large fame. The prairies north of La Salle were occupied with an industrious class of farmers, the Hanley brothers, Terence and Thomas, the Coleman brothers, John and Peter, John Kelly, and their thrifty wives, Michael Meagher and family, and the long respectable family of the Murphys, John and Patrick. Older on the prairie than all in those times, the Lyons and the worthy widow Judge and Morris Colgan and his good lady. Then the Reardons and the Ferreters, and John O'Connell, the father of the present industrious farmers, Denis, John and Timothy. Grand old Michael McGrath and wife and Terence Hanley, the Fogartys were there, and across the creek the Hennessys the Lannings of La Salle township, the Burkes, the Gallaghers, the Kanes, the Brennans, the McNallys of Dimick, and the oldest of all the settlers, Barney Murtaugh and John Counerton, Sr., oracles for sound advice, and models for grave behavior. South of the river Patrick Conway and Daniel Conway, William O'Reilly and Barth Furgeson were closely engaged grubbing up the hazel, burning out the stumps, ripping up the virgin sod of the prairie, sowing and planting and gathering in, like their brethren on the prairie north of the river, and, owing to the hard times after labor and heavy expense, little to boast of and less to show. The phrase "hard luck" can be correctly used when the year 1857 in the garden state and in and around La Salle is mentioned. "Hard luck" for creditors and debtors, hard luck for the farming class, the mainstay of the country, whose mortgages at 8% or 10% weighed upon the land, in a year remarkable for floods that lessened the crops of potatoes, oats and corn to one-half.

Perrin, in his pithy history of Illinois, has this to write of the garden state during the administration of Governor Matteson, 1853-1857:

"The history of the state under this administration, is that of an era of prosperity following on the heels of former financial depressions resultant from wild financial policies, and preceding financial depressions that again came soon after." "The financial depression that came soon" struck the state during the

whole administration of Governor Bissell, 1857-1861. These were the days "the wild cat money couched around," and shot its fangs into many a brave heart. The ingenious artist in Michigan that drew the picture of a panther to put on a bank note, and the willing bank director who ordered the engraving on his bank note, had not, it is charitably supposed, the most distant thought nor wish to spread "the wild cat money" as a shibboleth for blood money, another word for the misery and death of thousands of families. It is on record that 100,000 business houses went down in the state, that Chicago population in this year 1857 was 93,000, and Chicago fell in 1858 to 80,000. As La Salle in 1838 had its Banks, so in 1857 it had Baldwin. "The people suffered dreadfully from the failure, and if the noted bank wrecker was forced to pay a few, he did so under the threat, if he refused, of being lynched." One of the writer's old friends, Ex-Mayor Conlin, at this time running the Conlin Bros. lumber yard, suffered to the extent of \$1,200.00, equivalent to five times the amount as money rates to-day.

The selfishness of man may and does give a serious set-back to material and moral progress of states and cities, families and individuals. The evil genius in man, his malice leagued even with God's and man's enemy, the devil, has only the power allowed it. It shall always be true what Truth itself has declared to Pilate: "Thou shouldst not have any power against Me unless it were given thee from above." "O, abyss of providence!" exclaims the greatest of the fathers and doctors, Saint Augustine, in his City of God Book the 1st, "that has created and governs the world; if some have suffered barbarous brutality, let them not accuse God who has permitted it, let them not doubt His providence which allows none to escape without punishment, for frequently in this life a secret movement of God lets loose the chain of wicked passions, holding them in reserve for the last judgment."

Calmly looking into the last resources of the Prairie State, and willing to be painstaking with what the study of La Salle County alone in riches of soil of *up* and *bottom* land unfolds, which in the scarcest of years, as 1857-1860, had supply to feed double the population of the town and country; taking into account the huge industries put into motion these very panic years, which opened up the great coal beds and manufacture of zinc, the verdict must be given that trying as the times were,

no congestion as dear old Ireland has so often showed, could create scenes of beggary much less starvation. The adorers of God's providence, as were the worthy missionaries and practical Christians guided by them, found consolation in "hope that deceiveth not." An Orpheus and philosopher at once doubtless sang to the victims of short sightedness, and prophets of disaster:

"Dry those tears
And calm those fears!
Life was not made for sorrow.
'Twill come, alas!
But soon 'twill pass,
Clouds will be sunshine tomorrow.

"O! lift up thy eyes
To the blue skies,
See how the clouds do borrow
Brightness, each one,
Straight from the sun,
So is it ever with sorrow."

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the partial failure of the crops, the Baldwin Bank disaster, and its results to families and the whole community at large, the flow of population into the city was rapid. This was the time of miners, ninety per cent of whom were Irish Catholics. As the great prairies around La Salle were yielding their graneries to the farmer and thence to the market to build up the interests of La Salle, the underground walls of coal were now to be bored. "The area covered by coal was 13,120 acres in La Salle alone, containing three veins, the first vein four and one-half feet thick and depth one hundred and fifty feet, second vein eighty feet lower, five feet thick, the third vein, depth four hundred feet, two and one-half feet thick." Old Kentucky State gave La Salle the leading intelligent philanthropic, practical owners of the first La Salle coal properties. Doctor Page and his father-in-law, Mr. Cowey, opened with a force of about two hundred men, the Kentucky shaft, now owned by the Hegler and Mattheissen Zinc Company. The La Salle Stock Company, with Col. Wm. Taylor president, and Judge Locey, the company's superintendent, opened the

La Salle shaft—now the property of the Carbon Coal Co., with a force of about 400 men. The La Salle shaft after it had rightly started had a daily output of 400 tons, the Kentucky shaft only a little less, each shaft monthly increasing the output because of closer business tact, improvement in machinery, and the absence—except on one occasion—of lengthy strikes. The employer and employes of those days came soon to agreement, although “there was a strike every March”—Mr. Edward Keys in charge of a number of miners from 1868 until 1877 assured the present writer—“and a few strikes between Marches.”

Hence the Encyclopedia Britannica in its American edition printed in 1880, in its article on La Salle City, Ill., wrote: “La Salle, chief city of La Salle County, is a rising commercial city. The supply of bituminous coal is large, the output annually 1,000,000 tons.”

The writer may be easily borne with, if he turn for a very brief space of time to the memory and character of the operators and the assistant operators of the early La Salle shafts.

Dr. Page, Mr. Cowey, Col. Taylor, Mr. Locey were non-Catholics, but each a high-born scholar and gentleman. All were thorough Americans by birth, except Mr. Cowey English by blood and birth, and American by adoption. From the moment they made their home in La Salle, and had dealings with the open-hearted, quick-witted, athletic, daring, ever-ready Irishman or Irish American, these gentlemen of culture, studying human nature as was their business as employers to do, learned to love the race, and the race naturally a generous race, loved them. Dr. Page and Mr. Cowey were held in the highest esteem and respect by the priests of La Salle, and the whole-souled Col. Taylor, in whose magnificent character no La Salle Catholic could find a flaw, had his own place in the hearts of the miners. “Col. Taylor was the most liberal and most charitable operator that ever had charge of the miners.” Mr. Locey was well liked by all the people in general, but not by some of the miners.

The writer of the “Story of the La Salle Mission” endorses “toto Coelo” the above opinion expressed by the leading Catholics of the La Salle Mission, knowing the gentleman so well, what the friend of his youth, Mr. Edward Keys, has expressed above.

The growth of the city, and the growth of the two out-missions, Peru and Utica, took in a large population of Catholics whose interests were always close to the hearts of the fathers. Father Anthony directing matters, and Father Michael O'Reilly when at home—for his usefulness to regular mission preaching had often been engaged—by the weight of his influence with Superior and people, largely contributed to the success of any work of importance. A missionary for general parish work was on hand. Father Muller, who had succeeded the saintly Father Kramer for the work of the German Catholics in Peru and Troy Grove, was followed by Father James Morè. His fitness in virtue as a zealous son of St. Vincent, and his linguistic knowledge, since with his own Catalan he had a practical vocabulary of the languages of Goethe and Shakespeare, were gifts which rendered his services of no ordinary kind. His attention to duty was most unflagging, especially to the duties of the confessional and sick calls, and the latter branch of missionary duty was arduous and constant. The boundaries of the mission had largely contracted: south from La Salle fifteen miles, north from La Salle ten miles, west as far as Bureau Junction sixteen, and east six miles. Yet owing to the coal industry plied so vigorously at the two shafts which engaged at least five hundred men, the railroads with their complement of hands, the prairies filling up, and save few exceptions with Catholics, the sick call would be expected at any hour, day or night. The conditions of life had changed so materially, not so much for the people of the prairie, who had grown more numerous the past three years, nor so much for the people of the city of La Salle not engaged at mining, but the condition of La Salle life had changed by the inflow of a population of miners, and had added to the city new and unknown dangers of life, which grew to be not uncommon. The miner's task was a heavy one. What Byron sings of war which is a terrible plague but yet spasmodic, may easily be applied, as allowing no let-up, to the miner's lot and the sad and far-reaching results of his sudden extinction. Full of life and vigor and buoyant with hope for the future he leaves his home for the mine and an hour hardly is over, when the news is carried that a cage falling, or a shaft on fire, or an explosion has done its work, and offered no reprieve for the last adieu to family and for the Church's rites so consolatory to the Christian!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give,
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."

How many a heart-broken family—making a little change in the above stanza—has so appealed to their sire or son borne to them lifeless from the mines!

The lot of the railroader is yet harder, be he engineer, fireman, brakesman, above all track-walker and repairer. Often was the priest of those days summoned to a wreck; often had he to mount a hand-car and assist in running it for nigh twenty miles, at the risk of life from the flying train coming at him from the rear or from the front, and frequently too late to catch the sufferer alive and dispose him to make his passage to the other life one of joy.

Still another condition the missionaries had to meet, and this was the large number of children hardly in their teens whom parents did not, and whom many parents would not school—in their eyes the earnings of the little fellows, as canal drivers and coal pickers were vastly more important than Catholic training. In the city La Salle, at the Hogsback, and southeast across the river where Oglesby is, then called New Dublin, the beginning of what afterwards grew to be a work of large proportions, namely, catechism night classes and catechism settlements, was made. This class of missionary zeal then organized has ever held a foremost place in the hands of the missionaries, and should naturally call for special notice which will be given in due time.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MORALITY OF THE LA SALLE MISSION—AN EPISODE—FATHER
LYNCH—BISHOP DUGGAN'S VISIT—REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

1858-1861.

"Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to accept that natural morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

—*President George Washington.*

THAT un-American spirit which is the offspring of bigotry so much alive in the early fifties, and which was impersonated in those who called themselves Knownothings, found much to excite its wrath in the fact that the greater portion of the population of the city of La Salle was Catholic and Irish. It allowed no occasion to pass in which an opportunity was offered to slander and calumniate this portion of the population. Ever since the death, in 1854, of the unfortunate Story who, in building the Illinois Central Railroad through the New Dublin bluff, had by his cruelty aroused the passions of his Irish Catholic employes, the press had done its best and worst to belittle the Irish race. We will let the Master Catholic American dilate on the unreasonableness of many of his countrymen towards Catholics, and chiefly Irish Catholics: "But the natural English contempt for the Irish has been reinforced in America. The Yankee hod carrier or wood sawyer looks down with inefable contempt upon his brother Irish hod carrier or wood sawyer. In his estimation 'Paddy' hardly belongs to the human family. This contempt of the Irish, which we have inherited from our English ancestors, is wrong and ungenerous. It is a prejudice disgraceful to those governed by it, and no words of condemnation are sufficiently severe. The native American party does not oppose Protestant Germans, Protestant English-

men, Protestant Scotchmen nor even Protestant Irishmen. It is really opposed only to Catholic foreigners and chiefly to the Irish because the greater part of these are Catholics. If they were Protestants, if they could lose themselves in our Protestant churches, very little opposition would be manifest. They are Catholics, adhere to the faith, for which they have suffered these three hundred years more than any other people on earth. They settle in a neighborhood where the church may rise in their midst, where the 'Clean Sacrifice is offered up daily,' and where they receive the inestimable services of the minister of God. The majority of the American people have descended from ancestors who were accustomed to pray to be delivered from the flesh, the world, the devil, and the Pope; and though to a great degree they have rejected the remains of faith they retain all their hatred of Catholicism."—Brownson's Review, January, 1845.

The writer has not the slightest intention to hold up the Irish Catholics of the La Salle Mission, each one a subject for morality and for the only true and real morality which flows from the Catholic religion. He is aware of the shortcomings of not a few of his religion and his race. Yet he has to learn that the open disedifying lives of the few, be they drunkards or fighters—bad enough, the good Lord knows—can be a motive as it has been for many non-Catholic Americans, to shut their eyes to the virtues of the majority, to dread the threshold of the oldest church in the world simply because the church of the Irish Catholic. What people in any other city would have done what the Irish Catholics did for the maintenance of the purity of the youth and manhood in La Salle in 1859? The memories of a few, including the writer's, of that time is very happy.

A canal boat filled with prostitutes was about to dock hard by the store of noble John Gerrity. Our *canallers* and men up town heard of the bold, unblushing outrage on decency and virtue. They rushed upon the boat and while some applied the burning torch to the craft, others ordered the beastly gang of men and women ashore, and drove them along the bottom road across the river whence they sped to other lairs. No den of infamy for the corruption of all that is high and noble and God-like, was as much as imagined in the thirty's, forty's, fifty's, sixty's, within the limits of the La Salle Mission. This

is public purity, the illustrious Archbishop of St. Paul pleaded for so eloquently before a vast multitude of all creeds and races assembled a few years ago in Chicago. Although the phrase "Object Lesson" is a hackney phrase yet it is expressive. Let the episode now described ever live everywhere, but chiefly in the La Salle Mission as an "Object Lesson" for the conservation of chastity.

"So dear to Heaven is Saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so
A thousand liv'ry angels lackey her
Driving far off each thing of Sin and Guilt."

—Milton.

In the month of January, 1858, the founder of the Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Niagara Falls, N. Y., struck the ever open-handed town, when churches, schools and institutions of charity were hunting for a friend. Father Lynch had been and was highly esteemed in and out of his community. At the opening of the forty's "the lone star state" had heard his fervid eloquence, the old Barrens largely by his efforts had left her swaddling clothes, and now after purchasing 300 acres on Mt. Eagle Heights Suspension Bridge, N. Y., he comes to La Salle so favorably known to him, and La Salle gives to him the first of the many handsome gifts which make the great Niagara La Salle's debtor.

The Mission had also at this time a visit from the new Ordinary, the refined gentleman and classic scholar Right Rev. James Duggan, D. D. The story of the La Salle Mission exacts more than a reference to this good shepherd and highly cultured ecclesiastic. Right Rev. James Duggan, D. D.—fourth Bishop of Chicago—was born May 22, 1825, in Dublin; made a large portion of his studies at the celebrated Maynooth; was ordained by the illustrious Archbishop of St. Louis in 1847—consecrated Bishop by the same great Prelate 1857—became Bishop of Chicago 1859; and passed to his reward in 1899. After Bishop Anthony O'Regan had resigned the See of Chicago and his resignation in 1858 was accepted, Bishop Duggan, coadjutor *jure successionis* to the Archbishop of St. Louis, was appointed Bishop of Chicago. Directly he entered on his labors. This is what our Visitor Very Rev. S. V. Ryan has to write of this

prelate who called on the missionaries who were preaching a mission at St. Patrick's Chicago, April, 1860: "The worthy and respectable Bishop of the diocese came often to assist at the mission evening exercises, and imparted Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament."

In the year 1859 he became Bishop of Chicago, and lost no time in entering upon his visitations. One of his first official visits was paid to La Salle, which for six years had welcomed no chief Shepherd of the flock. Our zealous Father Moré, ordained at the old Barrens the year before by the good Bishop Duggan, writes: "Bishop James Duggan confirmed the united children of La Salle, Peru, the Lostlands, etc., in presence of Fathers Anthony, M. O'Reilly, Herbert, Murphy, etc." In the fall of 1865, the writer remembers his friendly visit for a day to La Salle, in company with other of the diocesan clergy, and calling upon him in 1865 and 1867, in his episcopal residence in Chicago, when his palace on Madison and Michigan Avenue looked out upon the great lake, and when not the least object in the highly furnished dwelling was the library filled with the rarest and most costly bound volumes treating on every department of knowledge, the graciousness of the reception elated the writer and the study made to please and interest him are at this distance of time highly valued and gratefully remembered. The refinement, the thorough ecclesiastic bearing discerned in Father Duggan, was only heightened when he reached the perfection of the priesthood in the episcopal order. His constitution had been gradually breaking up, wasting away for years until the Great Lord called him to Himself in 1899. The great Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, the *homo ad unguem* of old Horace, and the model Archbishop of our days, had done a number of great actions in his princely days, and one of them was in the magnificent obsequies held in Chicago's Cathedral over the remains of his friend, Right Rev. James Duggan, whom he succeeded as pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, St. Louis, and afterwards as Bishop of Chicago. Peace be to the ashes of both these excellent prelates!

Should the writer pass over Father Abram J. Ryan as those of whom it is written, "And there are those whose memory is not: they have perished as if they had not been." To act so would be indifference to companionship and forgetfulness of friendship. The links that bind us to "dear old school boys'

spot we don't forget," are not easily broken. His offhand generousness with what he had, his modesty as he bore away his armful of premiums representing slightly his talents in every branch of knowledge; his ability as philosopher and theologian and historian; his oratory and the divine afflatus, which Moore would admire, such was Deacon Abram J. Ryan when he in 1860 visited La Salle and electrified on our Lady Day of August the whole town. "The selfsame Abe of long ago—as he wrote the writer nigh two generations back—only a little sadder, a little older and a little lonelier," has his memory embalmed in the history of the old Barrens. Wednesday of Holy Week, 1886, in a Franciscan convent in Louisville, Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest, ended his days. His "Flag of Erin" and "Conquered Banner" and fully a dozen of other pieces are enduring monuments to poetic fame which rank him far above many who are set upon their pedestals in the temple of fame by self-constituted critics whose motto borrowed from the wit Dean Swift, has been and is and will be:

"Infidel, Jew, Atheist,
May enter here, but no papist."

"Catholics," writes Cardinal Newman, "must be content to serve their generation, to promote the interests of religion, though their names are to have little weight, and their works are not to last much beyond themselves."—English Catholic Lit.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GREAT QUESTIONS OF THE DAY IN THE LA SALLE MISSION.

1859-1861.

"Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth more welcome touch his understanding's eye than all the blandishments of sound his ear, than all of taste, his tongue."

—*Aikenside.*

WERE the question put to the Catholic American in the years before our Civil War—on what topics should a Catholic American thoroughly inform himself?—the answer should and would be, on all topics which dealt with liberty, life and pursuit of happiness. On all these it was to his interest to have clear ideas—on liberty chiefly. It was to his interest to study his rights and duties as an American citizen, to enroot his knowledge in the liberty of exercising his rights of conscience, of worshipping his God, to ever hold before himself the words of the Constitution of the United States; "but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." As an American citizen by birth or by adoption he knew he was in duty bound before the law to defend the flag of the United States, which in clear outline meant for him civil and religious liberty, otherwise it was a by-word of hypocrisy and to be sneered at as it was by the New York Tribune in the following stanza:

"Tear down the flaunting lie,
Unmask the starry flag,
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag."

The condition of affairs forced the Catholic American to be intellectually and fearlessly ready to defend by lawful means at

hand his faith and the practises of his religion against what Cardinal Newman strikingly and truthfully names, "Assumed principles, the intellectual ground of the protestant view," which the learned father goes on to say is "Bigotry, the imposition of private reasons, that is, the imposition of our own views and theories, as if they were the absolute and the standard of all argument, investigation and judgment." For before the sixty's no spirit was more widespread right under the folds of "Old Glory" than the spirit of bigotry that burnt the Charleston Convent in 1844, and no fact was better known than the work of bigotry by the riots in Philadelphia in the same year of the Charleston horror; no fact was better known than the work of the Knownothings in Louisville and St. Louis, 1854, and the treatment offered Archbishop Bedini, Papal Legate by the worst elements of the Whig and Democratic Anti-Catholic, Anti-Irish, Anti-Foreign rabble; no fact was better known to the Fathers and leading Catholics of La Salle in the years 1854-1855, than the plot formed in and around Peoria with the connivance of a handful of Knownothings in La Salle, to burn the church, and which plot the bold, resolute Catholic Irishmen of La Salle, wide awake, with gun in hand, nipped in the bud; no fact was more emphasized than the devil-may-care, devil-hateful bigotry shown in the newspapers and on platform, in public assembly, and private family by the native American party, with their flaming shibboleth "America for the Americans," and by their jealousy against all that the Catholic Irish loved, as the Church of Centuries. That all this was the result of bigotry there can be no doubt. No fact was more luminous in the East in the Atlantic cities, where the Irish were in thousands, and depended upon labor, and where firms and families were in search of help, and who had scorned the race that had fought their battles, dug their canals, built their railroads, and were here ready to hurl defiance at the arch-enemy, England! How noble in free America for the Irish race to read the flaunting motto "No Irish need apply!"

La Salle proved to be no mere glimmer of light through her studious sons in scattering the darkness of ignorance and uprooting bigotry. The farming and city population were not so merged in life's daily struggle, as to see and to hear with apathy the crusade opposed to their faith, dearer than the apple of their eye. The wealth in land and crops and the unceasing

outpouring of coal, that prodigious feeder to thousands of industries on which populations lived, all admitted was necessary; but if by all this liberty to worship God, to protect His priesthood, to build up His altar, to enroot His children in religion and morality were seriously in danger, then *perish*, like the old Grecian who threw overboard into the sea his treasures, when his treasures threatened his true happiness, perish acres of land and coal, and the world besides, rather than live in a country and under a flag where freedom of conscience is denied, and where the immortal words of him, "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," the illustrious Washington, are by the mongrel or spurious American ignored. "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. I presume your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part, which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic religion is professed."—General Washington's address to the Roman Catholic delegation, December, 1789.

Nor should the Catholic Irish American stay satisfied with grounding himself with the knowledge of his Faith. He was to fit himself by every possible, reasonable and lawful means to meet the enemies of his faith and fatherland in free America! Alas, that the historian should be obliged to give a paragraph to the description of "The American Party" in the fifties. We will let Brownson tell us of this party:

"The Knownothing Party, most appropriately named, calls itself the American party and professes to be truly American. Now we are among those who believe there is a real American character; but we confess that we cannot see one single American characteristic in this new party. Secret organizations are not native to the American and are borrowed from abroad. This very American party does but copy the Orange Lodges of Ireland and the Carbonari of Italy. Americans have always boasted something of a cosmopolitan character, of being superior to the narrow prejudices of race or nation, and of estimating men by what they are in themselves, not by the accident of birth. When they won independence and liberty for themselves, they wished to do it for mankind. They threw open their doors to the oppressed of all lands and of all creeds and

said, here be the home of virtue and the asylum for the oppressed to the latest generation."—Note, Brownson's Review, 1855.

What Lord Macaulay, in his history of England, bigot to the Irish race though he was, had written of the Irish exiles to other countries, the Irish American should be ready to quote in a higher and more extensive degree of the influence of the Irish race in every walk of life under the stars and stripes. This is what Macaulay, the historian of England, writes of the Irish exiles after the siege of Limerick: "There were indeed Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, energy and ambition. They were to be found everywhere except in Ireland, at Versailles, at S. Ildefonso, in the armies of Fredrick, and in the armies of Maria Teresa. One exile became Marshal of France, another Prime Minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land he would have been regarded as an inferior by the ignorant and worthless Squireens who 'drank the glorious and immortal memory.' In his palace at Madrid he was courted by the Ambassadors of George II and bidding defiance in high terms to ambassadors of George III. Scattered over all Europe were found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish counts, Irish barons, Knights of St. Louis, Knights of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece!"

Nor was the Irish American to be satisfied in studying the genius and talents of his race, to be up in the knowledge of its achievements, of its bravery on the field, its statesmanship in the cabinet, its spirited independence, to answer the calumnies of the unreasonable Anglo-Saxon and the unreasonable Anglo-American whose second nature has been bigotry to anything in the character of the Irish Catholic. He was also called upon to understand the weighty question which at the time moved the great union to its depths, and called for an answer. The soil of the Garden State in the days of 1858 was trodden from end to end by two of the most remarkable statesmen then in the United States—Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln; and their debates on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill or whether the Congress of the United States had jurisdiction to pass upon the extension of slavery was the burning question of the hour. The keen intelligence of the La Salle Irish Americans did not allow Douglas and Lincoln to ascend the rostrum at Ottawa, La Salle County seat, without filling the court-house inclosure, and drinking in the logic of Lincoln and oratory of Douglas.

The running time from La Salle to Ottawa was twenty minutes, still large delegations from the great coal and canal town swelled the multitude for these debates. And what obstacle could or should be in the way to an easy and full acquaintance with all the above topics!

The missionaries, especially Father Michael O'Reilly, summoned the gentlemen of the old parish to assemble sometime in the fall of 1858. The basement of the grand old church was filled, and then and there for the furtherance of knowledge "the Catholic Institute" was born. Another meeting was called and answered and at this with the pastor in the lead, such men as Nicholas Duncan, Dr. McEvoy, Jeremias Collins drew up the constitution and by-laws. Debates on the topics stated above and others besides, and occasional readings were mapped out as the chief work of the Catholic Institute. The meeting was once a week, and the subject for debate was announced. The nature of such an enterprise called for working material and this was a library. If the principle: *the end necessarily demands the means*, was in any case promptly admitted, it was now; and the generous sum for the purchase of books and periodicals gave evidence of the value the Catholic Institute put on its future work.

The writer, at this late day, is simply delighted with the selection of books the up-to-date Catholic Institute made. Everybody that has been or is a reader or student is aware that during the two decades before the Civil War, books of the rarest matter on all practical subjects, religious, and political and historical, literary and scientific, were the magnet. On the shelves were the novelists Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, Lover and Lever and Carrolton, Banim and Gerald Griffen, Fenimore Cooper, and the two novels the product of the great Catholic scholars Cardinal Wiseman and John Henry Newman, Fabiola and Callista enhanced the serial of romance.

Then in the poets' corner were arranged the immortals of the drama, tragic and comic, from the "Bard of Avon" to the "Poet of all circles" which the humorist Mrs. Partington of that day found akin to pullets, for both are always chanting their lays. The literary gems adorned the shelves, Washington Irving, Bayard Taylor's Travels, Shiel's Sketches of the Irish Bar, Frazer's Magazine, and the Noctes Ambrosianæ. The modern British essayists Alison, Macaulay, Mackintosh,

Sidney Smith, the Miscellany of Bishop Martin Spalding. Biography was provided with the lives of Boswell's Johnson, Grattan, Curran, O'Connell, Henry VIII, Luther, Calvin. For controversy, Bishop Milner, "the prince of controversy," as our great Brownson calls him, the debates of Purcell and Campbell, of Hughes and Breckenridge, of Pope and McGuire. For the study of the development of civilization, the deepest elegantly written work of the century, which, like Shakespeare, has and will continue to have its own niche, European Civilization, by the erudite Spanish priest Dr. James Balmes.

History filled its shelves with Bancroft's History of the United States, Alison's History of Europe, McGeoghan's and O'Halloran's History of Ireland, Ligard's History of England, Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, of Peru, his Ferdinand and Isabella. According to the statement of Judge Collins the Institute possessed a library of 700 volumes.

Nor may we, whilst we are taken up with the literary taste of the Irish-American city of La Salle, lose sight of the lectures of Brownson on the Church, when the fearless American citizen and philosopher was hooted by a Peoria audience; nor of Henry Giles, the finished essayist who read to the cultured of every city in these years his charming productions on the genius and writings of Shakespeare, and on Irish character which had their share, Irishman as he was, in cutting away the scales from the eyes of the narrow, unmeaning native American, who could then see in full vision the makers of this great Republic; nor turn aside from Dr. Cahill who was attracting the world with his oratory.

To keep in touch with the times, the London Tablet and the Boston Pilot were on the table. The Shepherd of the Valley, the Leader that weekly told the news of the Church's doings, and Story's Chicago Times, with its brilliant staff of Irish-Americans, which propped up the temple of Democracy at this time "the house divided against itself." Brownson's Review came into the Institute quarterly, and the welcome that greeted it, because of its Catholic principles, its manly independence, its vigor and Catholic style, its versatile nature, "touching no subject which it did not adorn," was its claim by right of conquest.

With an arsenal so well stocked in literary arms and accoutrements, the Catholic Institute opened their debates. The

debate hour was eagerly awaited by the literary gladiators. For what fires the human soul to deeds of heroism more than the passion to bear away the palm, and every moment is a martyrdom until the battle is fought and the prize is announced. With little less ardor did the reading men and women of the congregation, urged on by the example of the clergy, look forward to the debate hour, for nothing so much for betterment every way excites the faculties, as entertainments where the serious mixes with the gay and the tragic passes into the comic. The mellow arts of Greece subdued the stern and powerful Roman, "and none are so uncouth who may not be polished," says Horace, "provided they submit to the process of culture."

The gentlemen that led the debates were observers of men and of facts, and the writer is happy to list their names: Dr. John McEvoy had been a ripe Maynooth scholar, and the Maynooth scholar on the Dunboyne list was an all around athlete in the sciences, sacred and profane, of that day: Judge Jeremias Collins with a store acquired from careful reading and a fund drawn from observation of men and things which was natural to a citizen of Cork, the Athens of Ireland; Nicholas Duncan, gifted with a balanced judgment, which his love of the exact science of mathematics had improved, a thinker and a reasoner and an ardent admirer of Cardinal Wiseman, the scientist and controversialist, awakening the world of letters of that day; Squire Forrestal, who had lent his breech loader, under General Winfield Scott, to the utter defeat of Santa Anna and to the Conquest of Mexico; Lieutenant Kane, who had made an attempt to put a stop to the great fratricidal strife between the States; John Collins, Frederick Collins, Timothy Horgan and Joseph Byrne, son of the grand old pioneer of the La Salle Church, who shared largely the talents of the family with his brother, Rev. John Byrne; both of whom at old Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, shone for their brilliancy. Other gentlemen were among the debaters, but, like the moon, they had a borrowed light.

The subjects for debate any of the mighty debaters of the Irish and British Parliaments, and the great American Congress of the two last centuries and the present century would welcome as rich in awakening thought, and affording a wealth of expression for the argumentative combat. To the life-long friend of the writer and of the La Salle Mission—a citizen of the Irish

city when the Irish had their own way—himself the only one left of the distinguished club which he had largely to do with in organizing and clothing it with fame—Judge Collins, the writer is deeply indebted for the courtesy in forwarding a section of the list of the matters discussed:

- (a) The wars of the crusades.
- (b) The temporal power of the Pope.
- (c) The divine right of kings.
- (d) Should the Irish become Americanized.
- (e) The right of Europeans to deprive the Indians of their homes.
- (f) Intemperance more destructive to human life and more productive to human misery than war.
- (g) The slavery question.
- (h) The Irish Parliament—its dissolution by intrigue.
- (i) Was the rebellion of '48 in Ireland justifiable.
- (j) The French Revolution of 1789.
- (k) Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Were it not a fact of history, the suspicion would be warranted that the calm of the assembly, judging from the caliber of the disputants and from the nature of the subjects of debate, was often broken, and by none more frequently than by Timothy Horgan. Indeed, before Timothy enrolled himself as a member of the club he was held by Father John O'Reilly as a talker of unceasing flow, and merited the following encomium from the observant Father: "Tim, if you talked less people would take you for a wise man!"

From the failure to chronicle the names of the pros and cons listed for the debatable question, the writer feels that the "Story" is a morsel, without seasoning, lacking that piquancy so pleasurable to the bon vivant! However, the literary character may be inclined to chafe at such a loss as the above to letters, the writer assures him and his school on the authority not only of the only living member of the club, Judge Collins, but on the authority of the Fathers with whom the writer lived so long, that the club was all it promised to be, and a great deal more besides. No one who has the most distant notion of literary merit, should look for, in the combatants, of the La Salle Institute Club, the prowess of Burke and Fox, Henry

Clay and Calhoun, Webster and Hayne, O'Connell and Peal. The La Salle Club was more analogous to that of the immortals described by Boswell, or to the running debates of the days of Grattan and Curran before England in Ireland bought out Irish liberty. The ethical or philosophical nature of the subject was no barrier to shafts of wit fired by either side of the warriors, or to an occasional overflow of humor. If consistency, the jewel, was worn in the debate by not a few, a Sir Hugh Roche with his Bulls was ever at hand to create a comedy fully as rich with boisterous merriment as was the Irish House of Commons, when Roche fearing the progress of revolutionary opinions, and that the House might be invaded by ruffians, said "they would cut us to mince meat and throw our bleeding heads on the table, to stare us in the face!"

The writer has often sat a greater part of an hour full of genuine pleasure at the recital of what had passed at the debates. Fathers Anthony, Michael O'Reilly, Charles Becherer, Herman Koop, James Knowd, Wm. Ryan and James Piggott of the Clergy, Messrs. Kennedy O'Brien, John O'Halloran, John Gerity, Francis Harrison, Michael Byrne, Robert and Wm. Has-kins, Denis Murphy, Michael Cummings, Peter and John Gallagher, were a portion of the community that graced the occasion by their presence.

For four years the Institute and debating club lived. Grim war scattered its noble members; but in their descendants it lives and will live by its effects on their moral and intellectual character.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BOYS' SCHOOL.

THE ZEAL OF THE FATHERS CONQUERS ALL DIFFICULTIES.—

FATHERS PIGGOTT, BEAKEY, LEYDEN.

1859-1862.

“It is held that valor is the cheapest virtue,
and most dignifies the haver: if it be the
man I speak of, he cannot in the world be
singly counterpois'd.”

—*Shakespeare.*

PRIDING itself, as La Salle did, in the array of talent shown by “The Institute” in its literary entertainments and debating club, the inference should be drawn that nothing should be nearer the mind and dearer to the heart of the Institute than the erection of a suitable, substantial school house for their sons. Education built on religion, one and all believed in, and one and all would, for they had this education and valued it, make sacrifices to have it taught in a structure worthy of the great Catholic Church, the mother of education. Again the people of the parish at large filled with the spirit of their spiritual guides and intellectual leaders had, no stronger wish than a school, and a school worthy of the parish and of the coming men, who would be the right arm in the future battles of the Church, the glory of the Union, and the honor of La Salle.

Already the girls, under the soothing Catholic intellectual training of the Daughters of St. Vincent of Paul, in their excellent stone building, had done much, had already opened the first chapter of the history of what Catholic education did for the future of La Salle. The change struck forcibly the parents, and the non-Catholics were simply amazed.

The educational work in favor of the boys would be no less marked, nor strike parents and non-Catholics less vehemently. It is true after a fashion the boys' school had been for years taught by the aptest masters, Dr. McEvoy and Mr. O'Connor, the Missionaries could hire, their classrooms being the basement of the church, which served also the purpose of chapel and debating hall.

However, every considerate La Salle Catholic, Missionaries and people, had thought if they did not express the thought, that the basement of the church for a school house, with its gloom and dreariness and dampness was hardly an improvement upon the hedge-school of the penal days of our fathers; for the hedge-school had at least the fount of oxygen the youth and teacher drank in, and the bright stars and moon when she "filled her horn" to gaze at—and as to the teacher, no matter how well behaved and accomplished he was, nevertheless he was a lay teacher who was hired to do his work, and his work, compared with his relations, in the nature of things, was a secondary work. Before, far ahead of the education of children, he had his family as the prime factor to care for, and therefore, although the Church used the lay teacher for her children from necessity, the Church must have her own sons and daughters as Melchisedech, without father, without mother, enslaved to the duty of education by special vow on the performance of which will rest their present and future welfare.

The boys' school was the one thought and the one topic leading all others. Times, as already told, were trying. Besides farmers whose corn and potatoes were at 15 cents, besides the miners with coal at 55 cents a ton, there were hundreds idle. History repeats itself. Similar were the conditions in 1846 when ground was opened for the present church by the courageous Missionary Father Anthony. The writer has it from the lips of Father Anthony that, although the boys' school was heartily desired yet relief for the poor was as it ought to be the prime business of the church. Now giving employment to the poor, keeping them constantly engaged, would bring them a relief by placing within their reach money or its value.

"There's not a nobler man in Rome than Anthony." "It is held that valor is the cheapest virtue and most dignifies the haver."

The building of the school in the trying year of 1859-1860 began on borrowed money. The undertaking for that hour and

day was as the writer looks back, simply amazing. The site enclosed double the area where the first church stood, near the Peru line, nearly opposite the electric car barn at present, and the position chosen for the school was taken, so as to embrace the boys of the twin cities. Though these two cities were rivals, and each a stickler for its own importance, still Peru bowed graciously to La Salle on the educational plan, and admitted the claim of the city where dwelt the Fathers. Indeed, for a generation no observer, no matter how keen, could find the differentia between the Catholic Peruvians and La Sallians when church or school matters were on the *tapis*, when funds were solicited for each or both high objects.

The plans and specifications for a roomy rock building had been drawn by the wise and experienced heads of that day and by none more than by the mechanic who carried the principles of mensuration in his great brain, who could—and grandfather William Byrne had the talent—express what he thought in terse language, and who, outreaching all the men of the twin cities of that day, had years of quarry and building experience. The Fathers approved the described work.

Early in 1859 Father Anthony set to work. The bee never sought and sipped the honey from the flower with a relish greater than that with which our master church builder, the pastor, opened up the school foundations. The writer is rejoiced to chronicle some of the names of the great mechanics, great not only in their handicraft, but great because big-hearted towards structures put up to the glory of religion.

The stone masons, whose straight eye and polished trowel ever ready, were the three Coughlins, John, the father, and his sons Patrick and Michael, with Thomas Maloney, Steven Coughlin, Timothy Horgan, John Salmon, Michael Horrigan and Patrick Boyle.

For carpenters, honest Patrick Powers and Patrick McNulty are among the many remembered.

The La Salle teamsters whom memory conserves are John Brennan the wealthy farmer and noted church benefactor, Roger, his brother, and Patrick Dooley and James Skelly.

The country south of the river was represented by the clever William O'Reilley and Uncle Bartley Fergeson, whose sons shared so extensively in the education the great school offered.

Nor did the prairie north of La Salle fail to send help. John Lanning, Neil Hennessy and John Gallagher fell in with the enthusiastic lovers of learning.

Peru City and the country north had its contingent of generous families ever apace with what the La Salle Fathers put on foot for the great cause. Richard Prendergast, James Cahill, Squire Kilduff, Thomas Kirby, John Denny, Patrick Farrell, the honest father of the popular grain merchant of Peru, the Byrne brothers, the Delaneys all came forth to strengthen the cause of education. The architect and overseer of the building, was our old pioneer, Mr. Wm. Byrne.

The building was about 70 feet square, height above water level, 60 feet, with a basement 10 feet over a cellar 6 feet, the tunnel for drainage was fully 300 feet long. The foundations were opened in the spring of 1859; laborers got \$1.25 per day, masons and carpenters \$2.25 and \$2.50. Not one of the many engaged laborers, mechanics, teamsters, but gave numbers of days *gratis* to the cause he valued. Seldom does the superstructure find its material or quarry in the foundations. "They got the rock out of the basement when making the excavations," is the assurance of Mr. John Shea, the tunnel builder. To aid in raising the necessary funds to pay the hands, the ladies got up a fair. "A famous fair," writes Father James Morè, in La Salle at the time, "was held in Cody's Hall for the school. It was well remembered by the ladies of the parish for their foolish hop."

After a little more than a year's service at La Salle Father James Morè had orders to leave for St. Vincent's, St. Louis, which without delay he obeyed. In his place Father Charles Becherer came to La Salle. This young man ordained a few weeks previously was an excellent priest and an elegant speaker, and whilst he looked eagerly after the double family of La Salle and Peru parishes, he insisted mildly on the obligation of the Peruvians to support religion, and at the same time worked them up to the fitness, yea to the duty of supporting the Sisters' and contributing to the building of the Brothers' school of La Salle, since in their own town there were no Catholic schools. Next to Fathers Anthony and M. O'Reilly in advancing the Brothers' school toward completion, was Father Charles Becherer. He was called to Cape Girardeau College in 1860 and Father William Ryan followed him at La Salle the same year. In the

fall of 1860, after a great year of mission preaching in Chicago, Bloomington and Peoria, Father Michael O'Reilly became a member of our new house of St. Joseph, New Orleans, opened in 1858.

Early in the summer 1861 the school building was completed. The ladies of the congregation, some of whose names are handed down, led by that lady of remarkable personality, Mrs. Harrison, had had in view a mammoth dinner for the celebration of the great event. Her assistants were Mrs. John Higgins, Mrs. John Winters, who had few to equal her in the business line, Mrs. Patrick Powers and daughter, Mrs. O'Kane, Mrs. Tierney, assisted by such able men as John Allen, John O'Halloran and John Higgins.

The whole County of La Salle and civilized part of Bureau county had been canvassed for meats, especially for chicken, hams and for the juicy duck, the rarebit of the "Bon Vivant." The wagon-load that emptied its contents at the rear of the new building would have excited the surprise of the Biddle street St. Louis market of that day. The spread laid before numbers of the La Salle people, Catholic and non-Catholic spoke the genuineness of the Catholic Irish nature.

August, 1861, the Christian Brothers reached La Salle, and were duly installed in their new school house, their future home for a length of years.

To increase the family of the missionaries, our Father James Piggott directly after his ordination was ordered to La Salle to build up his feeble constitution. As soon as our gentle, delicate confrere struck La Salle, the Superior, Father Anthony, drove him out on the prairies to the home of the big-hearted Wm. O'Reilly. After introducing the young priest to William and the family, on taking leave the parish priest said to William, "I leave this man with you. Let him work for his board and he'll get healthy." However, the good Father, not improving, much, left La Salle in a short time for our house in Baltimore and thence proceeded to Germantown, where he grew for a time so well that the Visitor Father Ryan in 1864 brought him occasionally on the missions. The work proved too heavy. Our confrere began to decline. The malignant affection of the lungs and throat did their work in St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia. Hardly had our Father Leyden time to administer the last sacraments, when the sufferings of his young confrere, hardly four

years a priest, were over, and Father Piggott went to his crown as his life had witnessed.

Rev. John Beakey was off and on at La Salle for about a year and claims a notice. What may the writer set down on the character of his school-mate and of his confrere, the full sketch of whose college days, novitiate and short priestly life is drawn in the history of the old Barrens. How beautiful John, the boy, stands out before the vision of the writer at this distance of time! Healthful, finely shaped, the leader in all athletics, a capital shot, full of mischief, an incessant tease, high-tempered, quick to acknowledge, prompt to forgive, and withal what a charm there was about him since none of the above antics were discoverable except during recreation. In the chapel, in the presence of his Lord, at his devotions—and devotion to the great mother of God was his special delight—John Beakey was an entirely different boy. His talents were above the ordinary, and had he applied himself closely, he would have surpassed numbers who were deemed his betters. The dignity of the priesthood had a marvelous effect for the better on his character. When our house at Los Angeles had been accepted and confreres were appointed, Rev. John Beakey was one of the number. In company with our confrere, Rev. John Asmuth, he sailed from New York for Los Angeles some time in the fall of 1863. Safely landed, they began their labors amid trials long and bitter. Father Asmuth succumbed first, then Father Beakey. Consumption wasted both. In the fervor of their priesthood, these two noble sons of St. Vincent joined the heavenly throng some time in 1868.

The members of the La Salle community at this time were Fathers Anthony, Knowd and Piggott.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BOYS' SCHOOL OF THE LA SALLE MISSION IN CHARGE OF
GREAT EDUCATORS—SKETCH OF THE ORDER OF
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

1862-1873.

"It is his, to order means to an end in whose possession that end is."

—*St. Thomas in his Summa.*
Question 90th, Art. 3rd.

THE rights of the Catholic Church over the education of her children must be confessed to and defended by every son and daughter of the Church under peril of salvation. "It is consequently settled," says the immortal Pope Pius IX, speaking to his Senate of Cardinals, Sept. 5, 1851, "that the manner of educating and instructing youth * * * * * will be in full conformity with the doctrine of the Catholic religion." The sons of St. Vincent of Paul placed to pilot the vessel of the La Salle Mission, educators themselves by right of the Church, called to their aid the great order of the Christian Brothers. The Divine Office the priest recites daily has this to say of their remarkable and Holy founder, St. John Baptist de La Salle: "He bent the vigor of his faculties to imbue the sons of the poor with religion and morals. And for this purpose God had indeed raised him up so that as his new family of religious men was born in the Church, he would consult for the schools, especially of poor boys, by an unfailing and fruitful method of direction." The test of more than ten generations since 1681 has been daily applied to the system of the Christian Brothers in every civilized land under heaven, and no system of pedagogy has arisen to outstrip it. The boy that has allowed himself to be moulded by the sons of St. John Baptist de La Salle, comes forth thoroughly

Sisters'
School
and
House



St.
Patrick's
Rock
School



crisp in every elemental department of knowledge. The study of the first cause of all things, God—Creator, and the relations man has to his Creator in nature and grace, here and hereafter, the root of all knowledge, then that elemental series of pedagogy so thorough, in grammar and its parts, in geography and history, in figures, and, above all, the training to the mental faculties which mental arithmetic gives, and which is peculiar to the Christian Brothers' education system, what a capital introduction is all this to the deep study of the high and moral and physical sciences, if the Brothers' graduate choose the course!

The writer after six decades looks back in wonderment at the critical knowledge of the Irish Christian Brothers. Hungry for knowledge as the Irish mind has ever been, the tyranny of England's penal code did not hinder two brave young Irishmen, Edmund Ignatius Rice and Gerald Griffen, from leaving Waterford Ireland, for Paris, where for months they made a close study in the house of the sons of St. John de La Salle, of the whole system of school management and teaching; and full of joy the zealous and talented young Irishmen with the permission and hearty good-will of the French Christian Brothers, carried to Ireland the system and rule of the Institute founded by the Saint, and the seal of approbation in 1820 was set to them by the Holy Pius the VII.

Our Brownson writes of the Irish Christian Brothers in 1860: "The Christian Brothers' schools which are starting up all over the country, are leaving the so-called national schools almost scholarless. Their admirable text books, their matchless geographies and readers have attracted the attention of parents." After covering Europe with the fruits of sound Catholic knowledge, their sound hath gone forth into every land. Here in the great Republic, since the year of their arrival, 1846, in Baltimore, what city and state has not been filled with their fame and enlightened by their unsurpassed system?

Their numbers are prodigious! When their great founder had passed from earth to heaven the De La Salle Institute counted 27 houses, 274 Brothers, 9,885 scholars. After 226 years of enormous growth, in spite of godless educational systems here and in Europe, but emphatically in France, "where the deeds of the devil are done by the infidel French Government," their provinces are many. Appleton's Encyclopedia under the title *Brethren*, gives their number in the world in 1868

at 10,000 Brothers—the scholars in France alone 300,000—same year in United States 323 Brothers and 15,000 scholars! Before the wholesale confiscation in France the total number of these great educators may be safely put down not less than 16,000.

The high compliment as educators is paid them by Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, President of the great Catholic Exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, as follows: "I wish, having had the privilege of taking an active part in bringing about the success of the Catholic Exhibit in the Columbian Exposition, to say that its success nevertheless is due to Brother Maurelian more than to any other man." Such is the character of school system La Salle was blessed with in 1861, when the boys' school was opened. It was an era throughout not only the state, but the West, and the West largely patronized the great school. It embraced not only the pedagogical course, but it lifted up the pedagogical plane to a far higher plane; so that the graduate of the Brothers carrying with him his diploma, could, as he entered any college or university, feel perfectly at home. Take one branch: who that has been trained by the Christian Brothers in the art of reading which is so elevating, so refreshing, and which takes the place of even the absent orator, can ever forget this great acquisition? If the Brothers never went any farther than to turn out a class of readers, each of them as he reads drinking in the spirit of the author, his soul, his energy, his meaning, who would be bold enough to stand forth and say, this as far as it goes, is not education! What is your Hamlet actor speaking his piece as a soulless Edison, mimicking "the wise saws or modern instances" of the living speaker, when compared with the intelligence and spirited reader that enters into the spirit, and masters the meaning of the author? Oh! what sermon of a Bossuet or of an Archbishop Hughes or Bishop Timon may surpass the Gospel of any Sunday, read as it ought to be read with the soul and the voice and inflections the Holy Ghost asks, and which has ever been the characteristic feature of the Christian Brothers' training. Their advice and warning is Hamlet's to the players: "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance that you overstep not the modesty of nature." So the cultured instructor taught his readers, if not in the exact words of Hamlet as above, yet

in words bearing the same sense. Or take up the arts of orthography and etymology, and place them under the aegis of the Christian Brothers: to what a severe discipline did they subject their little or big scholars in these rudimentary branches, formerly passed over as trifles, yet big in the eyes of not a few who posed as members of the educated class.

As the French of the Seine and the Loire, and the Anglo-Saxons of the Humber and Thames in hundreds sought the Irish schools of Lismore and Clonard, so did the brainy athletic sons of the Irish living in more than half a dozen states seek the deep well overflowing springs which the great school at La Salle offered. The public examinations of the boys in Cody's or John the Butcher's Hall now under the leadership of that accomplished and easy director, Brother Gustavus, and now under the leadership of the saintly and able director, Brother Liberman, were the glory of these days, to the city at large and of deep gratification to the clergy, Brothers and pupils.

The moral change the boys underwent from the moral system of gymnastics to which the Brothers, models themselves of order and discipline, subjected their scholars, raised greatly the ambition of the scholars for deep and industrious study. The careers of scores of the pupils who sat under such masters in the twelve years they had charge of the La Salle academy and school, has been as a whole bright and successful. The men, proud of the educational lineage of the sons of Saint John de La Salle to which they own and belong, are in numbers still within a hundred miles of "the school boys' spot they don't forget." Some as clever Timothy Meagher, of Spring Creek and James Doyle of Streator, others as Uncle James Solan of the Last-Lands, now the able coal merchant Patrick Prendergast of Chicago, now the intelligent Thomas Confrey, and Richard Hamlon of St. Louis, and successful business manager Nicholas W. Duncan, still live to speak the memory of their La Salle *alma mater*. Were the Brothers of the Christian schools in need of historians to detail the story of the success that has crowned their La Salle work in favor of thoroughness in the educational line, none are more fitted for the great work than their own La Salle scholars of the sixty's, the cautious Rev. L. A. Campbell and the accomplished P. J. Tinan, and were they living, Rev. Dr. Mooney, late pastor of St. Columba's, Chicago, and Senators Duncan and O'Connor. Well may one and all of the pupils of

Brothers Gustavus and Liberian and Artemian, the directors, of Brother Virgil the precise professor and disciplinarian and mind reader, of the amiable Brother Domnus and sincere Brother Alexius, all well known to the writer, and of others, evoke the spirit of eloquence and in soul-inspiring strains declaim:

"Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here above
I search the records of each moldering stone.
Guides of my life! instructors of my youth,
Who first unveiled the hallowed forms of truth
Whose every work enlightened and endeared,
In age beloved;
In friendship's silent register you live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give.
The school's lone porch!
Just tells the pilgrim where it lay,
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn,
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here,
And now the lightest leaf, but trembling teams
With golden visions, and romantic dreams."

The following bit of interesting and instructive data from the pen of the venerable Brother Gustavus sent to his old friend the writer, will be most welcome to the La Salle past and present. Although written with a palsied hand, the mind of our brilliant brother is as luminous as the hour he examined to the delight of the public his three hundred and more scholars.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21, 1907.

MY DEAR FATHER SHAW:

I am sorry I could not attend to your request sooner, palsied as I am. You will please develop these notes, I am not able to write. First, I left St. Louis August the 25th, 1861, to take charge of St. Patrick's Academy, La Salle, Ill. I met two Brothers Gregory and Wasnon there waiting for me. We opened September 1st (Monday) with three classes, about 95 boys; end of first year we had 150 boys with all debts paid, etc. The second year we opened with 164 boys, including 25 boarders and about one-tenth Protestants. We had all the respectable

Protestant boys of La Salle and Peru. A happy year and fruitful, hard work; had examinations in our hall, following examination in hall in city. Had organized a brass band which kept up for eleven years, taught by the Brothers. We gave premiums for merit. A Protestant minister called on Mrs. Hagan to reproach her for sending her three nice boys to St. Patrick's Academy, saying that the Brothers would pervert them. Her reply was, the boys were well taught, well cared for and well pleased, she would not take them from the Brothers, but would rather see them in a raft going down the Illinois River than send them to public schools where they would learn but blasphemy and immorality, etc. Captain Haden, a Protestant, had his son of 17 years with us. I gave the son two premiums. The following summer the father presented two silver cups, one to me and one to my first assistant. Mr. Taylor and the miners supplied us with all the coal we wanted. Third, we reopened with all we could accommodate, 200, including 40 boarders and Protestants, etc. Fourth year we opened with 115 and closed with 285. I took all the Catholics, rich and poor, all on an equality, asking nothing from the poor. We emptied the public schools of children, many of the teachers were dismissed on account of not keeping their pupils.

Were I able I could say many pleasant things about La Salle, the people and surroundings, etc. I hope these notes when expanded will be of use.

Rev. Father Shaw, I am pleased to have been able to give the above facts and hope this note may serve to further the good cause.

Affectionately and sincerely yours,

BROTHER GUSTAVUS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GROWTH OF THE LA SALLE MISSION DURING OUR CIVIL WAR.

1861-1865.

“Peace hath her victories,
No less renown’d than War.”
—*Milton.*

At the opening of our Civil War and during what Mr. Seward, Secretary of State in Mr. Lincoln’s cabinet, called “The Irrepressible Conflict,” the La Salle Mission and city grew as they had not grown before. Is not this statement a paradox—that peace and war—and such a Civil War unknown before in the history of the planet,—at one and the same hour, in the same country, under the same flag! Peace, a name “of human blessing,” and “war, the sink of all injustice,” mean the same!

The population of the city of La Salle in 1861 was about 5,000, and the percentage of those that gave no thought to the meaning of the war was 75 percent, if not more. For, in the first place, numbers from the Island of Saints were monthly fleeing from the oppressor of their religion and race to the free shores of the United States, and on their way from the Eastern States to La Salle and in La Salle the emigrants saw that everyone and everything was as assuring as a serene sky, and what idea of war or its causes could they form? Secondly, if a few, as the members of the Catholic Institute and American-born, had studied the causes of the war, whether as Democrats or as the party opposed, at the time called Black Republicans, agreed to disagree as to the causes of war, the Democrat viewing the war waged against States Rights, and the organ of the Republican party, “The New York Tribune,” insisting on letting the seceding States go out in peace, in the following sentence: “If the Cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union

than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace," how expect simple God-fearing people empty of the knowledge of the politician to define where he was at. Thirdly, notwithstanding the Constitution adopted by the original States in 1787 and ratified by the States, yet something, as lawyers would say of a deed containing a flaw, was shadowy from the hour the States adopted the Constitution as to what the Constitution meant. Our Brownson in October number of his celebrated Review, 1845, writes on the value of "The Constitution:" "The Constitution is a dead letter, except so far as it serves to prescribe the modes of election, the rule of the majority * * * * and the Union and separation of the functions of the Government. Since 1828, it has become in practice, and is now (1845) substantially a pure democracy, with no effective Constitution but the will of the majority for the time being."

In his July number, 1847, the learned Brownson shows how loose were the views on "The Constitution," by laying before his readers the theories on the American Union held by President John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, Webster and Calhoun. Indeed our great publicist does not fear to declare that once he held to the doctrine of John Calhoun on Nullification, although afterwards he retracted it in the most vigorous manner. "We heretofore gave in our adhesion to it, but a more thorough investigation of the subject has led us to doubt both its theoretical soundness and its practical efficacy." Note.—July number, 1847, Brownson's Review. According to the above views, each side engaged in the mighty struggle had in La Salle its sympathizers, yea the sympathy took the form of enlistment for the cause of the Union, and for the cause of State Rights in which the South staked its success. Whilst a handful went southward to fight under the stars and bars, quite a contingent walked under the leadership of the stars and stripes. And to mention Captain Collins, Lieutenant O'Kane, Lieutenant Carey and their brave file who had in North Missouri Lexington under the brave Col. Mulligan, smelt the smoke of battle and had been by overwhelming forces defeated and taken prisoners and then paroled, and had returned home, is sufficient to state facts which kept the busy town talking.

The arts of peace were largely cultivated to the intense satisfaction of all classes at the expense of war. The boom of prices on every salable and purchasable article of living was the order

for years, as the Government with its determination to create credit outpoured lavishly its Shin Plasters and its Greenbacks. It is true "Red battle stamped his foot and Nations—that is, the Southern States—felt the shock," whilst at the time the farmer of La Salle County was gathering in his golden prices, from his hennery, his stock, his horses, his meadow, his corn and lesser grains. The present highly respected Timothy Maher, a mere boy at the time of the war, got in the Peru market in gold \$2.50 a bushel, in 1863, for wheat. It is true "there was hurrying to and fro and gathering tears and tremblings of distress," but this state of things was chiefly on the soil of the old dominion or south of Cairo, hundreds of miles away from the Illinois beds of coal and from the fortunate miners welcoming at the time their \$240.00 a month. "The giant of the mountain stands, his blood-red tresses deepening in the sun with death-shot glowing in his fiery hands!" but what recked the laborer and stevedore of La Salle when his 50 cents an hour was his price.

In these days the philanthropic Messrs. Hegler and Matthiessen were giving their closest attention, and putting in their hours daily to develop by scientific means their resources, to which La Salle owes in great measure its growth and healthy living conditions. The acres of buildings for the manufacture of zinc, sulphuric acid and soda ash, the railway built tapping the Illinois Central on the north and the Chicago & Northwestern west, the bridge that spans the little Vermilion River are well worth visiting. Moreover, the deep consideration which the firm have ever shown their hundreds of employes, rollers, miners, machinists, laborers, has for nearly fifty years given a healthy tone to order and discipline in promoting peace, contentment and joy to individuals, families and the city. Few firms for fair play and cleverness towards its men have been higher in the esteem of our fellow citizens than the now celebrated firm of Hegler & Matthiessen. No firm can boast a record that has never been blotted by ambition to rule as a despot and trample on the rights of the mechanic and laborer. Hence the curse of strikes, ever as a rule the source of unrest, beggary and vices of all kinds, has not fallen on the great plant of the enterprising, high-minded firm of Messrs. Hegler & Matthiessen.

Nor may the city of La Salle, if it values its real interests, forget the many gifts Mr. Matthiessen has given the city, as the

electric plant, the manual training school, and report has it, that he intends, if he has not done so up to the time of this writing, to lift the debt on the new city hall. The share of Mr. Hegler has been that of a quiet unobtrusive kind, doling out his treasures under cover to many families, to works of art, to hospitals and churches. The merit of the philanthropic acts of these gentlemen is that all has been done without brag and in silence. The clergy of old St. Patrick's Church have not forgotten them for substantial favors. It is on record that the only mayor who gave the La Salle priests of the Mission and the parish of St. Patrick's any show has been Mr. Matthiessen. To him the priests and parish owe the macadam on Fourth between Marquette and Joliet streets.

The unwearied Father Anthony ever remarkable for striking the iron when hot was no exception now. The growth of the parish created needs calling for speedy attention. Marriages were numerous, fresh families were making homes, and the schools had very high figures and a reputation in proportion. Never had the times for capital and labor dawned before on La Salle; never had money been so flush. This was the hour to extend what had become contracted, the parish had outrun in size the Church, the school children were almost too many for its area. The adult portion want room and their own pews, and are, when they are as the La Salle people of sixty years ago, ready to the rental. An addition to the church, all of stone, fully as big as the present church, lengthening it by fifty feet, and widening it by an L of forty feet, which would serve for chapels, sodality-room and sacristy, all, church and addition under one roof—was determined on with the consent of the Visitor by all the Fathers then present, Anthony, Michael O'Reilly, Gleeson and Kalmer. To give all possible chances to advance the great undertaking spiritually and temporally the Right Rev. Bishop had been requested to take from us the two out-missions Peru and Utica, which he graciously, and to our satisfaction in the fall of 1864, did.

Very Rev. S. V. Ryan, Visitor, in the following paragraph, speaks of the new addition and resignation of the out-missions. "Finding oftentimes that out-missions gave little satisfaction to ourselves and to the people, I judged it fit, for the security of the house and the maintenance of the community spirit to concentrate our forces and hedge in our labors within certain limits in

order not to oblige confreres to go so often abroad, and waste time and energy with unseasonable works. By such arrangement made, we dispense with the services of a priest, and the ordinary of the diocese has appointed a pastor at Peru, and made over Utica to a neighboring parish (Ottawa); now our priests can attend to La Salle admirably, and will find enough to keep them occupied. They are now putting an addition to their church which shapes it in the form of an L; by this means the church shall be spacious and convenient, enriched with a winter chapel and gallery for the children, embracing its whole extent." Vol. XXX Annals No. 2.

To the writer's knowledge and experience, for he was missioned to La Salle when the water table of the addition was hardly finished, the extension was practically in size that of the original church, and in cost, was ahead. Independent of the large sums received from fairs and collections and begging excursions, which fell chiefly to the lot of the present writer at all times and seasons, above all through the winter of 1864 and 1865, when zero weather was not extraordinary, and an occasional drop of the mercury to 30 degrees below zero was a fact, the plain statement of Father Anthony to his assistant, the author of the La Salle "Story" was, "\$10,000 of our Community money is in the addition."

Denis Murphy was the architect. Such carpenter mechanics as Patrick Powers and Thomas Haskins, Senior, both practiced builders, and the latter a finished altar builder, Thomson, James Meagher and Stephen Murphy were engaged on the extension.

The masons were Stephen Coughlan, John Coughlan and sons, Patrick Boyle, Michael Hogan, John Salmon. The boss plasterers were Rob. and Wm. Haskins and Davis, all mechanics of high and conscientious work, the larger number of them had already shown their fitness on the church. Christmas, 1865, the extension was finished and the delight of priests and people was overflowing.

The work of the ladies in laying down the carpet of the Sanctuary superintended by Mrs. Harrison, and the zealous and tasteful Mrs. Martin McNamara assisted by young Miss Anne Cody in covering the tabernacle of the Main Altar, and dressing with rare taste the altar of the great Mother and St. Joseph, are among the flowers of memory ever fresh. Neither does memory fail in opening up, the view the high altar and magnificent

Sanctuary presented on the occasion and regularly afterwards when our good French Christian Brother led forth his sanctuary boys, thirty-five in number, and when the little Master of Ceremonies, now the respected and beloved pastor of St. Columba's Church, Grand Avenue, Chicago, with his wise look and beck of the hand marshaled his sanctuary force for and during the High Sacrifice, to the joy of that great Irish and Irish-American body that crowded pew and aisles. The outburst of generous natures was, let us write once more, notwithstanding the strain that had told on their purses so long, most emphasized. The daily visit of the watchful pastor and of the large hearted Father Michael O'Reilly and the present writer, now to the masons as they raised the massive stone pile, now to the order of St. Joseph, as they laid the great roof beams, now to the plasterers and molders of the canopy over the altars, came to an end, and the joy of the Fathers and the multitude of the parish was simply the outpouring to God for the completion of the shrine of His religion.

"Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway,
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone
Thy only pleasures we can call our own."—*Rogers.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

TWO MISSIONARY SCIENTISTS.

"To ask and to bestow knowledge, is much of Heaven's delight."
—*Pollok.*

IN unfolding the Story of the Mission, the writer, if true to the Story, and bent on doing honor to whom honor is due, must for a while turn his attention to our scholars in the exact and moral sciences. Father James Knowd first calls our attention. This excellent confrere had been an Irish Christian Brother and had been commissioned by the English Government in the early part of 1830 and 1840 to find out if the Irish Central House at Cork could supply the national schools of Ireland, which had Catholic boys, with competent teachers. In Rome he had joined the Congregation of the Mission, and thence had come to the States, where in the opening of the forties he was ordained priest.

The most learned of the Fathers and Doctors in Scripture, St. Jerome the exemplar of an uncompromising fighter for faith and morals, whose bold language and caustic wit had ever been brought into play against the fads and corruption of his age, had he lived at the epoch of which we write and on the Mission where our Story began, none of the ecclesiastics whom he would have met, should have been more welcome to him than our Father James Knowd. His taste lay in the exact sciences, and his life as priest and professor was ever on the line of mathematical precision. La Salle in 1862 was his home and he was at home; for he was intensely national and whilst a scientist, yet none the writer can remember had at command a deeper sense of wit and richer store of anecdote chiefly drawn from the writings of Dean Swift, Sir Jonah Barrington, or that unsurpassed genius of the Irish parliament, Sir Hugh Roche, who never spoke without uttering a bull. The boy in his class who could master

the binomial theorem of Sir Isaac Newton, find the latitude and longitude of the least of the Fiji Islands, point out on a crispy, starry night the visible planets, name the last flower that Linnaeus discovered, had built up his character. Moreover our worthy father was the ideal of regularity. Neither General Bragg of the Confederacy, nor Sherman of the Union Army were more prompt to answer the reveille than was our distinguished confrere. The last stroke of the half past three morning alarm found him on his knees, unless serious sickness, which was seldom, hindered him. With the like precision he passed to each of his priestly duties. The writer now enjoys no fonder memories than the action of the grand old man after ringing us up in the morning, and failing to hear in the rooms the effect of the bell, walking up and down the corridor on which the rooms lay; full of humor he would exclaim as if speaking to another: "He did hear it. Certainly he did. Don't tell me he didn't."

"I thought," said Mr. McKennedy O'Brien to the writer, "that Father Knowd was a perfect priest, and his sermons were mathematical."

An abler antagonist to grapple with the phase of an old error and one so ruinous to faith and morals could hardly be found. A born logician, as every thorough worker in Euclid is supposed to be—and a sworn enemy to all the works of Necromancy, which included Spiritism, Spirit Rapping, he set himself to make a special study of this subject; for different parts of the Union were alive with this new phase of an old error, and took to it as to a religion whose tenets should save them. The writer when a boy, before leaving for college, heard, although he was never at one of the gatherings, much said of table turning, the whole house in bedlam, etc., in some house near Mr. Bernard Murtaugh. La Salle at the outset of the war was largely among the cultured class, interested in getting all the knowledge possible of the strange nature of the phenomena. A committee was appointed to wait upon Father Knowd and request him to take the subject "Spiritism" in hand, which he consented to do. Cody's Hall was cheerfully given by Richard Cody for the delivery of the two lectures. The hall was packed. The lecturer arose, announced his subject, "Spiritism." This was the first of the two lectures, dealing with the marvelous phenomena met with in nature. He began his lecture by acknowledging that nature was full of mysteries. "The Heavens declare the glory of God

and His works the firmament of His power." He spoke of the fixed and wandering stars, got enraptured at certain late scientific discoveries, dwelt upon the various gases and explained why man with the pressure of so many tons upon him is not flattened into a frightful and shocking mass. Next referred to was the phenomena of the barometer pointing out the state of the weather, the rise of the mercury indicating fine weather, the fall of the mercury, foul weather. Nor would our lecturer pass over the anecdote of the barometer, which Otto von Guerick erected reaching from the cistern in his cellar up to the roof of his house. What was the effect on the people when they saw the wooden man in fine days rising above the roof and peeping out over the old city, and in foul weather lying low in his garret! The extraordinary phenomena then so excited the people that they said Otto was in league with the devil, and at the bidding of the people, the authorities of the town forbade Otto Guerick to show the force of nature. Nor would our lecturer pass over the phenomena of harmless yet instructive nature which sound reveals, echoes of speaking, singing, playing, repeated and repeated, as perfectly as the original; nor would he except optics whose phenomena are no less bewildering. The human eye less than an inch in diameter yet what a world of vision falls in the little retina, now the dome, the vast and wondrous dome of the sublimest of churches, now a landscape of unsurpassed beauty, and what we pass by, the millions and millions of waves of ether, rolling from every point break in upon the sight. The secrets of magnetism he next revealed; the needle, its variations, the phenomena, startling and amazing which electricity hourly shows. He clearly showed that nature is full of mysteries and her forces inexhaustible, and when he finished the people were highly delighted, Kennedy O'Brien said to the writer, "The first night the spiritualists all thought Father Knowd was theirs."

In the course of a week our natural philosopher changed into the moral theologian, and his second and last lecture was, nature attempting the impossible, spiritualism in connection with the end of man, his happiness here and hereafter. The spiritualist as such made spiritism or spiritualism a religion and condemned every other religion in their view, even the religion of Jesus Christ had gone wrong and men were in misery. Miracles, divinations, sorcery, magic, the black art, may be accepted as facts, real phenomena, and explained on natural principles.

Mesmerism will explain all, continued the lecturer. Let the mesmerizer act, he could with or without actual contact so act. The ability of the lecturer contrasted the works of simple nature whose effects are always proportionate to the causes that produce them, with the awful and monstrous and disproportionate effects spiritism reveals with causes so slight. Here is the magnetizer that could at will (a) paralyze the body, subject it in great measure to his own will, force it to obey him, render it preternaturally weak or preternaturally strong, yet the object to be magnetized need not be near him, he can magnetize soulless objects and leave them, as flowers; and a person ignorant of what was done would take them up and smell them and would manifest the phenomena of the mesmerized. (b) Equally in clairvoyance and second sight the mesmerizer shows his dark art. The object, man or woman, chiefly woman, can see with the vision of the mesmerizer what the mesmerizer sees or has seen, she can tell his most secret thoughts and intentions, and to those with whom she is in relation she can answer questions correctly equally unknown to herself and to those with whom she is placed in communication, and when the answer could not be known by any human means to either. (c) That ignorant men or women, even children speaking in foreign tongues, eloquently describing scientific matters, to confound even the learned magnetizer, all which though not sufficient to show a wicked intelligent preternatural cause, since absolutely these may proceed from a good cause, yet the presumption, considering the agents in the case, is, that such proceed from an evil principle. The writer has no reason to doubt that our learned father showed conclusively the wicked inclination to suicide on the part of the magnetized; disquiet and weariness of life, foul affections for all the unseemly parts of the body, and deceit met with in their answers; that the most marvelous effects appear in the weak, in the diseased, that the prodigies acted in the mesmerized state, as soon as the somnambulist comes to herself—all are forgotten. No consciousness remains of what took place shows that the soul had no active part, but by the will of the somnambulist he or she became passive. What if the soul did not either fully consent or even hindered the usurped action, yet the convulsions, tremors, contortions arose, showing that these phenomena were the work of wicked spirits or devils. Nor can we doubt how the lecturer showed from the

Old and New Testaments the nature of deception, witchcraft, etc., of any kind and its punishment. Nor did he fail to show the criteria of demon invasion or of obsession as laid down in a book called the *Rituale Romanum* or Roman Ritual, which must be always kept in the sacristies of our churches.

Especially, orders the Ritual, lest the priest easily believe anyone is possessed by the devil, let him observe those notorious signs, which distinguish the possessed from those who suffer from bile or other diseases. The signs of devil possessing one are (a) To hold conversation in an unknown or foreign tongue or understand one speaking in such; (b) To reveal distant and hidden things; (c) To exhibit strength above nature, age or condition; (d) Lastly, the able lecturer would hardly fail to quote the decrees of the Holy Father Pope Pius IX, uttered a few years before as to the character of this plague; "But the application of principles and of means purely natural, to explain things and effects supernatural is no other but wholly unlawful heretical deceit. Although in this general decree the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the use and abuse of magnetism is sufficiently explained, yet the malice of men has so far grown through the neglect of the lawful study of science, and hunting after curious matters that the great ruin to souls and destruction to society is effected. Hence those contemptible women carried away through the illusions of somnambulism and clairvoyance and through gestures not always chaste, prate they see invisible things, and discourse on religion, and claim that they evoke or call up the souls of the dead, and get answers, and boldly presume to exercise other superstitious arts for large profits to themselves and their masters. In all these there lurks a wholly unlawful and heretical lie or deceit and scandal opposed to morality. Wherefore to curb so inadmissible a crime, hateful to religion and to society, the solicitude, watchfulness and zeal of all Bishops should be aroused and every means, as judged in the Lord, should be used to curb and root up abuses of this magnetism that the Lord's flock may be sheltered from the evil man, and the deposit of faith may be guarded and the faithful confided to them saved from the corruption of morals." Given at Rome in Chancery of Holy Office 4th of August, 1856.

"At the second lecture," says Mr. Kennedy O'Brien, "the spiritualists hung down their heads for shame." It is unnecessary to write, if spiritism had even the slightest chance to root itself

in La Salle, after the lectures, no Hamlet's ghost or hobgoblin was heard of, much less dealing with mediums or superstitions that go hand in hand with weakness in, and then shipwreck of, the religion of Jesus Christ.

The writer of the Story is not allowed by any rule of correct narrative to omit, if it be only a passing reference, to an important catechism station lying on the banks of the little Vermilion three miles northeast from the city. The formation of the rocks of this locality have the shape of a "Hogsback." In the days to which the writer points, it was quite a village of shacks, streetless and alleyless, where states' rights, which meant the rights of Hogsback, were loudly made known and defended. The great officer of the law called upon to quell any sedition among the citizens of the farmer's catechism station would be "His Reverence."

Years came to and went from Hogsback without a word of warning or attempt at coercion; not indeed that during the equinoxes and the solstices all things had been quiet, but the reason lay in the mildness of the La Salle Fathers. How many a time did a belated traveler on his way to the Pigsback, as many preferred to name the station, if he did not fall among robbers, yet did he topple over into the ditch, and when he struck his cabin he was ready for war, and made war offensive and defensive, irrespective of the rights of others of the Pigsback, or rather of the Hogsback, and the presence oftentimes of the barrel of unripe Bourbon got at the meanest figure did not quiet but rather inflamed the *hogsback*, that he bristled like the wild boar in his run of destruction, laying waste all that his tusks could reach. One was equal to the occasion ever so long as he stayed in La Salle. Invariably the zealous Father Knowd, in the Sunday church announcements during the greater part of the summer, fall and winter, announced his going to the settlement in the following words: "There will be cathecism next Wednesday at the Hogsback, which ought to be called the devil's back." The order in a military camp was the order of the shanty town on the little Vermilion, when the strict, sincere, fearless Father James Knowd entered and called his class in the house of that whole-souled Catholic woman Mrs. Judy Tinan Shibly. In her own way the cheerful, generous Mrs. Shibly was a character for defense of the clergy and the church, esteemed by all and especially by the priests.

Called away to other fields, Father Knowd was succeeded by Father John Herman Koop, our great metaphysician, the illustrious Brownson's closest friend, to whose energy, and that of a few other friends, including the present writer, the third and last series of Brownson's Review had its origin. The articles of that series on "The Possible Nothing in Itself" are from the pen of Father Koop. Analytic and synthetic talents of a high order were his; comprehensive in his judgment, he saw the conclusion of every premise, like his great countryman Windhorst; and the stature of each of them in mind and body lessened nothing, though a Bismarck in power and argument assailed them. The *primum philosophicum* of our confrere was the formula *Ens creat existentias*, as well in the metaphysical as in the moral order. He adapted it to life and made it bend to the pursuit of an even tenor in his way. No one, in the memory of the present writer, appeared more at ease with the world and the ways of the world, or had less ambition for publicity, that fatal rock that has shattered and will shatter many a genius. The calm of an hour to devote to the consideration of some metaphysical question was to our philosopher of infinitely more importance than any office of seminary or college government. Never strong, constitutionally inactive, his meals merely an excuse for nourishment, no muscle because taking nothing to make muscle, he lingered on. In La Salle he was adored by the people, and on the missions when he warmed up, his word was a two-edged sword. In his philosophy class, especially if there were an inquisitive mind to give occasion for argument, Father Koop was at home. In 1862 when the novitiate and scholasticate were removed from the old Barrens to St. Vincent's House, St. Louis, Mo., to fill the chair of philosophy at the latter house, which became the central house, Father Koop was summoned from La Salle.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW NATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS EVENTS AFFECTED THE LA SALLE
MISSION—THE DISTINGUISHED IRISH VISITORS.

1865-1866.

“Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions.”
—*Shakespeare.*

OUR Civil War, the most appalling that had ever been waged, whether numbers slain or crippled for life, or duration be considered, had ended in victory to the Stars and Stripes, and with the Union preserved let us fondly hope forever. Hardly had the millions who longed for peace, tasted its first fruits when “Diseased nature broke forth in strange eruptions” by cutting off perhaps the greatest temporal ruler, outside of the Papacy, the world had ever had. His motto sat well on Abraham Lincoln, the president of the greatest of republics—“with charity to all, and with malice to none.” From the patriotic standpoint no character is more worthy the consideration of the true American than Lincoln, the man and citizen and president.

No wonder the world of the United States was plunged in grief, no wonder that the world outside of the United States stood aghast in horror, at the crime of the assassin whom the chief magistrate knew not, nor had ever personally offended. On Good Friday the writer, on his way home to La Salle, bearing the Holy Oils for which he had gone to Chicago, learned at midnight in Joliet, Ill., the fatal news. Never before had sorrow on all sides been so real. La Salle was no exception; and never before in this asylum of all nations had the Church greater reason to condemn most pointedly, and which she did condemn in the most vigorous language, the murderous deed and doer. For the mere man was not only ruthlessly killed, but the supreme ruler, the head of the nation, had inhumanly fallen. The misguided,

rash, wretched slayer had little dreamt that in felling Abraham Lincoln he had removed one, who, had he lived, would have by his powerful persuasiveness, stemmed, like a wise ruler, the torrent of evils which afterwards rushed upon the people of the southern states. "All power comes from God, they who resist the power resist the ordinance of God and procure for themselves damnation." This is Catholic doctrine.

Meanwhile, as the great nation mourned the chief who had fallen, with peace returned, as the braves of the battlefield were returning to doff the garb of warrior and don that of farmer and mechanic, the ever abiding Comforter, the Spirit of Truth in the Catholic Church, who conserves her from error into which the human spirit or demon spirit would, were it possible, lead her, inspired the Holy See in October, 1866, to open in the cathedral, Baltimore, Md., the second Plenary Council of the Catholic Church in the United States. Fourteen years had passed since the first great gathering, too short a time, many Catholics had supposed, now to convene another; others, on the other hand, prying deeply into the *Status rerum* of the Great Union, its enormous growth in population of races differing in religion, manners and customs, coming hither to make themselves homes; considering the negroes' condition since the war, the views uttered by many of the Church's children, on education, secret societies, marriage, Sunday observance, the liquor traffic and other matters which touched on sound doctrine and morals,—all such Catholics bailed the opening of the Council. Archbishop Spalding, delegated by the Supreme Pontiff Pope Pius IX, opened the 9th of October, 1866, the doors of the great Baltimore Church to forty-seven Bishops, twenty-one Vicars-General, twenty-one Superiors of religious orders, seven Superiors of theological seminaries, ninety-six theologians for deliberation on the supremest of questions. Priests in scores, and people, including President Johnson, were present in multitudes. Writes an eye-witness: "We heard no word of politics from the lips of these men: with the affairs of the world they have not to do: there was about them all the unction of apostolic piety."

Two events as affecting more or less the La Salle Mission must be mentioned; first, the departure to a better life after a short illness of the young Superior Father Patrick McMenomy of St. Mary's Seminary October, 1865, in the thirty-second year of his age, thirteenth of his profession, and eight of his priest-

hood. The blow to the community was a trying one. Then the following year, 1866, to the deep regret of the lovers of the old Barrens, fire wiped out the venerable brick college whose sacred and hospitable board and hearth, classic halls and arena, had been dearer to none more than to the Kellys and Shaws and Cavanaughs and Allens and Connertons and O'Reilleys and Murphys and a host of others including Mr. Edmund Robson and the distinguished Dean Keating, all La Salle or La Salle County boys. For a generation the *alma mater* of the United States Lazarists sent not to the field her phalanxes, nor to the forum her statesmen, but the "monumentum, she has reared, is *aere perennius*." Men pass away, but the seminary remains.

The thoughtful La Salle clergy, now that the addition to the Church had been artistically finished, announced the second Sunday of October, 1866, that a mission of two weeks would open the fourth Sunday of the same month. Any zealous pastor is aware that fully three-fourths of the success of a mission rests upon his efforts. The love of souls must be his food, to spend and be spent are his daily business, into the by-ways and along the hedges he will make his way, and not satisfied with a general search he will, as the good shepherd, make use of every means to know one and all *nominatim*. For what shepherd of Christ's fold can forget the words of the Master, "I know mine and mine know Me," or "My sheep hear My voice and they follow Me." Heartily, as was the duty of the pastor and the assistants, *quorum pars* was the present writer, did the clergy do their utmost to fit the multitude for the grace outpouring in the coming mission. The Visitor Very Rev. S. V. Ryan, accompanied by the worthy and scholarly Father Knowld, and by Father Wm. Ryan, brother to the Visitor, opened the days of grace at the last Mass on the Sunday appointed. In these days the last Mass was the Mass for the parish. The sittings and the aisles of the La Salle church were filled with adorers, although a mission had not been in order. The quarter to ten o'clock bell drew a large number into the church to tell the beads, that easy and beautiful devotion so fruitful in blessings. Worldliness to the extent one witnesses to-day had not its freezing touch in La Salle parish in the years of which we write. It is unnecessary to put down that the audience which assembled in the grand old church for the mission was an *audience*, and such an audience that had the eloquent preacher any need to be aroused—but

Father Stephen Ryan had no need—its very makeup should have done so.

In fervid, clean-cut eloquence which spoke a master's style, and none who had ever heard the Visitor, afterwards the Bishop of Buffalo, will dispute the writer, the director of the mission showed the excellence of the great work begun, the reasons for it, and the means to meet that extraordinary grace. Father Knowd, in the evening, followed, and whilst these two Fathers preached alternately the evening sermons and morning instructions, the younger Father Ryan had every evening his part allotted in a short instruction delivered before the recital of the rosary.

Whatever may be said of the usefulness of preaching, yet is preaching only a means, no matter how gifted may be the speaker, to the high and mighty work of the confessional. "The government of souls," says the great Saint Gregory, "is the art of arts."

At this lapse of time, the writer fondly looks back at that first mission he had ever witnessed, as the throngs from five in the morning until after ten o'clock at night for a fortnight duration, ebbed and flowed around the six confessionals, giving evidence of the "movement of the waters." With faces beaming delight, the missionaries came and went, and the parish clergy wore countenances not less inviting. The great work ended; "the harvest was great though the laborers were few." The people, full of joy and the messengers of God enraptured.

The writer, as if it were yesterday, before the missionaries took their departure, sang from the melodies, at their request, the following:

"As onward we journey how pleasant
To pause and inhabit a while,
Those few sunny spots like the present
That 'mid the gay wilderness smile.
But time, like a pitiless master,
Cries, onward! and spurns the gay hours,
Ah! never does time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers."

This year 1866 La Salle was complimented by the visits of Rev. Father Meehan, parish priest of Ennis, County Clare,

and John Francis McGuire, editor of the *Cork Examiner*, author and distinguished Irish Parliamentary leader. In his own way good Father Meehan was also a power. To save his poor people from worse than the lot of the convict and lazar house, the loss of their faith, had been for four years the zealous father's mission. This he did by gathering money throughout the cities east and west, from lecturing and preaching in the Gaelic and the English language; for the Father used both tongues fluently. One-third at least of the La Salle parish spoke the tongue that had urged their sires in the defense of Limerick, to the victory of Fontenoy, and which had been an overwhelming force in the election to parliament of the immortal liberator O'Connell. No one was more conspicuous and more enthusiastic than gentlemanly James Cummings among the crowd of listeners in the church on that occasion who gathered to hear the Irish parish priest describing the low, dastardly methods of the Soupers and Bible Societies to wrench, for a mess of pottage, the heirloom of faith from the children of St. Patrick, and the supernatural courage with which his dear flock at Carrigaholt met and overthrew the Souper frauds. Indeed, it may truthfully be said, had James been a listless listener, comment on the fact not at all agreeable, would have been made. The interesting speaker was not only an Irish priest but he hailed from the very door of James Cummings. Who in La Salle on that Sunday stood nearer the "Soggarth" than James? The evidence was marked when the writer led the good Father Meehan to the well furnished home of not the least of the well-to-do of La Salle parishioners, and where friendship's offering was added to the already generous \$280.00 of the parish offering.

The mission of John Francis McGuire to America, and chiefly to the United States, may be viewed as a corollary of Father Meehan's mission, since for object both gentlemen had at heart the betterment of the Irish people, the latter chiefly the spiritual, the former the temporal welfare.

Few of the Catholic laity had done as much in his generation by pen and speech out of and in parliament for the glory of the Catholic Church and the Irish race as had John Francis McGuire. "Rome and its Ruler" (Pope Pius IX) in its columns of statistics with reference to the works of the Papacy in favor of science and art, was a corrective to the blunders and lies of English bigotry, represented largely by the *London Times* newspaper.

The biography of "Father Mathew," the apostle of temperance, from the pen of the same illustrious writer, embalmed the memory of that great priest and his great work. The writer had the great pleasure, as he handed "Father Mathew" to its author, John Francis, to hear the author read from the pages he penned, the rich, racy, humorous rhetorical sketch of Tim's career when a confirmed toper, before Tim enjoyed the blessings of temperance. The speech of Tim, too lengthy for our "Story," spoken in presence of a great temperance meeting called by Father Mathew, must live as a rare piece of comic and tragic literature.

Much of his work, "The Irish in America," was gleaned during his visits in and around La Salle from priests and people, especially from that large-hearted parishioner Richard Cody, whose experience had been close and extensive, and at whose table the famous literary Irishman sat during his short stay in La Salle. His knowledge of the La Salle surroundings widened from his acquaintance with Mr. Kennedy O'Brien, whose business did not turn him from the pleasure of reading, for his library was well stocked with the best of current literature drawn from Catholic and non-Catholic sources. Nor did John Francis lose in gathering from the acquaintance with such men as Squire Duncan, Philip Conlin, James Laundregan, John Cody, John Gerrity, John O'Halloran and Michael Byrne. The illustrious parliamentarian's lecture in Cody's Hall on that Irish wit and statesman John Philpot Curran was a gem, and the appearance, gesture, voice and language of the speaker was in keeping with the reputation he then had in the House of Commons.

At the invitation of Mr. Richard Cody the clergy and a few laymen met the Irish editor and parliamentarian at the house of the host, the evening before the distinguished guest left the city. The accomplished Miss Kate Cody, afterwards Mrs. Timothy Donoghue, did the musical honors in that easy, modest, ladylike manner which had ever characterized her when a girl, and had fully developed when wife and mother.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SLACKENED BOW-STRING WHICH MISSIONARIES AND FLOCK
SHARED.

1865-1870.

*Labor voluptasque dissimillima natura, societate quadam
inter se naturale sunt juncta.*

Work and pleasure, opposite in their natures, are yet linked
in a kind of necessary connection.

—*Livy 5th Book.*

NOTHING places in clearer light the charming nature of the father and the child than the occasional playfulness in which one and the other indulge. The Catholic faith is cheerful, bright, buoyant, opposed to what is moody, dull and flimsy. When the great Apostle bids Christians to rejoice and to rejoice always he bids them to observe moderation. A noted writer observes that there are mortals who, if they could, would allow no let-up to work, would ever keep the bow stretched, would steal the springs of the year and youth from man. The constant strain on the tightened bow will snap it. Overwrought mental work has committed many an intellectual giant either to the asylum or to an early grave. Hood's celebrated "Song of the Shirt" ought to receive at the hands of the devotees of all work and no play special attention. It is the teaching of the Holy Ghost undoubtedly "Man is born to work," but it is likewise the teaching of the Holy Ghost that "All things have their seasons." The glorious Augustine in his second book, chapter the 14th, on music, gives this advice to the scholar: "Do not be too hard on yourself, the business man betimes slackens his bow."

La Salle priests and people, brother and scholars, sisters and pupils, had seasons for public relaxation. The old-fashioned

fair every two years was ever a treat for harmless merry making; where good feeling was the order of the evening, and the gatherings were the peace and joy of the family on a large scale, and at them the presence of the whole-souled, imposing Father Michael O'Reilly, and the easy, good nature of Father Anthony were ever a keen pleasure, as they passed through the laughing crowds, exchanging a word with this, then with that group, enjoying the humor of John Cody and John Riedy, or watching the antics of a born comedian in the role of one of the city squires or of Handy Andy. It is pleasurable to recall the incidents connected with the fair held in John the Butcher's Hall in the summer of 1865. The great women who really ran the fair—as fairs are always run by our women and successfully run—cannot all be mentioned at this length of time. But the writer remembers the leaders who had their tables, and superbly did Mrs. Harrison, grandmother to the present proprietor of the Harrison House, Mrs. Martin McNamara, with the accomplished Miss Anna Cody, her assistant, and Mrs. Peter Gallagher, with the assistance of the saintly Mrs. Terry Kennedy O'Brien, sister of Father Terry of Ottawa, manage the booths. The tables were named. Father Anthony's was Mrs. McNamara's, Father O'Reilly's, Mrs. Gallagher's and Father Shaw's Mrs. Harrison's. One of the most exciting raffles was at the last named table. The raffle was for a six-month calf of the best family of herds, presented at the request of Father Shaw, by Mr. Bernard Murtaugh, the enterprising farmer of that day. The writer distinctly remembers his old friend Barney saying: "Perhaps you'd like to have the cow also!" The calf brought a handsome sum, but the happy winners name is hidden. The summer of 1867 witnessed a fair towards its close. A lighted kerosene lamp fell on one of the tables, the hall was crowded. A dreadful panic ensued. By the force of the lungs the writer put on the bedlam crowd, the crowd was brought to reason. In the meantime the flame had been smothered; however, amid the excitement, one of our most estimable mothers leapt through the window, meanwhile commending herself to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, but a stiff breeze blowing at the time broke the fall, letting her gently down and bruising her only slightly. This is the evidence of an eye-witness, and that witness the present writer.

The surroundings of the canal city were in that day primitive. In the neighborhood of what is now the acreage of the Hegler



THE FAMOUS STARVED ROCK—PICNIC RESORT

& Matthiessen monumental factories, our Sisters and their pupils bearing their baskets merrily took their way, and in their own way gave themselves to a hundred species of pastime, unknown to the vigorous branch of humanity. The Brothers and their boys had their haunts and grounds, as they have them today. What Brother of the past and present, and what scholar who has sat under him, had been or is a stranger to the beauty of Split Rock, or the tunnel, or to the rare beauty of Deer Park, or the cliff south above the Illinois River, or the groves running along the big or little Vermilion. These were the theaters of old for the Brothers' and boys' picnics, which the royal John Gerrity of happy memory largely assisted.

Why permit memory to become dull when the historic Starved Rock is so near to us, a mine of rarest strata to the searcher into "The Curiosities and Amenities" of characters, an odd one betimes, as ludicrous as a crazy quilt, others in pantomime and drama giving evidence of their close acquaintance with "The glowing portraits fresh from life," others again of a seeming stillness until awakened into action by the electric names of Meagher of the Sword, and Davis of the Muse. How often has Fontenoy been fought and the victorious Eagle shrieked with delight at proud Briton biting the dust, as little Doyle the orator took his stand on the topmost peak of the famed rock, and delivered to his intensely wrought up admirers, priests and people, Davis' masterpiece: who then present may, if the power of connection be not gone, forget how the orator's art and heart swayed the throng at the lines:

"Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are
filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks and severed files, and trampled
flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled—
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with
dead,
On, Fontenoy! on, Fontenoy! like eagles in the sun
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought
and won."

Nor may the writer pass over the hours of relaxation he passed with his sanctuary boys along the little Vermilion, when the scenery wore the innocence of its Creator's first touch, before utility blackened its waters and warped with its acids its groves of varied timbers. The patient lot of the angler, and empty stomach and—, was not the choice of such electric natures as those of James Doyle, Richard O'Hanlon, William O'Halloran, Michael Gerrity—all of whom are still in the flesh and must confirm what is here written.

Youth has at one time or another a passion for a venture bold and rash, and the priest with youth on his side is no exception. Climbing from crag to crag thoughtless of the height he had mounted in search of the pine and cedar branches for the Palm Sunday ceremonies, the young priest fully fifty feet from the rocky ground almost breathless and weakened by what threatened his wiry manhood, had lungs enough to shout out for help which providentially rushed to the rescue and bore triumphantly the thankful Father to terra firma. The laconic historian of the Roman Empire writes in his Annals: *Beneficia eo usque laeta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse*. Cheerfully the writer, though late, acknowledges the great obligation he has, after God, for the term of forty-three years to the plucky and masterful action and tact of James Doyle and Richard O'Hanlon, who planned and executed the rescue of their fond Father from a lot easier to imagine than describe.

Still fresh in memory are the missionary days when the writer had his yearly trip to Spring Creek—now named Dimick Station—where the whole northern prairie headed by Uncle Luke Doyle and family, followed by the Colemans and Meaghers, and Murphys and O'Reillys and McGraths and Riordans and Lyons and O'Boyles, and Hanleys and their families, surrounded the hospitable home of grand old Teddy Hanley, which for a time served as a Chapel; and then for a free dining hall. Spring Creek, whose gentle flow through the meadows of the Hanleys, onward to the Illinois River, was a faint reflex of the calm and peaceful devotion of the Irish settlement of the northern prairie, as they knelt down at the confessional or assisted at the highest action of all worship. It was in truth, slackening the bow, the hour of right Christian social enjoyment for missionary and the prairie flock.

What scene may the writer call up, although he has passed his three score and ten, which gives him more genuine refreshment than that of the Spring Creek families, fathers and mothers with the innocent children each beaming with heart affection for one another, and for Father Tom, happy that the day had again dawned to greet once more, and to cement more firmly that union of Irish Catholic natures, peculiar to the children of St. Patrick.

The Doyles, the Hanleys, the Colemans, the Meaghers, the O'Reillys, the Moriartys, the McGraths had ever been the staunch supporters of the La Salle Mission. Their children in the La Salle of today like the Reckabite family mentioned in the Bible, live up vigorously to the traditions of their *fifty-years-ago* fathers.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE PASSAGE OF A HOLY PRIEST—A SPLENDID CLASS OF OLD
SCHOOL CLERGY—THE EXODUS OF OUR LA SALLE BOYS
TO NIAGARA COLLEGE—EVENTS THAT TOLD ON
THE LA SALLE MISSION.

1867-1868.

TRIED as the La Salle Mission had often been, yet had it never been so sorely tried as it was in 1867. It was plain that Father Michael O'Reilly was to take leave of a world in which for half dozen years he had passed through an ordeal of suffering measured only by Him, Who willed it, and at which the holy man repined not. The least attention shown the sufferer, the sufferer summoning the best of his grand nature, ever repaid. The fervent, whole-souled "God bless you" he gave his confrere or his nurse was something for confrere or nurse to treasure, for from a heart unspotted, a holy priest whose Master's service had ever been his foremost thought, the blessing came. None of the many friends among the clergy and laity but felt for the great sufferer. Daily was the house aroused by inquiries after Father O'Reilly. The warmest of his clerical friends, the large hearted Vicar-General of the diocese, Dr. Dunne, made special inquiries, and sent for his friend's alleviation the most nourishing and effective medicines. The writer remembers with what satisfaction the painful invalid heard the name and saw the gift of his warm-hearted Very Reverend Doctor.

Father Anthony had gone to St. Louis on April 29, 1867, to assist at our provincial assembly, which convened on April 30 in order to vote delegates for the general assembly that would be held in Paris in July of that year. Hardly had the superior left when Father O'Reilly grew worse. Tuesday, April 30, the writer administered to his cherished confrere all the rites of

religion which console as they strengthen the soul so unspeakably, and which, summoning all the power of faith, hope and love, this son of St. Vincent received. On the night of April 30, 1867, at seventeen minutes past ten, in the most edifying manner, repeating ejaculations, the worthy Father Michael O'Reilly, in the forty-sixth year of his age, the twenty-first of his priesthood, the thirteenth as son of St. Vincent de Paul, passed to his Lord, whom he had served so well.

How clear the retrospect, after two-score of years! How lastingly grateful is the writer to the faithful lay watchers who hurried over on that lonely night to assist him and the good Mrs. Corrigan and Miss Bridget O'Fallon, whilst they dressed with reverential and silent grief for the ceremonies and burial, the body of the dear departed missionary. Into the church in the afternoon of the first of May, Squire Duncan, John O'Halloran, John Gerrity, undertaker Fitzgerald, and John Carey conveyed the remains of one who had loved La Salle and whom La Salle had deeply esteemed and feared to offend. The same evening Father Edward Smith from St. Louis arrived, followed on Thursday by Father Anthony and quite a number of the clergy of the diocese. On Friday, May 3, the funeral took place, and the whole town closed business. Carriages were in numbers, but empty. The hearse bearing its precious load proceeded to St. Vincent's cemetery, followed on foot the whole way by clergy and people. There the dear departed we laid to rest with all the magnificence of the ceremonial, for when living the present writer had asked the good priest where he would wish to be buried; he answered: "Among the good people of La Salle." His wish therefore was gratified. *Placide quiescas! Admiratione te potius et immortalibus laudibus, et si natura suppeditet, aemulatu decoremus.*

"Rest forever—we shall honor you better by following your noble example, than by empty declamation and idle praise!" R. I. P.

And now space may be cheerfully given to view a coterie of noted ecclesiastics who paid the La Salle Fathers the honor of an occasional visit.

Vicar-General Dr. Denis Dunne had a charming personality, only the reflex of the princely nature heightened by the graces of that religion of which he was so shining an ornament. La Salle county seat years before had enjoyed his priestly care.

There he built a church and ministered zealously to one of the very select parishes of Illinois. In the fall of 1853 he was called to Chicago to give an impetus to the growth of the only true faith in the coming city by setting on foot a series of missions now in his own church of St. Patrick's, now through his influence in the Bishop's Cathedral of the Holy Name, having then as its rector the devoted priest and scholar Father Roles. Dr. Dunne stood very closely to the Lazarists, 'for whom in our priests of that day the O'Reillys, the Anthonys and the Visitor S. V. Ryan, the gracious Vicar-General ever felt and expressed high regard. On their side the Lazarists in the person of the then Visitor and head missionary could write as he did of amiable and zealous Dr. Dunne in our Annals, of February, 1861: "The population of Chicago is about 100,000, and this city is the great commercial depot between the East and Northwest. Here our confreres two years ago had preached a three weeks' mission in the church of St. Patrick at the invitation of the venerable pastor Father Dunne, Vicar-General of the diocese. This devoted friend, this worthy priest was burdened since with the weight of pastoral duty in building the vast and magnificent church under the invocation of the Holy Name of Jesus. That portion of the city in which the church is placed, had been, by force of circumstances neglected; the good Father Dunne, thoroughly acquainted with his new appointment, asked us to assist him in awakening the drowsy piety and spirit of religion in this populous parish, confided to his zeal by a prelate who knows how to value the active and unselfish zeal of so worthy a priest" The writer for the last time met the genial and gentlemanly Dr. in the fall of 1867 on his laborious mission of touring the diocese in order to gather funds for the mammoth work of a boys' reformatory he had put up at Bridgeport, a suburb of Chicago city. La Salle answered generously the appeal of noble Dr. Dunne.

Then would drop in occasionally upon the mission Fathers, the matter-of-fact, blunt, rugged yet sterling character, Father Patrick Terry. His towering form, primal in these days, was analogous to his great soul. To rule was his role by nature and grace, and St. Columba's parish at this late date is only the development of the square, healthy education grounded into it by the worthy brother of Mrs. Kennedy Terry O'Brien of La Salle. The clergy of that decade and long after, may and should not pass over the board for months and years ever spread and

lavishly provided by Rev. Patrick Terry. The writer had never any use, nor has he any use for blear-eyed fault-finding humanity, soured at and with any one differing with it, be he ordinary or extraordinary, layman or ecclesiastic. The sourest critic of the clever pastor of Ottawa in our early days of our priesthood should own, that all that makes for elevation of character in the man and in the priest, were associated with our friend. The apostolic mark of high churchism as laid down by the Apostle St. Paul to Timothy and Titus, judgment, prudence, hospitality, governing power, unblemished reputation. The writer knows whereof he writes. How often, as the author breathed a prayer over the grave of Father Patrick Terry, did the multiplied charitable actions of this friend, stand out before him, not only done for the laity, but in a larger way for many of his brethren, the clergy.

Father Thomas O'Gara, the refined gentleman and wit, would to the delight of our Fathers, give us a call; and his visits though scarce, were ever valued because of the Attic salt with which he seasoned his conversation, and the happy expression that ever sat on his general demeanor.

Beloved in that day by the people of Ottawa was Father Patrick Toner, remarkable for his piety more than for his talents, and his standing in the latter was of high order. This worthy priest would betimes drop down to La Salle, and his wealth of anecdote told in his own humorous vein, was ever the most enjoyable of recreations. In 1886, with an outfit, a gift of the people of Ottawa, Father Toner drove to his new home, Campaign, that lay a hundred miles distant, where for years he did the work of an Apostle.

Another high-toned gentleman of the old school of ecclesiastics, called at stated times. In the highest esteem he stood with his superiors. When the mitre had been offered him by Rome, his humility would not permit him to accept it. The strong character, yet pleasing address of Father Michael Hurley, the La Salle clergy and above all of them Father Michael O'Reilly, relished most keenly.

The holy, childlike Father Michael Donoghue, whose zeal for souls, and for the extension of the old church, was throughout the diocese of Chicago of that day and afterwards, so deservedly known and admired, looked at La Salle occasionally and the sons of St. Vincent ever hailed his coming. The talented

and dignified pastor, at this writing, of St. Pius church, Chicago, a La Salle boy himself, is fully competent, and willing if asked, to confirm all the writer has spoken of his grand old pastor, Father Donoghue, with whom the first half decade of his priesthood at Evanston, Ill., was passed, to the great joy of Father P. C. Conway.

The good-natured pastor whose parish embraced the south side of Chicago as far as Blue Island, deigned to step across the threshold of our La Salle house, and get ideas from Father Anthony and Father O'Reilly for his Brothers' School building which zealous Father John Waldron had concluded to put up.

The younger clergy of the diocese lately appointed to parishes, each of which enclosed, two, three or perhaps more counties, paid an occasional hurried visit; as Father John Kilkeany, then in his prime, and already a church builder, and Father Francis Keenan, of priestly address and zealous labor. That highly gifted, magnetic young priest just after his ordination was ever sunlight to the La Salle confreres, and this was Father Edmund J. Terry, whose fame as a preacher afterwards attracted the attention of Senator Kernan of Utica, N. Y., and Grover Cleveland, president of the United States.

To his numerous friends among the priesthood and laity, his sudden demise was a heavy blow. Dr. John Lowry of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y., the friend of Father Terry, and of the writer, preached at the funeral of the lamented Father.

An old student of the well-known St. Mary's of the Barrens, was Patrick J. Conway, ordained by Bishop Duggan in the Cathedral, Chicago, 1865. Remarkable for zeal ever kept within limits, for common sense, as a student of human nature rather than of book learning, and he was far from being deficient in the latter, for his pleasant address, his administrative ability—he was worthy to be the first vicar-general of Archbishop Feehan of Chicago. None had been more welcome to the home of the La Salle priests of the Mission than the Rector of Chicago Holy Name Cathedral. The welcome he extended the Lazarists when they called upon him, and the interest he ever took in the works of the community which he first learned to know at old St. Mary's Seminary, were arguments of genuine friendship for the oldest order of the diocese of Chicago. The share he had in urging his Bishop to give and Superiors to accept an entrance into the

city of Chicago is referred to in a later page. Losing him was the first great blow that fell upon Archbishop Feehan.

Looking at the portraits hung on the gallery through which the writer has taken his readers, he may truthfully of each portrait quote Dryden: "Though time has ploughed that face with many furrows since I saw it first, yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground quite to forget it."

In the fall of 1864 the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels at Niagara, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. A band of our priests were detailed to the Eastern cities to solicit funds for a new and fireproof building. The year 1867 in the summer, Father Henry Anen came to La Salle, and the noble people for rebuilding the college gave \$600.00. It was at that hour, partly because of the late visit of Father Lynch to La Salle and other Niagara confreres, and partly because of the vigor of the climate that the influx of the La Salle boys towards Niagara, first set in and continues to flow. And although our college at Cape Girardeau, Mo., famed as it was, for site and climate and learning, yet Niagara had the magnetism to win the La Salle county boys, and through the La Salle boys many others from the neighboring counties. The rugged college life was tested by the stalwart sons of our leading La Salle families. John Cody, son of Richard, James Duncan, John Skelly, Timothy Meagher, Edward Wall, Philip Wall, John O'Leary, L. A. Campbell, John Egan. The voyage from Chicago to Buffalo by the lakes which the above named youths made under the leadership of Rev. Henry Anen, C. M., no doubt "as coming events cast their shadows before," was in a crowd of instances to many of the youths, analogous to the checkered career of college days. The Niagara boys will give an account of themselves.

The year 1868 ushered in events that touched not a little the La Salle Mission. Mr. Richard Cody, ever one of the strong arms of the La Salle Mission, and friend of the poor, paid the debt of nature, leaving behind him a name not easily forgotten and which has been eminently illustrated by the life of his noble daughter, Mrs. Timothy Donoghue. January of this year the writer left La Salle for other fields, and Fathers James Knowl and Michael Cavanaugh succeeded him. The zealous Visitor S. V. Ryan in obedience to the Holy See was compelled this year to wear the mitre. This is the way he wrote the Superior-

General when he had once sent back the Bulls for the diocese of Buffalo, and when the Holy Father Pope Pius IX returned them under command:

PHILADELPHIA, October 6, 1868.

SIR AND MOST HONORED FATHER:

I ask your blessing.

I have done my utmost to shun the burden of the Bishopric the Holy See has placed upon me. I have given up hope these past days. The Holy Father wished absolutely I must stop opposing him. Father Hayden shall discharge the duties of Visitor better than I. By God's grace nothing in the province shall suffer. Deign, most honored Father, not to forget me in my present necessity in order that I may obtain the grace not to fall under the burden put upon my feeble shoulders.

Your devoted and humble servant,

S. V. RYAN, I. S. C. M.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WATCHMEN OF THE LA SALLE MISSION GUARD THE HIGHEST INTERESTS—THE FRUITS OF THE LA SALLE SCHOOL.

THE NEW BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE—THE ASSISTANTS OF FATHER ANTHONY.

1869-1872.

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?
The Watchman said: the morning cometh, and also the night.

—*Is. 2 lch-11 Ver.*

THE work of the missionary is ever constant. He is placed by divine authority the Watchman, and under this name he is shepherd, hunter, agriculturist to his herd, his game, his crop. And what is the aim of his watchfulness, but to guard the highest interests of the "Great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls," and these are the glory of God and the salvation of man.

At the risk of wearying the not over pious reader, let us quote a paragraph from the great Council of Trent, summing up the causes which must ever move the zealous watchman: "The final cause is the glory of God and of Christ, and life eternal; the efficient cause is the mercy of God; the meritorious cause is His only begotten and well beloved Son; the instrumental cause is the sacrament; the formal cause is the justice of God, not that justice whereby he is just, but that justice whereby he makes us just." The cherished portion of the La Salle Mission lay in that class of girls either verging on womanhood, as the advance class of our Sisters' School now showed, or actually grown, as that class of housekeepers, the pride of the La Salle forty years ago. The plenary Council held in 1866 admirably as it points out, at the same time warms against, dangers to female chastity so essential to safeguard Christian home and society. "Youth daily experience fresh dangers for doing wrong, since in every

fashion the powers of darkness draw them on to the license of the senses, God ignored, to what the world and the flesh delight in, Bishops should therefore as shepherds of souls be on the alert to curb their flocks from wickedness. Let them prudently warn the faithful against theatricals and scenes they know are fraught with wickedness.

"Let them follow up and rigorously denounce immodest dancing which more and more is daily repeated. Let them teach the faithful how keenly those who urge on these dances or by their presence support them, sin not only against God, but also against society, the family and themselves. Let them especially warn parents how rigorous their judgment will be, if they expose the tender age of their children to the loss of purity of soul; let them prudently warn the faithful against theatres and plays full of wickedness and dangers."

The watchman on the towers of the La Salle Mission carried out to the letter the will of the church in these decrees. So exact at all times were the watchmen lest defilement would stain the womanhood of the flock, that no dancing of any kind after fairs was ever allowed, and if indulged in, the culprits from the altar were penanced; no picnic after dark for the like reason was ever tolerated. The last person to leave the grounds was the watchman, that is, the pastor.

Who of us can forget or afford to forget the scathing denunciation hurled during all the masses on a Sunday in the fall of 1867 against that infamous play, the Black Crook, which tried to debauch the young of La Salle, and which devilish play, whose actors were prostitutes, Father Hurley, Vicar-General of Peoria, so pithily described to his congregation at all the masses, warning his people against the hellish scene; "I am told," spoke the holy man, "that all the clothes on these abandoned women, you could put into a snuff-box."

Woe to the girl of the days of which we write who had exposed her virtue. The writer remembers an instance of the kind which shook La Salle as a tornado, but he being too young to speak on such deformity, the pastor, Father Anthony, took the matter in hand, and in his own inimitable style, carrying his unblemished life and his gray hairs, lashed, before a full church, the deed and the doer. The mothers of that day had the wheel in their hands and steered as the watchman ordered.

The complex makeup of La Salle in these days, and its complex makeup has largely developed since, introduced a situation by no means favorable to give a healthy moral tone to the life of the city. Coal industry had become extensive and was still growing, the third shaft, the Kilgubbin, was sunk in 1870, the great Hegler and Matthiessen Zinc Works were advancing to mighty proportions, the fleet on the canal had not as yet lessened, the railroads had added the Illinois Valley that ran along the big Vermilion to Hard Scrabble, now Streator, all these industries employed men in thousands. What percentage of the men did not crave and did not satisfy the crave, if they could satisfy it, for alcoholic drink, be it whisky or beer. The low license allowed any man who had determined not to work, to open a saloon and roll up his greenbacks; for what saloonman, bent on money-making, was there or would there be to refuse a customer whose pay roll as a railroad man was sixty dollars a month, or as a miner was from two hundred to two hundred and forty dollars a month? Did the saloonkeeper ever as a rule give a thought to wife or children of the railroader or miner or farmer whom he knew was a victim to drink? On a Saturday night as the priests were in the confessional, it was after eleven o'clock, word came that at Split Rock or the tunnel on the Rock Island, the fast freight on its way to Chicago killed a man, hurriedly the writer, and he had a sprint in him then, took his Lord and the Holy Oils, and in a very few minutes was on the hand car driving for dear life towards the tunnel. West of it the car stopped and the relief corps for at least half an hour searched for the poor fellow reported to be killed. He was found, and who was he but the track walker of the road. Soaked in drink and horribly gashed and with a leg broken, he was instantly lifted and carried to the hand car and thence to the R. I. La Salle depot. His language was hardly as elegant as that of the famous Mrs. Moriarty of the great O'Connell encounter. The language of this unfortunate fellow was the language, of course he was beastly drunk, of blasphemy. The merciful God allowed this poor victim to live and get strong. Did his awful experience cure him? The writer, after the heavy night had to be satisfied with three hours sleep for he was scheduled to say the six o'clock Mass. It is in his memory that he gave in no tame words to the congregation the sad experience of that Sunday morning. A book may be filled by any missionary engaged in

any of our large or small cities of the United States in soul caring, if he care about publishing it, with facts done by drink and drunkards far outreaching in enormity the experience above told.

Time and again have the La Salle watchmen endeavored to emphasize the teaching of the council. How frequently has it struck the mind of the writer that nothing had ever been more feasible, in a city Catholic as La Salle has ever been, than the proper control of the drink habit. Who have been the law-givers to the city of La Salle since its origin if not Catholics? In whose power has it ever been to close Sunday saloons if not in the power of Catholics? Who ought to be more deeply interested for the conservation of faith and morals than Catholics, and therefore, who, one and all, ought set their faces boldly against a calamity that ruins more than war, pest and famine?

The words of the Plenary Council throw into the shade all the words on this matter the writer may choose to use: "Since enormous scandals are the result of excessive drinking, we exhort and we implore pastors through the bowels of Jesus Christ to make it their constant study to uproot the vice of drunkenness." The weight of this great evil is too heavy to be lifted up and disposed of by the light force of a few sentences; the writer will return to this matter and treat it *in extenso*.

These days of the La Salle Mission unfolded the first fruits of our Sisters' School. The pride of the pastor, assistants and people at the high tone of the scholars in every branch of a curriculum carried out by such teachers as Sister Mary Virginia Joyce, Sister Catherine Feehan, Sister Bernard and their help, was that of a victory. The graduating classes had set out with such material as the Misses Catherine Cody, Isabella Duncan, Lucy Powers, Catherine Cahill and other girls of high promise. And these had been followed by the Misses Catherine Powers, Ella O'Rourke, Marcella Quinn, Mary Dooner, Mary Jane Carey, Mary Donnelly, Mary Anne Keys, Julia Lynch, Catherine Carey, Margaret Carey, and Mary Cummings. With such a class Saint Agnes would have been at home, and for music, vocal and instrumental, Beethoven, the favorite of Cardinal Newman, would have felt honored by their acquaintance. The under-classes were coming up and when ready a special chapter will be devoted to the Sisters and scholars.

The diocese of Chicago, of which La Salle was a part, passed through a severe ordeal in 1869 by the mental chronic derangement of the pious, gentlemanly and scholarly Bishop Duggan, from which he never recovered. The Holy See in 1870 selected as successor to Bishop Duggan, Right Reverend Thomas Foley, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, who was consecrated in the Cathedral of Baltimore, February 27th of that year by Bishop William McCloskey of Louisville, Ky.

During the same year some of the old-time-honored landmarks went to receive the crown; notably, the saintly Mrs. Margaret Kennedy O'Brien, sister to the two Fathers Terry. The poor of La Salle were orphaned by the death of that beautiful soul, and the clergy of La Salle and the whole diocese lost a true and constant friend. The funeral, marked by large numbers of priests and multitudes of people, gave evidence of how they esteemed this saintly woman. The writer that year was summoned from our Lady of Angels, Niagara, to discharge the last duties of filial piety towards his well-beloved mother, who refreshed by the sacraments, all that is worth earning for a happy eternity, and having blessed her family, gave up her soul to her Maker on May 27th. Her son sang the funeral solemn Mass, and Father Patrick Terry, who had known her, spoke. The kindness of many of clergy and Sisters, and the heart-felt devotion of the good people assuaged not a little the grief of her daughter, Sister Mary Anselm and of her sons. This is one of the memories which ever lives.

The assistants to Father Anthony, in 1868 to 1870, were Fathers Michael Cavanaugh, ordained in 1866, and Thomas J. Abbott, ordained in 1867, the former a La Salle boy and the latter claiming Morris, Ill. Both in the first fervor of the highest of callings, both true sons of their founder St. Vincent, it was a great privilege for Father Cavanaugh to pass so rapidly after his elevation to the priesthood, into the hands of that master of discipline, Father Knowl; and if the scholar whose genial nature had ever been disposed to virtue, profited by the master's exactness to rule, no less did the master profit of the calmness and evenness of the temper shown by the scholar. Among his confreres Father Michael Cavanaugh was much beloved, and the short stay he made in the town of his birth, won hosts of friends, chiefly because of his faithfulness to the confessional and sick calls. The people of La Salle have never forgotten

and never forget the heart that goes out to them in the hour of distress. Niagara that received Father Cavanaugh for a decade after he left La Salle where his role of procurator at a critical time for the college put the best of his nature to the test, Brooklyn College next was the better of his arrival and where the writer in his missionary tour of the city often went to beg his assistance for the crowded confessional. The Kenrick Seminary, where he labored and was loved, then shared his services before he was missioned to St. Stephen's parish, New Orleans, where the diabetes which had threatened so long that magnificent frame he wore, showed the first symptoms that alarmed his confreres, and finally proved fatal. After such a career of labor conscientiously done, and few were more tender in conscience, regretted by his own and by all who knew him, he suddenly closed his meritorious career. His precious remains brought by relatives and friends from New Orleans to St. Patrick's, La Salle, lay for the consolation of his family and host of friends in state for a day. Clergy from all sides and people of the city and surrounding towns hurried to honor his memory. He lies next to Father Michael O'Reilly in the beautiful hemlock enclosure where lie also his long life friend Father Anthony and Father Pius Kreutz. R. I. P.

Now the sincere, zealous Father Thomas J. Abbott urges our attention. Already in full manhood, solidly pious and devoted to his religious duties whilst in the world which, because of its spirit, he despised, our Fathers in 1859 preaching a mission in Morris, Grundy County, Ill., at which the young man Abbott, then in his twenty-fifth year assisted, then and there struck by the grace of vocation to the family of St. Vincent de Paul he made known to our Father Hennessy his intention. The Mission closed, in 1860, the subject of our sketch first entered the enclosure of the renowned shrine of holiness St. Mary's, the Barrens. Because of his connection with his first mission, La Salle, he claims the above items of his history. For a full sketch we refer the reader to the History of St. Mary's Seminary.

It is useless to write how esteemed Father Abbott had been in La Salle. Sincerity always wins, though betimes the fullness of its meaning like the process of distillation is slow. Like the blunt old moralist Samuel Johnson, Father Abbott hated with all his soul hypocrisy, and if he had a fault it lay in exacting the practice of the heroic virtues from every adult, and, that

everyone, if in suffering—and the holy man himself had few hours of freedom from that species of disease, nervous prostration—should give thanks and rejoice at such. From La Salle he proceeded in 1869 to the Lazarists' house, Baltimore, Md.

The Mission was honored in May, 1870, by a visit from the newly appointed Right Rev. Bishop Thomas Foley, successor in the See of Chicago to good Bishop Duggan. For fully a decade, owing to the illness of Bishop Duggan, no sacrament of Confirmation had been administered. Now the new bishop had the delight as well as the labor to impart the Holy Ghost to seven hundred souls. Ordained priest the same year as Father Anthony, he was with Father Anthony in exercising the ministry many years in the Monument City, Baltimore. To witness these old steadfast friends greeting each other after twenty years' absence, was an agreeable sight to the bystanders. The excellent, cultured and humorous Bishop was perfectly at home with his old friend, no less cultured and with a style of silent humor fully equal to that of his distinguished guest.

The assistants of Father Anthony, succeeding Father Abbott and M. Cavanaugh, were Fathers Edward Guerin and Lamey, who reached La Salle in the spring of 1870. On leaving La Salle this year their office was filled by Fathers Abbott and Thomas M. O'Donoghue.

The "Story" to add to the merit, if there be any, must notice the simple, highly gifted confrere Father John Lamey. In all his actions there is singleness of purpose, he was outwardly brusque, yet had his heart in the right place, and his genuine piety always demanded consummate devotion to his community. The last of many meritorious acts, before his death by yellow fever, during the epidemic of 1878 at New Orleans, in the eleventh year of his priesthood and eighteenth of his religious profession, was bequeathing to our community an excellent translation of the Virtues of St. Vincent de Paul, done from the original French by Abbé Maynard.

Father James Doyle, a young missionary of studied habits and great tact, who had brushed against the world, lived in it and was not of it, became a member of the La Salle house 1873. After a year's residence there St. Joseph's, New Orleans, was made happier by his company. In 1878 the ravager sent him also to his Lord.

Still another son of St. Vincent, a remarkable son, still in the body, devoted to study, as old Horace's chap of the Appian Way was devoted to the *Meditans quid Nugarum*, just as zealous at the Immaculate Conception, Baltimore, as he had been for over a half century as professor and missionary, wiry, durable as an elm, Rev. Thomas M. O'Donoghue, deserves this notice, though the Barrens' story shall have his portrait. Short as his stay at La Salle had been, yet the Mission preached by him alone Holy Week, 1873, the great Temperance Society he established July, 1873, with its membership "the fine number of 300 and a few over," place him among the Fathers of La Salle who had lived for a purpose.

Conditions in the La Salle Mission had changed the Mission materially. Many of our best families in town and country with means at hand and desirous to better themselves set out for Nebraska, for Iowa, for Livingston and Champaign Counties in Illinois, and like the colonies heretofore of old Rome, built themselves a name. So that the La Salle Mission has fewer things to make her glad and on which to take deeper pride, than the many flourishing parishes in the above mentioned states formed by the colonies that went out from her in these years. The Humphreys and Straps to Nebraska; the Caskins, O'Callaghans, Joyces, Quinns, Lallys, Henrys, Kerrigans, O'Reillys, Egans, Minahans and O'Sheas to Iowa; the O'Connors, the Gunnings, the McGuires, the Whalens, the Boylans to Champaign, the Hurleys to Vermilion (Danville); the Hennessys and Fergusons to Livingston County, Illinois, did not add to the Irish-American parish or city. And the number that began the exodus to Chicago and which still rolls on, has told markedly and not for the best on what a few years back was the Irish-American city.

The Polish race, like a Spring tide, rolled its waters into the Irish City and were heartily welcomed by the Fathers of the La Salle Mission. For months to encourage and hold them to the Church for which like the Irish, although not as long as the Irish, they had at the hands of Russia, Germany and Austria suffered so intensely, had been the study of Father Anthony and his assistants. This the Pole of La Salle should ever bear in memory, and no doubt the intelligent among them do.

The spirited mayor of these years, 1867-1871, and Catholic to the core, was Mr. Wm. Philip Conlin. In his days no Sunday theatre opened its doors. "I left La Salle," writes the popular clerk of Heenan & Co.'s from Streator, "in the fall of 1871. The theatres were not open on Sundays when I was there."

The La Salle House, November 2, 1872, had with all our houses of the United States to grieve the unlooked-for departure to Heaven of their beloved Visitor Very Rev. John Hayden at St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, in the very youth of his exemplary life and administrative ability. The oft quoted History of the Barrens of which he was a native has few notices more deserving of special study.

CHAPTER XL.

THE UNPLEASANT AND PLEASANT EVENTS IN THE LA SALLE MISSION.

1873-1879.

Quod fors feret, feremus aequo animo.

The unpleasant and pleasant we'll nobly bear.

—Terence.

FATHER ANTHONY, the Superior of the Mission with the advice of his confreres and permission of the Visitor Father John Hayden, bought the ground opposite the Church and in 1871 built the present brick building to serve as school for the poor boys of the parish. It was understood the Christian Brothers who taught in the stone school or as it, by many, was called, the Academy, would supply teachers for the poor boys of the brick school. The brick school was built and ready for boys and teachers for some time. Misunderstanding of some kind existed between the pastor of the Mission and the Christian Brothers. The author of the "Story" has simply to record and regretfully he records, that after thirteen years of great labor and large success which had conduced to the upbuilding of the La Salle boys and the boys of several states, the Christian Brothers with the advice of their Superiors, withdrew from La Salle at the end of the school term, 1873.

The Brothers of the Holy Cross succeeded them September, 1875, two in number. Brother Urbane Director and Brother Theogine, and taught for four years in the brick building opposite the Church. The Rev. Pastor of St. Pius Church, Chicago, and his class fellows, Lawyer Haskins, Vincent Duncan, John Cahill speak loudly in praising the efforts of Brother Urbane. Lay teachers took up their work in 1877. This was a make-shift. The Fathers of the Mission waited their opportunity to strengthen the school once more with a teaching community. They waited patiently, and the community they asked for came, to the joy of the Priests, boys and people.

Meanwhile the various classes of the parish were strengthened by societies; the Crusaders for the boys, the Children of Mary for the girls. Then there was established the Irish Confederation built upon the teaching of the Church; for the Fenian Brotherhood, because of false principles, had been condemned by the Church. There was also the Ancient Order of Hibernians whose motto to which they lived up as they do live up, is: "God and Country." The zeal of the last mentioned had erected the old altar of St. Joseph in the Church. But the Temperance Society organized with the permission of Father Anthony by the Missionary Father Thomas M. O'Donoghue was in the opening of the 70's "The Society" of the parish. The Constitution and By-laws studied out carefully and drawn up most precisely by Fathers Anthony, Hennessy and T. M. O'Donoghue whilst simplicity itself, are most feasible. The writer has a copy and the time of the reader, whose zeal for uplifting his neighbor is far in excess of mere natural inclination, shall willingly be spent on the study of the following:

WHEREAS, Temperance honors God, elevates man and diffuses blessings over the domestic and social family;

WHEREAS, Intemperance is mother to every misery, parent to every vice and fills the body with disease and wraps the soul in eternal flames and death;

WHEREAS, Man is ever liable to sickness and to the approach of death for which religion and prudence demand seasonable aids;

WHEREAS, Literary culture sheds a halo of civilization—dear to the Church of God—around society;

WHEREFORE, We, the subscribers, dutiful children of the Church of God, in order to uproot intemperance, promote mutual benevolence, and facilitate literary culture, do agree to enter an association and be governed by the following articles:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

The name, style and title of this association shall be, "St. Patrick's Total Abstinence, Benevolent and Literary Society."

ARTICLE II.

The Society shall be governed by a board of twelve, who shall be annually chosen and shall hold office for the term of twelve calendar months.

ARTICLE III.

All vacancies of the Board shall be supplied after such manner as the By-laws direct.

ARTICLE IV.

The officers of the Board shall be a president, (who shall be the pastor or priest appointed by him), a first and second vice-president, a secretary, an assistant secretary, treasurer, librarian and assistant librarian, and four marshals. Their duties shall be such as the By-laws shall ordain.

ARTICLE V.

Regular meetings shall be held monthly and special meetings when the president and twelve members shall deem it necessary.

Twelve members with president or vice-president shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VI.

The Board shall meet monthly and whenever president or seven members shall deem a meeting necessary.

Seven members shall constitute a quorum of the Board.

ARTICLE VII.

The members shall each pay one dollar initiation fee and twenty-five cents monthly.

ARTICLE VIII.

The funds of the Society shall be applied thus: Four-fifths to the relief of members, and one-fifth to literary purposes as the By-laws regulate.

ARTICLE IX.

All who are practical Catholics and have taken the Total Abstinence pledge, may be admitted members of the association. A member violating the pledge or remaining a year without approaching the Sacraments forfeits all the rights and privileges of membership in the Society and ceases to be a member.

ARTICLE X.

The Society in a body shall approach the Sacraments, as the By-laws declare, certain times in the year, and shall make such provision as the By-laws shall ordain, for the spiritual and temporal relief of the members in case of sickness and death.

Incipe quidquid agas, "get at your work," said great Caesar, "for the first blow is half the battle." With a heart the Society went out conquering and, were it not for something "the snake lurking in the grass," would have conquered that moloch, which has cruelly devoured millions of souls whilst it has burned up as many bodies. In passing through La Salle whilst the writer with his confreres Fathers O'Regan and O'Donoghue were engaged February, 1875, preaching a mission for grand old Father Terry's people at Ottawa, Ill., the Temperance La Salle Society in its fervor, was the general topic of conversation. The lay leaders came after the clergy, in the study of the results of intemperance, and their zeal to go after and wipe out the curse was at the highest. But alas! the leaders thought or feigned to think to use a word bordering on slang, they were the whole thing. They would dictate, they would enter politics, they would, as they did, make temperance a system of religion and plant themselves as the supreme court from which there must be no appeal. The author of the "Story of the La Salle Mission," in connection with temperance is reminded of a letter he received during his missionary career, from an anonymous writer, judged from the writing to be an educated woman and mother. From the contents of this letter she evidently prides herself in the knowledge of her faith, and her zeal "in behalf of the women of the parish." After a little searching the lady's letter is found and the part bearing on temperance is as follows:

REV. FATHER SHAW:

Rev. Sir:—On behalf of the women of * * * the writer wishes to thank you and your comrades in the good missionary work you are doing amongst us. The evils from intemperance * * seem to be increasing * * * * * Our church does very little by word or deed to stem the tide which is irresistibly carrying our husbands, fathers and sons and even many of our women and girls to everlasting ruin. * * * * *

Then the good woman with the best intention, but carried away with hysterical mania, concludes that nothing short of laying aside absolutely the use of wine for the holy sacrifice of the Mass will bring the Church, one and Catholic, universal and apostolic, to the utter uprooting of the only evil drunkenness. The writer banishes from his mind the thought that the La Salle Temperance ever verged on heresy as did the misguided and uninstructed woman now quoted. Yet if the chief leaders did not verge on

heresy, they showed an opposition to authority and a spirit of party whip which resembled tyranny. The will on the minority was teetotalism, and no member should or would be worthy of the society who would not and should not labor for teetotalism. This was conservative. Did the minority go no farther, did they live up to the rule and avoid the bait, set for the society, politics, did the leaders follow the common sense rule of even the pagan Horace, that easy master of that uncommon article, *Cave ne titubes*, "mind your eye," or that other rule *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, "the cobbler must not jump his last," the society would have written itself to fame immortal. The spirit of dictation breathed through the minority of the temperance leaders in opposition to the Director of the Temperance Society, their parish priest. As the occasion makes the thief, so given the occasion, the Temperance Society showed its animus by showing its bigotry and fanaticism and therefore to say the least its unfitness to lead in the cause of Christian temperance. The amiable and charitable Matthew Noonan, storekeeper and dealer in spirits of all kinds, one of the strongest supporters of the La Salle Mission in word and deed was nominated for mayor of La Salle. His unpardonable sin, in the eyes of the minority, of the Catholic Temperance Society, was that with the license of the United States and with the license of the State of Illinois and the city of La Salle, he had a bar attached to his grocery. Why should he dare to run for office, much less expect to be elected? Did the votes of the Catholic temperance minority, the would-be leaders, help to seat the righteous Matthew Noonan for mayor?

The Catholic temperance minority leaders were shocked once more when the Church had the boldness to choose for the St. Patrick's day parade a marshal that ran a grocery with an attachment of a bar. Then and there the great Temperance Society called a meeting, protested against this step and refused to walk in the parade. It is needless to write, the Society, wiser than the Church, and above common judgment, signed directly its own death warrant and then vanished. No society thoroughly Catholic, founded therefore on the principles of the Catholic faith, can or should succeed in attaining its end by any destructive or revolutionary measures. - "It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything, but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for, is not only shameful but extremely troublesome and vexatious."—Plutarch.

The people of La Salle, ever fond of oratory, but eminently so of oratory and orators that dealt with the Church or with Ireland, were greatly elated during the summers of 1872 and 1874 over the lectures delivered in the hall of the new brick school house. The finished discourse in language and delivery, delivered by our confrere, Rev. J. W. Hickey, on the "Indestructibility of the Church" on August 18, 1872, and the discourse delivered by the talented young gentleman, Mr. P. J. Tallon and Mr. Patrick McHale, who are today, the former Rev. Father Tallon, Pastor of the Holy Name, St. Louis, Mo., and the latter the vice-visitor of the eastern province of the Lazarists, were the subjects frequently spoken of and referred to for a length of days by priests and people.

In the March of 1874 our genial, whole-souled Father Ed. M. Smith, had been missioned to La Salle, assistant to Father Anthony, whose age and labors were fast telling upon him. No choice better could authority have made. The sinking spirit arose life full and the weakening step strengthened in the presence and at the touch of Father Ed. Smith, as collegian, novice, student, priest and pastor. In each of these roles, he was no actor, too genuine to be guilty of affectation. The writer after study fails amongst all his acquaintances and friends, to find the equal of this great soul who, wherever he had been and in whatever company he was found, was at home, and company were ever at home with him. The simplicity which he had from nature and which grace improved, the gift of generousness which despises rivalry, making him all to all, won every soul that knew him. The hierarchy admired him, no less than the rulers in city and state. His influence with the one order and the other was very pointed, and God only knows the extent to the area of goodness in favor of priests and laity Father Edward Smith has covered. St. Louis, Brooklyn, Chicago, were the theatres of the ministering zeal of our worthy confrere. In Brooklyn he built the first wing of St. John's College. His eighteen months' stay with Father Anthony gave the old gentleman a lease of life. During his assistancy the confreres Fathers Hennessy, O'Regan and Thomas M. O'Donoghue preached a two weeks' mission in Advent, 1874.

May, 1875, Bishop Thomas Foley visited La Salle again and confirmed nearly five hundred children and adults. The good Bishop who in Baltimore had known our community so favor-

ably, in the persons of Fathers Mariano Maller, Burlando, Justiniani, Anthony and Smith. While on this visit the Bishop delayed not to press us to establish a house in the metropolis of Illinois. Father P. J. Conway, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, and afterwards vicar-general, who had learned at the saintly Barrens to love St. Vincent and his sons, had no small share, by the urgency of his appeal to the Bishop, in the important step.

The then Visitor Very Rev. James Rolando, after weighing the matter slowly and carefully as it was represented by the priests of La Salle, approved of placing a new establishment in the great city, and wrote Fathers Anthony and Smith to start directly and look up the most favored piece of land, and buy it. Happily, our friend, Vicar-General Conway, when the La Salle priests arrived in Chicago, was at home. In company with the vicar-general whose knowledge of the city was enviable, our confreres after a few days' close inspection, pitched upon the present block, then a piece of raw prairie, hardly a shanty at any cardinal point within a mile. In September, 1875, our great worker, Father E. Smith, left La Salle for his new charge, carrying with him quite an outfit of altar furniture given him by Father Anthony; and purloining the old bell whose echoes for a generation had filled the Illinois valley before it had swung in the belfries of the old log church and stone church of La Salle. To the old settlers of La Salle and to the old settlers of St. Vincent's parish, Chicago, few relics were and are comparable to the old bell "that opens all the cells where memory slept."

Before Christmas, 1876, the combination brick building of church and school was up, and served for nearly a generation. The present magnificent shrine of St. Vincent, the architecture of that highly cultured artist, Mr. James Egan, was in course of erection, when the fatal cancer first in a small pimple at the left cheek bone showed itself on Father Smith. For a full year the ideal of priests and people had been gradually dying. Yet did the courageous son of St. Vincent watch every stone layd in its place, and wistfully follow every foot of the great roof up to the last tile properly adjusted, before he consented to take to his bed. His life in the ministry of his Lord was thirty-six years, and a life of labor for souls. His spirit of faith was of the old school. His love of poverty it was difficult to excel. His charity was

boundless. Very sick he should be when he did not offer the Holy Sacrifice. For about two months he was bedridden, but the good God arrested the cancer which had it broken would have smothered the patient and cheerful sufferer. Receiving with the most edifying dispositions all that is holy and encouraging, our very dear confrere Father Edward Smith, on the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, September 24, 1896, passed into the hands of his Maker and merciful Judge. The funeral Mass was sung by Bishop Edward Dunne. The great Archbishop of Chicago, Patrick Augustus Feehan, preached over his friend he had known in St. Louis, and whom he knew better as Archbishop of the diocese. Never, in the verdict of the priests did the Archbishop speak so beautifully; five hundred priests graced the sanctuary, and the laity numbered thousands. The whole ceremonial was a tribute of heart to one who had by his virtues found his way to the hearts of the thousands who knew and idolized him.

R. I. P.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ASSISTANT CLERGY OF THE LA SALLE MISSION—THE
LA SALLE PARISH BECOMES PART OF THE PEORIA DIOCESE —
BISHOP J. L. SPALDING'S VISIT—THE CLOSING
DAYS OF FATHER ANTHONY.

1879-1881.

"Be thou the first, true merit, to befriend."
—*Pope.*

THE removal of Father Smith from the La Salle Mission for a greater charge, that of building up St. Vincent's parish, Chicago, Father Anthony felt; but he sacrificed a lesser for a greater good, private feeling for the growth of his congregation. As nature abhors emptiness, so does the far-seeing governor. The individual or class of men, be they of the spiritual or civil order, whose limited vision is so narrow as to lay down the principle that government great or small must to secure its life, rest on such or such an individual, or such and such a party, denies that Providence which guards the weal of men and things. Happily the La Salle Mission's plight, after Father Smith had gone, was not the weather-beaten vessel plight. The captain was still on deck, and a substitute to Father Smith in the person of Father Dunphy, kept the vessel righted on her course. It took the new assistant only a few days to take in the parish surroundings, note the families, their occupations and manner of life. The quiet, unobtrusive, yet tactful assistant broke no bruised reed, nor extinguish the smoking flax. The worldly wise of the parish in parents and children never had such a round of good fortune. They could, as they did to their hearts' content, sing the song "Hard times come again no more," when they reflected on the discipline administered by the Knowds, the O'Reillys, the Abbotts and the Shaws to the youth of their day, and compared it

with the calm discipline of Father Dunphy "so full of the milk of human kindness." The two years' services, 1875-1877, which Father Patrick Dunphy gave to the parish were over when superiors ordered him to our house in Baltimore, where the people no less than those of La Salle learned to love him. His peaceful days ended a few years ago after he had been refreshed with the graces of the Sacraments.

Conscientious, talented, humorous Father James Durkin filled for a time the place of assistant in 1877. His popularity was growing, when to the regret of the parish, Germantown, Penn., received him.

Next was missioned to La Salle Father John Cooney, December, 1877 to 1878, and as the good father began to be known, his services for professorship at Cape Girardeau College were required. He answered the call. Father P. M. O'Regan, the present superior of St. Patrick's parish, La Salle, reached La Salle from St. John's College, Brooklyn, in the autumn of 1877 and remained until December, 1878. Professor for over forty years, missionary for over ten, Pastor and Superior for eight, at this writing, although finishing his seventy-first year, years are still the promise of this young priest of three score and eleven, if the wishes of his hosts of admirers amongst the clergy who sat under him as their professor in the sacred sciences, and the masses of people who heard his eloquent tongue so often and sought the law from his mouth, are realized. The history of the old Seminary would be unfinished without a notice on one of its oldest and truest sons, Father O'Regan.

Honest Father John Tally, strict and conscientious to duty, every inch of him a priest, honored the vesture of holiness; and if he had a fault, it was the ardent love he bore Ireland. Yea, Father John seemed to have little use for any Irishman hailing from any other part of Ireland outside of the north, and then to get special recognition the man should be from that gem of Ulster, the County Tyrone. This peculiarity whilst it amused greatly all who knew him, instead of lessening esteem and love, only increased them. In Father John Tally sincerity was born. Who, gazing on the splendid physique of a manly frame over six feet, developed to perfection, could have thought that in the height of his priestly career, living in the confidence of superiors, the esteem of his confreres and love of the people,

he would have been suddenly called "Home." "The sacred ground" cemetery at our University of Niagara contains his ashes.

The La Salle Mission has certainly not lost by the stay, although short, of Father Francis O'Donoghue. Had he done no more in the few months he was stationed with Father Anthony, than preach his practical instructions, put a voice in the organ, and pour into the dying choir a soul "to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak," had his work been only to build up the sodality that neither before nor since 1879 was such in the old La Salle Mission, he would be entitled to a space in our "Story." The heavy labors of missionary duty for years told on his health. The writer with hundreds of his friends prays earnestly, if it is God's will, for his complete restoration to health.

For a time, 1878-1880, the La Salle Mission was favored with one of the most gentlemanly and scholarly men of our United States province, Father Edmund M. Hennessy. The history of the old Barrens has his special page. A French citizen after living under the stars and stripes for thirty-four years, he returned to the land of St. Vincent his father, where, consoled in his last moments by the pledges of the love of Jesus Christ, he died the death of the just in the year 1889.

In the year 1880 the counties of Rock Island, Henry, Putnam, Bureau and the banner county for Catholicity outside of Cook County, La Salle, by authority of the Holy See, were incorporated into the diocese of Peoria over which the illustrious Bishop J. L. Spalding presided and still presides. The transfer was made the year following the death of Thomas Foley, Bishop of Chicago. The acquisition of La Salle County to Peoria diocese was to the latter like the acquisition of Texas to the United States. Indeed it was much more, for Texas in that day was the terror of civilized people; so much so that the people of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana viewed it as a territory of outlaws, whilst La Salle County with its great Catholic farming population, and its many cities, as fair Ottawa, the county seat, Streator, Peru, La Salle and easily a score of towns, impregnable for the number and kind of Catholic men and women, and the fruitfulness of Catholic teaching witnessed in the home, the school-room and the church, was a center where science and art were cultivated. The young Bishop of Peoria, highly

intelligent, wise and of comprehensive thought, doubtless felt and richly enjoyed the present to his diocese of so distinguished and celebrated a county as La Salle. His first visit to La Salle city was paid toward the end of 1880. The visit although short did honor to the chief pastor of the diocese and was most thankfully received by the most venerable priest of the diocese. Our saintly Father Anthony, then bedridden, was the object of the visit. One who witnessed the meeting of the youngest Bishop of the United States and one of the oldest and most laborious missionaries, writes: "Bishop Spalding came; his first official visit to La Salle; just drove from the depot, spent ten or fifteen minutes and back to the train. It was their first meeting. Father Anthony asked the Bishop's blessing, the Bishop said: 'You should bless me. I am the needy one.'"

This year in June Father Felix Guedry accompanied by Father Stephen J. Higgins, succeeded Father Hennessy as first assistant. Very Rev. Thos. J. Smith was then Visitor, and the above appointments, which could have with difficulty been bettered, were among the first of the wise new Visitor's official acts. To look after the welfare of the La Salle patriarch in his last days in his helpless condition, the invalid of almost two years, at the same time to guard the interests of the parish, were labors of love and not only of duty to the zealous and unselfish nature of Father Guedry. Superior *de facto* for the better part of a year, and *de jure* from 1881-1888 La Salle after Father Anthony, never had been a Superior who treated the people more considerately and studied to furnish in the best possible way the interests of religion; moreover, never had there been a missionary more really loved and highly esteemed than Father Felix Guedry. His notice at length is found in the history of the Barrens he loved so well.

Some of the wise ones of the parish, and they were, thank God, few and of no influence, endeavored to make by their ungoverned tongues, a stir when this man of God had been appointed pastor and superior of the La Salle Mission, on the demise of Father Anthony. The unfitness of Father Guedry in their profound judgment, for the directorship of the parish that had been ruled by Father John O'Reilly and Father Anthony, was that he was a Frenchman! The handful of malcontents did not give a thought and would not stop to consider, that Father Guedry was as much a Frenchman as the illustrious

Washington was an Englishman or Archbishop Carroll of Maryland was an Irishman. This bold minority were put out that the selection had not been a son of the Green Isle. The "Story of the La Salle Mission" has no page brighter than the page filled up with the saintly words and acts of our Italian confrere Father Parodi. In Father Felix Guedry's whole-souled nature and priestly life, nationalism never entered, and when superiors in 1888 called him to the superiorship of Chicago from the superiorship of La Salle House, the feelings of the people and Bishop and priests of the Peoria diocese, to the writer's personal knowledge, were those of genuine sorrow. Father Felix Guedry, a native of the Pelican state, trained from childhood in the school of saintly Lazarists, could trace his lineage as far back as the Acadians immortalized by our Longfellow in his beautiful work *Evangeline*, had never seen France until as director of the Daughters of Charity he was summoned to Paris in the seventies, by Superior-General Etienne. Our American confrere, the guardian of Father Mark Anthony during his long illness and at his departure omitted nothing he could do himself or by others to give consolation to the old patriarch. Concern for his confreres was characteristic of Father Guedry.

The writer is especially pleased to lay before the reader the account of the last hour of Father Anthony. Whilst he thanks most heartily the grand old daughter of Charity, Sister Marianna Dwyer who had lived for over two score of years in La Salle, for adding to the Story of the La Salle Mission her interesting narrative:

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 24, 1907.

DEAR FATHER SHAW:

Father Anthony had been an invalid for nearly two years. Towards the end of August, 1879, he baptized A. J. O'Connor now of Ottawa, at the request of the sponsors, James W. Duncan and wife. This was a great effort for him and his last administration of the sacraments, for at this time he could with difficulty get to the church to hear Mass occasionally. What was the chapel in your time was his bedroom. When Father Guedry came in 1880, he had an altar placed in the west parlor and Father Anthony said Mass there when able, when too weak it was said there as long as he was able to follow it or hear it in bed. He was confined to bed at least three months before he

died; and if the callers were admitted to him the house would have been always filled, but he suffered intense pain from abscess in liver, was very deaf and almost blind, so the company of priests and other friends was no help to him. Only those whose voices he knew could speak to him, so he had painful, lonely days, but was well and kindly cared for through it all. Dr. Bry, his choice of physicians, attended him to the end. B. Fallon was his untiring nurse, and Sister Pacifica prepared his drinks and whatever could entice appetite. Father Guedry provided or supplied everything and gave all free scope to do whatever possible for his comfort. His last week was one of agony. Sister Pacifica stayed with him in class time, the rest of us before and after school. Mesdames Matt. Noonan, John Gerrity, Michael Cody and others took the evening watch, and the gentlemen and priests the night. One afternoon Sister Pacifica was sitting quietly thinking he was asleep, she heard a sound and looking found him bathed in tears. "Why, Father Anthony," she said, "what is the matter?" As she repeated this without any answer: "Do you know me?" she said. "I do." "Can I do anything for you?" she asked. "Yes, if you will." "I surely will." she answered. Then crying out aloud he said: "I am lying a long time thinking of my life that is nearing its end, my useless life, my useless life. After all the years of God's graces I have but a useless life to offer Him when He calls me." Sister tried to speak but he would not let her. "Listen," he said, "I want you to go into the church, to the spot I would stand, to offer Mass, kneel down there and beg God's mercy for me. He will listen to you, tell Him as I have told you and beg Him to cover my useless life with the multitude of His mercies. Go, and I will know when He hears you." She went in tears, you may believe, and we all shed them when she came home. In the morning his first words to her were: "I knew God would listen to you; He has given me peace."

Father Guedry anointed him about two weeks before, and gave him Holy Communion daily while he was able to receive. The last week he could swallow only water, and that with difficulty, and not at all for forty-eight hours before he died. I gave him his last drink only on a spoon at noon on Wednesday, and it almost strangled him, after that we could only moisten his poor tongue with a moist cloth. Wednesday and Thursday he had violent convulsions that were painful to see, but Dr. Bry

declared he was not conscious of any suffering then. On Friday he lay in a kind of coma, breathing heavily. Priests, Sisters and friends came, prayed quietly and went, all morning, while the breathing gradually weakened until half past twelve at noon it ceased without any sign.

I cannot remember who was Father Guedry's assistant at this time, but Father Cossman from Peru and the German and Polish priests near us were at the house in a few moments and helped. They dressed him in his vestments and carried him to the east room which the ladies had so transformed that Father Guedry did not know it. Fathers E. Smith and O'Regan came in the evening, and arrangements were made for the funeral on Tuesday to give neighboring priests time to come, however, the heavy snows began then and stopped all travel. The Chicago priests came, but from the towns around very few could make their way. Father Thomas Smith could not get there, and when he would come to the month's mind, the snow repeated in March prevented him again. Bank, postoffice and all business houses were closed on the day of the funeral and every possible respect paid to him by all.

Yours in Christ,

SISTER MARIANA.

The easy, regular life of our venerable confrere when in health was ever edifying. Punctually conscientious to duties of the highest import to priests, as daily meditation, Holy Mass, Office and Spiritual Reading, it should be only the most extraordinary business would have him omit or put off the hour assigned to any of them. The writer who lived with him for nearly four years had high example ever before him in the life of Father Anthony. The reader of the first part of the Story of the La Salle Mission learned to know the quiet, even, yet shrewd character that was identified with the life of La Salle for thirty years and over, how he built up religion not only materially but spiritually. And although with no pretense to oratory, yet because of his good and humorous nature, his original phrases given out from the platform of the altar had the keenest relish to the faithful.

One of the talented women of La Salle of the sixties, now a worthy grandmother of the Bishop's parish, Peoria, writes:

"I always loved to hear dear old Father Anthony preach, first because his sermons were invariably short, and, secondly, because he usually ended by saying something funny, which was sure to bring a smile to the faces of those who listened. I distinctly remember him saying: 'I've told you this same thing over and over, and I don't believe you know any more about it now than when I began. It's like pouring water on a duck's back.' "

February 18, 1881, La Salle's patriarch was mourned equally by all our separated brethren and our own people, on that day of his happy passage to his merciful Saviour. R. I. P.

His religious family, ever alive in prayers, pays daily tribute to him and all her sons who have been worthy of the Church and of St. Vincent of Paul.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE STATUS OF THE LA SALLE MISSION AFTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR RULE OF FATHER MARK ANTHONY.

And often, a retrospect, delights the mind.

—*Dante.*

PARISHES conducted by orders are not exposed to financial straits or insolvency. Often they are heavily, if you will, or moderately in debt, yet the creditor is invariably the order to which the pastor belongs. The writer living for over three years in the sixties with the experienced and economic Father Anthony had occasions to learn, no matter how clever our La Salle people had been with fairs and extraordinary collections, which were in order whilst the church was enlarged and the schools were building, the revenue from all sources, including pew rent, had ever been far below the outlay. It has ever been so from the beginning of the La Salle Mission. The mild creditor has ever been the order, and on the Order, when the priests of the Mission were in a pinch, which has been the invariable rule, when improvements on a large scale were on foot, the pastors of the La Salle parish had to call.

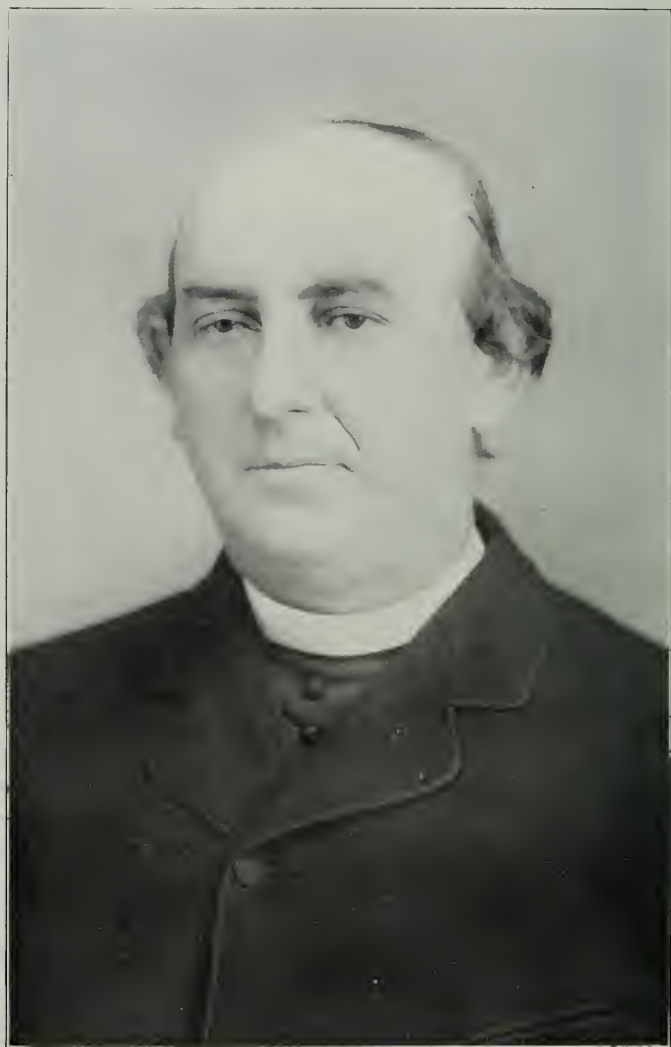
No pastor was ever more afraid of involving the parish in debt than was Father Anthony. A dozen methods for this purpose his religious and practical mind adopted. In keeping to his rule, whilst he loved his relatives he did not and would not allow them to come to La Salle, for sheer dread that the presence of his nephews and nieces would have an unhealthy influence over the parish. He had not only read the history of nepotism in the Church, he had also, as what experienced pastor has not, seen too many parishes ruled and ruined by the inordinate affection of weak pastors towards members of their families. "A man's enemies are those of his own household." Most aptly does this truth uttered by the great High Priest Jesus Christ, refer to pastors.

The extent of the parish in Father Anthony's time was limited. In 1864 Peru and Utica were willingly given over to the Bishop. The German-Catholics had become of sufficient consideration to form a parish for themselves. The Poles in the last decade of the administration of Father Anthony had been fast growing in the city, and encouraged by Father Anthony had built a frame church and pastoral residence. The old La Salle Mission boundaries were therefore narrow, and destined still farther to be narrowed in space and members. Chicago was already absorbing some of the rising youth of both sexes. Through the able and zealous confreres sent to keep "the faith once delivered to the Saints" a flaming torch, he had the consolation to witness that the means to this end were invariably applied, first the decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore as to quarterly confession of non-communication little ones of the parish and public schools; as to, secondly, the monthly communions of all the children who had made their first communion; as to the methods, thirdly, which should be tried with stubborn parents who refused to send their children to the parish schools and sent them to the godless public schools; as to the snares to the faith of, fourthly, questionable plays, public dances and night walking of the sexes, and Sunday picnics; fifthly, as to Sunday open saloons and saloons that encouraged drink and drunkards; all were, as prudence counseled, obeyed. Doubtless the amiable pastor, who had no object closer to his heart than preserving the faith of the youth, had feared the distant, no less than the near loss of faith from the state school system, felt keenly the three years' absence of a Brothers' School. Whilst waiting for the Brothers of Mary the boys of St. Patrick crowded the public school, tasted of the forbidden fruit of a godless education, and from 1878 to the present time, no subject has been more frequently dealt with and insisted upon by the priests of La Salle, than Catholic education, the very life of the Church. A chapter to show the results of the education imparted by St. Patrick's boys' and girls' school, will be exclusively devoted.

The number of the baptized, that filled the soul of the Church with joy, during the term of Father Anthony is registered 5,245. The number of marriages is registered at 804; the number of deaths is registered at 1,652. The ravages death occasions in a family are for the most part bitter to the outlivers, and bitter

in proportion to the goodness, the usefulness, the relative necessity of the dear ones who pay the debt of nature. What is a parish but on a large scale a family? And when the "vital spark of heavenly flame" the soul of not one noble parishioner quits the mortal frame, but of many, how trying to the Father of the parish?

In the career of Father Anthony many pillars that for years propped up by their virtues the old parish, slept in the Lord, Richard Cody, Patrick Fogarty, John Clancey, Philip Sullivan, Squire Duncan, Matthew Noonan, Thomas Carr, Bernard Hayden, Patrick Halligan, Denis Murphy, Daniel Conway, are among the many of the gentlemen of the laity. Among the devout sex, the glory of the Church, Mrs. Terry-Kennedy O'Brien, Mrs. Rose Shaw, Mrs. Turney, Mrs. Nicholas McBoyle Duncan, Mrs. Campbell O'Reilly, Mrs. Corrigan Fells, and Mrs. Eliza O'Connor Higgins, daughter of old Mr. Burns who gave a daughter, Sister Mary Virginia, to the Sisters of Charity, and had ever been one of the few who had special interest in all church matters. Father M. Cavanaugh's worthy and generous mother, who dealt out lavishly and frequently to the missionaries' table, and Mrs. Richard Prendergast and her big hearted daughter Mrs. John Johnston of Peru who treated the calls of Father Anthony and his assistants, as angels' visits, all these and other matrons surrounded with all variety of Catholic grace; and from among the clergy, the first of our priests, the holy and clever and manly Father Michael O'Reilly, all these Father Anthony had seen go before him to rest on the bosom of their Lord. Should not the loss to the old parish of a list so devoted to the clergy deeply affect the religious Father of the religious family of La Salle who so soon followed them!



REV. FELIX GUEDRY, C. M.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FATHER FELIX GUEDRY SUPERIOR—THE NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS
ON THE CHURCH—THE STRONG MATRONS AND THEIR
DAUGHTERS IN PARISH WORK—THE BROTHERS OF
MARY TAKE CHARGE OF BOYS' SCHOOL—
SKETCH OF THEIR ORDER AND ITS WORK.

1881-1882.

To be thrown on one's own resources, is to be cast in
the very lap of fortune.

—*Benj. Franklin.*

PARISH life did not prove strange to the Superior Father Felix Guedry in charge of the Mission since the death of Father Anthony. He had had a long experience in pastoral work, first at Emmitsburg, Md., where he succeeded the writer in 1869, and at the old Barrens, 1878-1880. The writer has often wondered how so tall and portly a man could so easily despatch the heaviest parochial work. Yet with a will and with vim Father Guedry did so. Seven months' residence in La Salle, whilst he lovingly cared for his old Superior, much of his time afterwards went to study the Mission in all details. The assistance of the able Visitor Father Thomas Smith, who by reason of heavy snows could neither be present at the burial or month's mind of Father Anthony, but who called at La Salle at his first opportunity, was of much import to the newly appointed Superior. The Visitor had often been at La Salle and knew well the people and needs of the parish.

After consultation the conclusion of Visitor and Superior was to begin improvements on the interior of the church and follow them up by forming from the chapel in the wing, a sacristy. Within a few days Father Smith was in Germantown, his home. The church architect, whose shrines are seen and

greatly admired by students claiming to know anything of art, came to La Salle at the request of Father Guedry, and set to work drawing out plans, and giving figures for the desired improvements. First the plaster had to be removed from the walls, then the walls had to be furred and plastered. Secondly, the old ceiling had to come down and in its stead a beautiful panel ceiling put up. Thirdly, the canopy of the sanctuary had to be changed. Lastly, the sacristy had to be taken from the chapel without delay, workmen were hired and put to work, whilst Father Guedry largely aided by his two assistants, Fathers S. V. Higgins and Denis Downing, threw himself whole-souled into the labor of money gathering. Every lawful and feasible method was applied. No matter what views today are given about fairs. Fairs, or as afterwards they were styled, bazaars, the period demanded, as the only sure way to reach the large number whose gifts or money are never seen at other times. The improvements, as we see them, were finished, pleasing to the architect and most satisfactory to clergy and people. The \$17,000 outlay was timely an admirably spent. It is hard to say, which of the parties, clergy or people, were the more pleased with the decidedly much desired and highly classic work lately executed in the church, and which changed the building from the aspect of a cold common hall, into an attractive and devotional church; the house of prayer and sacrifice. The change from a church whose walls were often frozen in the winter and when not frozen were dripping or sweating, no odds how the furnaces glowed, into one where such conditions had no longer any place, was weighty reason for the people to vie with one another and credit heartily the new pastor and assistants for changes which go to make the duties of Catholics better done. How may the ordinary Catholic hear as he ought the obligatory Mass, or make his confession as he ought, in a cold, comfortless church? Or how may the ghostly Father sit for hours in a cold comfortless church and do his great work of mercy under such a trying circumstance! Yet all honor to the clergy and people of Father Anthony's time who were able and willing to bear the cross! In the old days clergy and people were built for hard knocks. The generation now on us have neither the bone, marrow nor many of them the will of their sturdy fathers and mothers.



VERY REV. T. A. SMITH, C. M. V.

As the late Superior during his twenty-four years of fruitful labor did an herculean task in the cause of religion it is only the part of justice to state, that his high endeavors would have been next to a cipher had he not surrounded himself by the great matrons and daughters of La Salle. Father Guedry was convinced of this and pursued the same practical and fruitful policy. The sinews of war come from the power that controls the purse, and in large undertakings in a parish, who control the purse if not the unselfish women, young and old of the parish! And since the highest ideal in the mind of Christian women is their religion, ambition to further the interests of religion is their constant thought. To this they devote energy of soul and body. The mighty means to further the interests of religion has been and is and will be to go in quest of treasure, that is money or its value and obtain it by every lawful means. The Holy Ghost describing the strong woman likens her to a vessel bringing from afar the wealth of nations to the port, and unloading it to her master. "She is made like the merchant's ship and bringeth her bread from afar." No more expressive illustration do we need of the valiant woman than that of a ship. Once she sails she keeps on irrespective of the weather, of seas, of the crew sleeping, or other difficulties facing her, until she reaches the port safely and empties her cargo.

So did act the noble matrons, Mesdames Harrison, Martin McNamara, Lewis Campbell, Denis Murphy, Alice Gerrity, Kennedy-Terry O'Brien, Peter Curly Gallagher, Terry Cullen, Patrick Powers, John Cummings in the days of Father Anthony. So did the noble matrons in the eight years of Father Guedry, in the persons of Mrs. Michael Byrne, mother of the popular proprietor of the Harrison House, Mesdames Timothy Donoghue, N. W. Duncan, Timothy Lucy, Andrew O'Connor, Quinn O'Brien, Thos. Haskins, Thomas Keys, Patrick Donnelly, Philip Geyhardt, Michael Charley and a host of lady help that cannot conveniently be named. Without the assistance of such noble *fleets* that were ladened with the treasures from suppers, lectures, fairs and emptied into the treasury of the Church, the La Salle of Father Anthony and Father Guedry's time in church and school buildings would have faced failure, as not a few towns in some of the states have faced, where noble, unselfish Catholic women are not, whose highest pride is to labor

for the Church, embracing first the spiritual, but by no means neglected the money wants, ever indispensable.

The next work the Superior and his co-laborers gladly gave their attention and zeal to was to provide capable Brothers, for the boys' school. There must be no academic course from which the poor boy would be excluded. Such distinction is not Catholic nor American; class distinction is hateful. What had been for a year patiently awaited, came at last. The Brothers of Mary, a name foretelling success, whose central house is in Dayton, Ohio, arrived August 12, 1882 in the *still* Irish city, to the joy of priests and people. They were heartily welcomed. In a short time Father Guedry ushered them into the old rock school house, on Third Street, at that time in a serviceable condition, for the Kilgubbin Coal shaft had not as yet made it unfit and unsafe. The names of the first four Brothers must be recorded: Brother Michael Donnelly, Director, one of the ablest professors and more, a disciplinarian that General Bragg of Confederacy fame would have wreathed. Brother John and Brother Joseph in their own grade equally capable as Director in their own sphere.

This excellent Institute of Mary, made up of priests and lay brothers, was born in the city of Bordeaux, France, in 1818, the very year of the birth of the venerable seminary St. Mary's of the Barrens. The Abbé Joseph Chaminade, assisted by seven young men, was under God the instrument to bring into the Church for the education of boys this practical congregation. No special habit for wearing is adopted, all the better to avoid anything that might attract notice. Except in the United States and other English-speaking countries, the members are addressed as Brothers. The chief badge they wear is a gold ring. Throughout France, especially in Alsace, all over the United States, in Western Dominion of Canada and in the Sandwich Islands, the Brothers of Mary conduct flourishing institutions. Their curriculum of studies is up to date. The polytechnic institute of Paris has been in their keeping. The priests of the La Salle Mission in confiding the Catholic male youth to the care of such an order did homage to their own judgment and conferred a high gift on the city of La Salle. In the twenty-six years they are in charge of the Catholic English parish school, success has crowned them. Strict in the observance of the rule of their founder, strict as disciplinarians, devoted to preparation

for their classes, and able expositors to their scholars, the results on Catholic youth have been most marked. And if some misguided youth have not lived up to these excellent teachers, themselves they must blame.

"I need Brothers to teach in my institute," said the illustrious Bishop Spalding some years ago to the writer. "What do you think of the Brothers of Mary?" "The Brothers of Mary have left nothing to be desired for the proper training and teaching of our La Salle boys. You, Bishop, have come to La Salle every two years and have examined the boys," was the reply of the writer of this Story. It was only a short time afterwards when the Bishop called the Brothers of Mary to Peoria and installed them in the classic hall, the Spalding Institute, erected by the munificence of the Bishop, for higher studies, and which studies are in the keeping of the Brothers of Mary. Since called to the chief Catholic school of the Peoria diocese they have lived and do still live up to the educational curriculum of studies that the scholarly Bishop and his clergy desired.

Indeed so eager have they been and are to attain the top mark as educators and thus answer the intense wishes of the Catholic Church, the mother of science, that, as the parents of St. Basil and Gregory Nazianzen sent their sons to the Athens Academy to perfect their human studies, so the Superiors of the Brothers of Mary have taken occasion of the best of human schools, and have entered and at this present writing do enter as scholars, schools of high name in Europe. The writer is pleased, for the Order's sake, for the patrons of the Brothers and for all interested in sound education, to have at hand the following communication he has lately received from the present Director of St. Patrick's School, La Salle, Illinois:

342 MARQUETTE STREET,
LA SALLE, ILL., Jan. 4, 1908.

VERY REV. THOS. A. SHAW, C. M.,

DEAR AND VERY REV. FATHER: It may interest you to know that quite a number of the Brothers who were teaching in St. Patrick's School during your administration of the parish have taken higher courses of studies in the universities of Europe. These courses were taken as complements to the studies they had made in the United States. In the past, the University of

Paris was the one most patronized by them, but since the expulsion of religious orders they study at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland. Actually three of the Brothers who had been teaching in St. Patrick's school during the past eight years are pursuing higher studies in this famous Catholic University.

Cordially yours in J. M. J.,

BROTHER ANTHONY, S. M.

In future chapters we shall treat of our schools—the work of the Brothers for more than a quarter of a century, and the work of the Sisters, now in their fifty-third year in St. Vincent's School.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE GREAT PASTORAL LETTER OF BISHOP SPALDING—HOW THE
LA SALLE PRIESTS AND PEOPLE WELCOMED THEIR NEW
BISHOP ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO CONFIRM THE
CHILDREN—THE THIRD PLENARY
COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.

1882-1884.

“Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so.”
—*Steele.*

RIGHT REVEREND JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, under whose jurisdiction the Mission of La Salle County and therefore that of the La Salle Mission, lay, issued directly before the Lent of 1882, a masterly pastoral on the relations of the Church to the marriage state, which, although written nearly three years before the Third Plenary Council, sat October, 1884, reads as if the Council occasioned it. Written to and for clergy and people of the La Salle Mission, and weighty with the learning of perhaps the most scholarly dignitary of the hierarchy in the United States, the writer deems it a document that ought to have a place and will grace the pages of our La Salle Story. It is as follows:

PEORIA, February 18, 1882.

MARRIAGE.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

I herewith send you the diocesan regulations for Lent, and I avail myself of this opportunity to say a few words to you on a subject of vital importance to the purity and progress of the faith. The relations of the Church to conjugal and domestic society are essential and intimate, and whenever Catholics are

permitted to lose sight of this truth, religious zeal and practical piety decay. "All paternity," says St. Paul, "in heaven and on earth, derives its name from God;" and hence marriage, in its essence, its ends and its authority, as well as from the fact of its institution, is sacred and of divine origin, and in the religion of Christ, it is besides, a sacrament; the symbol of His union with the Church and the means of conveying special graces to those whom it binds in purity and love; and so to the family itself, which is thereby grounded on faith and reverence, on chastity and obedience. If the presence of Christ, at the home fireside, is not recognized and confessed, the spirit of Christian faith and filial piety dies out of the family; the sanctuary of God is profaned; and irreverence and religious indifference take possession of the hearts of the young. The urgent need of Catholic schools we all recognize; but if the family is suffered to lose its religious character, it were folly to think that any system of schools can prevent the loss of faith and the ruin of souls. The first and most indispensable school, that which is the basis of all others, which lays the foundation of character, which moulds the heart, which gives to the mind its original turn, to the imagination its primal and ineffaceable tinge, is the family; and if it is secular, or pagan, or religiously divided, or indifferent, what hope can there be of saving its children to the Church? We hold it as a principle that those who wish to enter the priesthood should try themselves and be tried through a long course of years, lest they unworthily or rashly assume a ministry in which they shall have to answer to Jesus Christ for the souls of men, redeemed by His blood; but the All-Wise and just Judge will not first or chiefly hold the priest accountable; he will demand the soul of the child first of all from the father and mother, through whom it was brought into the world; and if they shall have been careless in this matter, they shall be accounted worse than infidels. When we look around us, it is impossible to believe that Catholics realize this truth; so thoughtlessly, so frivolously, so recklessly, do they take upon themselves the greatest of all responsibilities. Too often, like unbelievers, like men without God, they proceed as though they were wholly free in this matter, to follow their whims and fancies, without any regard to the divine law or the commandments of the Church. Their present passion is their only guide; and in too many instances a life of misery, and a death of modified despair, is the penalty.

They speculate in marriage, as though it were a commercial business, and think that the best which offers the greatest reward in money or position; and the mothers and the fathers are too generally the teachers of this wisdom of the world and the devil. Of the existence of such evils there is no more lamentable or frequent example than the custom, for so it has grown to be with us, of intermarrying with those who have no faith or a different religion from ours. Such marriages are, in their very nature, un-Christian and wrong; and have so been regarded by the Church in all ages; and if a sort of forced consent is given, it is as a mother sees her daughter marry one who she knows will break her heart, but yields in despair of offering effective opposition.

How can people who disagree concerning interests which are eternal, absolute, of infinite moment, and nearest to the most sensitive and central nature of the soul, be truly united in anything?

"With the holy," says St. Ambrose, "thou shalt be holy, and with the perverse thou shalt be perverted. If this be true in other things, with how much greater force does it not apply to marriage? * * * * Disagreeing in faith, they cannot believe, they cannot hope, that He, whom they do not worship together, will impart His grace to their marriage. Reason teaches this; but examples give more striking proofs of its truth. Often does the seductive influence of woman circumvent even strong men, and make them fall from their religion. And for this reason ought you to hold your affection under admonition and guard against error. The first thing therefore to be sought in marriage is religion."

St. Augustine enforces the same truth in the following words: "These unhappy people, believing in Christ, take their food at home in common, but the table of Christ they cannot have in common. Must we not weep when we behold husband and wife vowing to each other in Christ to have their bodies faithfully united, while they tear and rend the body of Christ through attachment to different communions? Great is the scandal, great, too, the devil's triumph, great the ruin of souls." St. Ambrose, with Benedict XIV, and other Popes, calls such marriages sacrilegious; and hence when the priest assists at these unions, he stands outside the Church, in a profane place, and as though with averted countenance. There is no Mass, no blessing, no

sacred rite, but the bare legal attestation that the Church has ceased to protest, since her voice would fall upon ears that are deaf. Promises, indeed, are always made, and often in good faith, but they cannot be kept, and exceptions to the rule are rare accidents. They promise to bring up their children in the Catholic faith, but how is this possible, when in the atmosphere of home, in that silent and unnoticed way in which the young acquire their opinions and beliefs, the child absorbs contradictory and incompatible principles of religion? His mother prays, his father curses; his mother goes to church, his father goes to the saloon; his mother confesses her sins, his father is content for such business is not hidden from him. What must be the final outcome of such opposite influences? Indifference and no religion. Or if the husband and wife do not live in peace and love, the children will range themselves on opposite sides, and faith, which should be the bond of unity becomes the nurse of discord. The home of a Catholic should be a Catholic home; a sanctuary of religion, made beautiful and holy by religious observances; by night and morning prayers in common; by blessing and thanksgiving before and after meals; by the presence of the crucifix and images of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints; by special devotions in sacred seasons, as in Lent and the month of May, and by the unnoticed symbols of reverence and love that clothe the family circle as with an atmosphere of heaven. But where there is one, who, though in silence, would look coldly and askant at all this, such unfolding of the flowers of piety, which are so fair and beautiful to infant minds, is checked in the bud and blighted, and holy reverence which is found in all great minds and loving hearts, loses its best nurture. The greatest evil, then, in this marriage of people, who as regards their soul's faith, stand on opposite sides of an abyss which neither is likely ever to pass over, is not in the fact that in such marriage there can be no perfect union of heart, no complete sympathy, no entire revelation of each to each, and consequently not that peace and contentment which such union ought to bring; but it is found in this other fact, that in such wedlock deep religion and earnest piety are impossible, while the children of the religiously divided families, almost inevitably grow up in indifference; and sooner or later fall away from the faith altogether. "The individuals, and even families," says Bishop Ullathorne, writing of England, "that have fallen from the Church through

mixed marriages, amount to numbers incredible to those who have not examined the question thoroughly; and the number of Catholics bound at this moment in mixed marriages, who live in a hard and bitter conflict for the exercise of their religion, for that of their children, and in certain cases for the soundness of their moral life, could they with all the facts, be known, would deter any thoughtful Catholic from contracting a mixed marriage." These words, I am persuaded, apply with equal truth and force to our own country; and I exhort you, therefore, Reverend and dear Sir, by the love you bear for the souls of the people committed to your charge, to spare no labor to impress on their minds and consciences the evils and the dangers of such marriages. "All know," says Gregory XVI, "what the Catholic Church has always felt about these marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics; that she has always reprobated them because of the disgraceful communion in divine things, the peril of perversion impending over the Catholic, and the perverse training of the children." And Clement XI declares that the Church "abhors these marriages." A bishop has no power to grant dispensations of this kind, except for reasons altogether just and grave; but the only reason which and by far the greater number of cases can be truly and honestly alleged, is that an engagement exists between the parties, and they are bent upon marrying. This is plainly a mock reason, the putting forward one's sin as a claim to indulgence and privilege; and there can be little cause for surprise that God's blessing does not rest upon unions which are formed in willful disregard of His holy law. With the request that you either read this circular to your congregation, or explain the subject to them yourself, I am

Very truly yours,

J. L. SPALDING,

Bishop of Peoria.

In a future chapter, the writer's business will be to strengthen by statistics taken from the Catholic Irish city of La Salle, the position of the learned Bishop on the consequences of mixed marriages. During the summer of the year 1882, La Salle was favored by an official visit paid Father Guedry by its chief shepherd. On this occasion the Bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to a large number of our children of both sexes. He saw the working of the Catholic school in La Salle.

The brightness of the little ones in the answers to the questions he put to them on divine faith and Catholic teaching, and the writer is thoroughly correct when he puts down that the Bishop from that first visit loved La Salle and her schools, and La Salle from that first visit learned to love Bishop Spalding. The dignity of our Story can and must put up with one answer to a question taken from a hundred answers to questions, put by the Bishop before imparting the Holy Ghost, "What do you mean by bad company?" the Bishop asked one of our twelve-year old Brothers' boys. The little courageous man answered the Bishop, "I mean by bad company to go with a fellow worse than yourself." The face of the Bishop glowed with intense delight and turning to the writer, humorously remarked, "Your theologians could not give half as good a definition."

Every two years the Bishop's official visit was paid to La Salle, and on each occasion confirmation was administered after the examination of the children in the presence of invariably the largest congregation of the year. The people of LaSalle were ever hungry to hear their Bishop, and our non-Catholic fellow citizens were even more than the Catholics themselves filled with enthusiasm to drink in the rich and sparkling flow of eloquence that issued from the mouth of the gifted orator. This was plain when the literary club of La Salle, the larger number non-Catholics, through Mr. Francis Kilduff, invited the Bishop of Peoria to lecture in the Opera House. The Bishop accepted. The audience the orator faced as the writer introduced the Bishop, might have been repeated on occasion of a presidential nomination, or a memorial held in honor of Mr. McKinley. What one, of all who filled the Opera, who valued a trained mind and power of thought and beauty of diction and richness of voice and energy, could hinder himself from being borne onward by the influence of the orator, as "Life" in all its phases was drawn out?

The value set by La Salle on Bishop Spalding has been no deeper than what elsewhere has ever been shown by Catholics and non-Catholics of these United States. This, all classes showed the illustrious Bishop and scholar markedly, when a mysterious providence three years ago for a time rendered him indisposed for heavy duty. More than all, the imposing third Plenary Council of Baltimore which will shortly ask our consideration and time, showed the estimate it had of the fitness

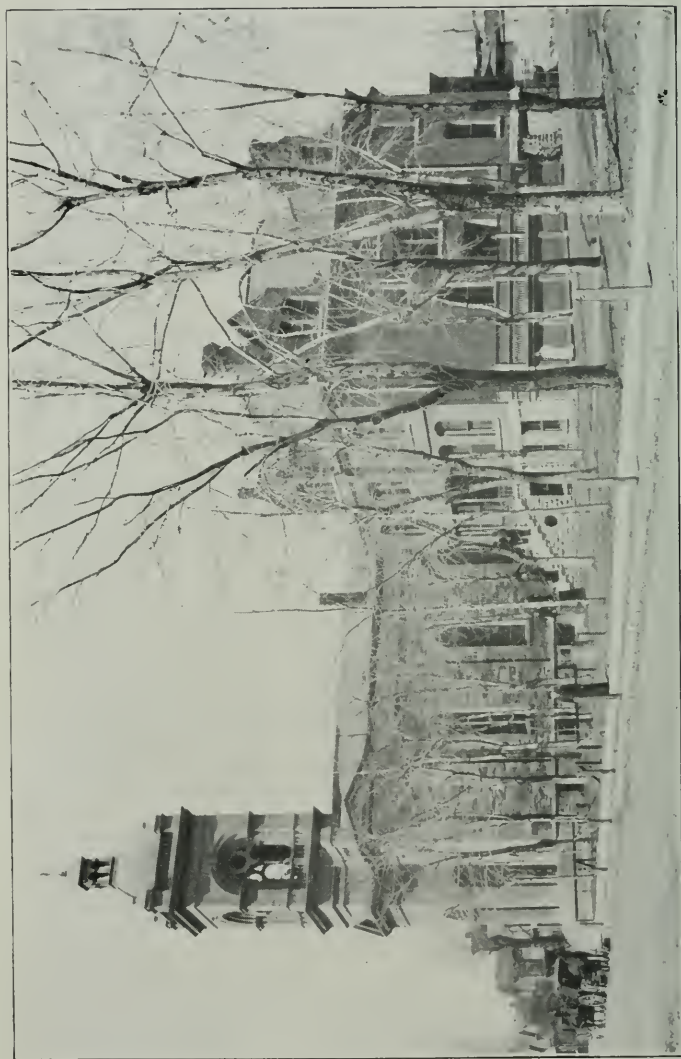
in every way of the youngest of its prelates, from the work allotted to him. But the writer is not engaged writing the life of the most celebrated of American Bishops. He hopes to read from a scholarly and patient pen such a life of the Bishop of Peoria, as the life of Cardinal Wiseman by Ward, which would stay as a classic. The immense pile of materials ready in the hands of a talented, well balanced and prudent writer, filled to overflowing with the knowledge of his subject, and a master in the use of the greatest living language, ought not be abandoned as a *res derelicta* by the hundred of clever erudite priests of the Peoria diocese. Let one of them stand forth and begin the work.

What must ever hold high place in the thoughts of all who would enjoy peace and happiness is to live under a government that is able at all times to exercise its legitimate authority by enacting wise laws, suiting them to the circumstances of people, times and places, and making use of every reasonable method to enforce and protect their observance. All this secures the highest human liberty. Such is our government of the United States, making through its congress and president, the life of its millions worth living; great as this blessing is, yet it is of and for human happiness. The government of the Church is for eternal interests, and the furtherance and careful guardianship of these interests, the salvation of the souls of the children is the meaning of her councils. "Councils," says Archbishop Martin John Spalding, "are not necessary; but are deemed eminently useful for the easier and safer guidance of the Christian people in the way which Christ, the great Head of the Church, had Himself pointed."

On October 9, 1866, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, as we have seen in a former chapter, met, to the delight of bishops, priests and people, and the objects of the great gathering of securing closer uniformity of discipline, condemning the errors that struck at faith and morals, of quickening the faith of Catholics, guarding her children against the captious methods of worldliness which daily ruined so many, pointing out to the many souls outside to come into the Church and save their souls, had shown remarkable results.

Sunday, November 9, 1884, eighteen years afterwards, in the venerable Basilica of Baltimore, with the apostolic authority of the Supreme Pontiff Leo XIII, Archbishop James Gibbons in the

place of Cardinal McClosky, who was seriously ill, opened the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Accordingly in solemn procession on that supreme occasion, passed into the great Church seventy-two Bishops, six Right Rev. Abbots, four Right Rev. Administrators of dioceses without Bishops, seven domestic Prelates of the Pope's throne, three Chamberlains, thirty-two Visitors of religious orders, twelve Superiors of Theological Seminaries, ninety theologians, and with them Notaries, Secretaries, Chancellors, Masters of Ceremonies and singers. Owing to the vast throng, special permits had to be issued and were required for entrance. During the twenty-eight days of the sitting of the imposing assembly, the higher education of the Clergy which had Bishop Spalding as the chief promoter and expositor, Pastoral Rights, Christian Education, the Christian Home, the Lord's Day, Forbidden Societies, Catholic Societies, Home and Foreign Missions were leading subjects for discussion, explanation and decrees. The Superiors and Confreres of the La Salle Mission, as all pastors and priests in charge of souls, had material in any of the great subjects that kept busy the brains of the Hierarchy daily for close on a month. What a share in lifting up priests and people has not the Higher Education? "The lips of the priest shall guard knowledge and the people shall learn the law from his mouth." What a mighty leaven has not the "Christian Home" to leaven society with, a subject that embraces the root of society, marriage. "For if the root be holy the branch will also be holy." What seats her children on a greater eminence than the observance of the Lord's day, and what degrades them more deeply than the wanton desecration of Sunday. And Secret Societies, what havoc have they not played with the souls of unfortunate Catholics? With a zeal did the Fathers of the Mission take hold of that body of Catholic teaching which the above headings contain. "And in season and out of season command, exhort and entreat" for upbuilding the body of Christ.



CHURCH AND PRESENT RECTORY OF THE MISSIONARIES

CHAPTER XLV.

THE NEW MISSION RESIDENCE FOR THE PARISH CLERGY AND
HEADQUARTERS OF THE NEW MISSION BAND—THE
SISTERS' NEW HOUSE—FATHERS GUEDRY AND
ABBOTT EXCHANGE PLACES—REV. P. V.
BYRNE SUCCEEDS REV. ABBOTT.

1885-1892.

Thus have I, as well as I could, gathered a posey of observations as they grew.

—*Lord Lyttleton.*

THE apostolic spirit whether without or within an order has ever been and must ever be the spirit of sacrifice, the copy of the perfection of Models, the adorable God Man. In the temporal order, to the noble, considerate mind; the log cabin of grand Old Hickory, of Henry Clay, of Breckenridge, of Abraham Lincoln, speaks the sacrifice of these truly great Americans by which they raised afterwards the temple of fame. How priceless to the apostolic spirit to learn of, alas, what has not been for this generation to see, the shanties of the Cheverus, and Flagets, Rossattis and Odins, Portiers and Brutès, and Loras and Cretins.

It is with fond memory that the writer returns to those days when in company with the older confreres he saw the cabins which were built by the great sons of St. Vincent and which now eloquently speak of past sacrifice.

The cabin in true apostolic style has ever come before the costly dwelling. Yet because of the dignity of religion and to safeguard the health of the ministers of Christ decency requires a durable dwelling. The faithful look for this, are eager after this, are proud of such a residence and seldom fail to make their pride known, when after apostolic fashion the priest has proved

his claim, has built first the school house, then the House of God, and, lastly, the Rectory. The residence at La Salle was first the shanty, which has had special notice from the writer in the first part of the Story. The frame house followed which, although surpassing for looks and convenience the shanty, yet it was too low, too small for the family of priests and for the purpose of hospitality should a guest or two happen to pass the night. The need for a residence better every way, had been felt by the clergy and people. It must be of durable material, built as far as possible with all useful conveniences. Its size should take in the present and future number of "heroic dwellers," and provision should be made for guests. The Bishop, the chief guest, and our Visitor should have ever in the La Salle Mission their own suites of rooms. But more, the coming residence should be put up to house a band of Missionaries never higher in number than three, and never lower than two, for this arrangement a new departure for the La Salle Mission house had been concluded upon.

Father Guedry, after the example of his predecessor, when once he took in the situation to do anything of importance, brooked no delay, but went forth to accomplish it. At the time he had two great workers, young men full of life, and exhaustless in stores of courtesy and tact. Whatever Father Stephen Higgins, already a favorite with the people, would go after, he was sure to get. Father James Murtaugh, son of Bernard Murtaugh, the economic farmer of the La Salle Mission, should naturally have power and influence among his own, and would in his quests after funds be no less successful than Father Higgins. With two such workers, the Superior, himself a host, set to work. The usual routine in getting plans, studying out specifications, calling for bids, choosing the best of mechanic skill at the most reasonable figure, and appointing a live, conscientious and able overseer for the whole work, was strictly and directly carried out. The foundation was opened in 1887, and the building received its inmates in 1888. In the course of its erection the most successful of all the fairs ever held in La Salle took place, the amount of money raised means success. The larger portion came from contests entered to find out the more popular assistant of the parish, and the more popular lady of the parish. Emulation raised the admirers now of this priest, now of that, now of this lady, now of her rival. On the

voting night at the conclusion of the fair the greatest excitement prevailed whilst the votes were counted. As soon as the result was made known and the winners were announced, congratulations were offered the fortunate contestants, and the best of feeling prevailed. Not to allow the old frame residence of the clergy to pass with time and leave no trace of what had for nigh forty years sheltered so many holy priests, its photograph, as seen in the first part of the Story, was taken, and standing around the front door are the pictures of Fathers Guedry, Abbott, Higgins, Murtaugh and of the writer.

If the Fathers of the La Salle Mission had need of a suitable dwelling, and had by hard and continuous labor, largely assisted by the great Catholic women of the parish already mentioned, erected the St. Patrick's rectory; our Sisters needed no less a suitable residence which should also enclose under one roof, school-rooms large enough to accommodate at least four hundred scholars. Providence singularly blessed the Daughters of St. Vincent in a way reaching out and obtaining funds which was not the lot of the Fathers. The subscription lists drawn up for church building and improvements, priests' house, boys' school and Brothers' house, during the seventy years of the La Salle Mission contained a single contribution that reached more than five hundred dollars. The daughters of St. Vincent were immeasurably more favored. Generous Thomas Dempsey made over to them sixteen thousand dollars, Kennedy O'Brien five hundred, and Mrs. Rose Kernon five hundred dollars. These sums were a handsome starter to commence the projected building which when finished would cost thirty-two thousand dollars. The architects were Chicago men, the contractors from the neighboring city of Peru. The overseer of the whole work was Mr. Thomas Haskins, Senior. The same year, 1887, as was begun the missionary rectory, the erection of the Sisters' building commenced, and in 1888 about the same time, both buildings were ready for occupation. The sentiments of the good Sisters on taking leave of the old stone building, were sad and gloomy, but the fact that a more healthy home would be theirs, and that the school room where they passed fully three-fourths of their lives would be roomy, more cheerful and ventilated in keeping with the best modern appliances, weaned them from sentiment and won them to reason. As with the new rectory of the clergy, so was it with the new home and school

of the Sisters—a subject of thanksgiving to God and thanks to the people irrespective of creed.

The priests' rectory was hardly finished when the Visitor notified the one in charge of his change. Holy Job says, "That man never remains in the same state." Changeable as the zephyrs and the wild waves by the very fact he is a creature, he is subject to change in every calling of his career by the action of the physical elements around and about him, by the action of the moral laws of his Creator, and by the action of all who represent the authority of the Creator in civil and religious life. The supreme virtue of the citizen, of the soldier, lies in obedience to lawful authority in state and army. Rebellion is the deadliest of crimes. The supreme virtue of the priest, secular or religious, is obedience to his Bishop or to his Superior. St. Vincent de Paul has had and has thousands of obedient sons and daughters, but among all the Lazarists the writer has known the past fifty-three years he has met with none who has surpassed in the exercise of this strongest of all the evidences of holiness, obedience, Father Felix Guedry. Now when obedience bade him leave La Salle to go to Chicago after nine years' stay at La Salle where he had done much, and where he had not sought popularity, but popularity had rushed to him, where he had put up a residence worthy of the missionaries and acceptable to the people, it was natural to wish to enjoy for a time this new residence and to live among a people who the longer he was with them, the more they valued him. The word to leave La Salle and take charge of St. Vincent's parish, Chicago, was received with equanimity, and after a very few hours he was on his way. The letter written the writer by this worthy son of St. Vincent after his stay in Chicago speaks the holiness of this very dear friend:

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH,
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 14, 1892.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER SHAW:

MAY THE LORD BE ALWAYS WITH US!

I preserved the envelope of your last letter, Bloomington, July 21st, so as to answer it as soon as possible. I received it in Natchez where I was giving a retreat. I should have answered it right then but as you are aware I didn't. Immediately after my return to New Orleans, I paid a flying visit to my old home,

returning last Friday. I had previously gone to Mobile for a retreat. Now I can settle down unless set in motion by higher power, about which I am not anxious, as I am just as well pleased as I would be anywhere else. It is not worth while bothering about this life, where we spend it or what we are doing, it is too short and too uncertain. Look at good Father Mandin snatched away so quickly though yet so healthy and young. Fifteen years ago next October he replaced me at St. Joseph's and now he is in his grave. If I live that much longer I shall be a pretty old man—75—and yet how short that time seems to me now. So let us work and do all we can while we have time, caring little where we are.

I send you this letter at La Salle as I know this is about the time you go there to make your retreat. I fear you had not much of a vacation as the retreats must have taken most of your time. If the Lord blesses you with health and strength to work, that is all you want. So far that blessing has not been wanting. I suppose your headquarters continue to be in La Salle. Nothing can please me better than to remain as I am. Of course you know me too well to think otherwise. What authority I have had came to me unthought of, and unlooked for. I naturally think of La Salle because you are there.

Please remember me to friends at La Salle you may sometimes meet. My love to the Confreres.

As ever your devoted confrere in St. Vincent
and Blessed Perboyre,

FELIX GUEDRY, C. M.

Father Thomas J. Abbott, who had had his home twice in La Salle during the years of Father Anthony, had been quite a favorite among the people, because of his piety and zeal. What other Fathers had found, so did he find. Sixteen years had passed since he was assistant to Father Anthony, 1872-1888. The La Salle people were then alone, and the old traditions of sweet Innisfail were as sacred and full of life as they were in Strokestown or in Kenmare. Neither the La Salle Sunday theatre nor the vaudeville, a synonym for the School of Scandal, had as yet opened its doors and lent its influence to desecrate the Lord's day, nor had primitive La Salle the wish to associate with characters whose idea of Sunday was that of the sport;

nor had the La Salle of old the mixed marriage what the Church calls "the pest," the chief source to the loss of faith. All these touched in the keenest manner the new Superior, whose health at the time was frail from his long and laborious missionary career. He sought the Southern clime, New Orleans, in the winter of 1891, as a cure for chronic nervousness, but to no purpose. Lingered for years in the hospital, and prepared for his last hour, he fell asleep in the Lord in the year 1898, after a life of singular devotedness in God's service.

His successor in office at La Salle was Father Peter V. Byrne, an admirable appointment. Hardly a year at the helm, accustomed to a larger sphere of action than La Salle offered, in the prime of his intellectual abilities, full of the spirit of work, he was chosen by his Superior to fill the chair of Theology at Cape Girardeau, where he had years before been the president. The departure from La Salle of Father P. V. Byrne was just at the hour the people began to know and value his gifts of heart and head, his intense zeal for the interests of religion and furtherance of morality.

Meanwhile as the Visitor is engaged studying whom he will appoint to fill the empty chair of the La Salle Mission, the writer deems it of high importance at this stage of the Story to lay before his readers the results obtained in favor of Catholic education by the labors of Sisters and Brothers in the schools of the La Salle Mission.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SISTERS' SCHOOL OF THE LA SALLE MISSION THE WORK OF
OVER TWO SCORE YEARS, 1857-1905.

"We are inclined to think that their maker gave them brains, and meant them to use those brains for His glory. A Catholic maiden will not make the worst wife or mother for having been taught to think. A knowledge of the catechism and of modern history will not create a revolution in the kitchen or make a bigger hole in the husband's purse."

—*Brownson's Review*, July, 1860.

THE work for the Catholic education of the girls of the La Salle Mission undertaken by the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, has aimed at reaching the highest mark, that of fitting the Catholic girls entrusted to them to meet and fight the battle of life by means of a thorough, sound Catholic education. This labor is the vocation of these Sister teachers. To this labor they have vowed themselves, and although the long hours spent daily in the classroom could not be other than a strain on the system, yet in view of the results for both this life and the next, the education of the Catholic girls has ever been a labor of love.

The able Superiors and their associates in this most responsible duty have neglected nothing that they might turn out a host of practical, accomplished young women, able and ready by their piety and intelligence to reflect honor on the Catholic Church and shed a luster on society. He is the skilled figurer today who may number the girls, graduates and non-graduates, who had for their teacher in the decade from 1855-1865, Sister Mary Virginia Joyce and her companion Sisters. He is the skilled figurer who may line up the graduates and under-graduates from 1865-1907, under the Sisters Servant, Catherine, Bernard, Pacifica and Mary and their companion Sisters.

Intensely interesting should and would be the full list, and what is better the study of the list of two generations of the Catholic women of the La Salle Mission, who, like

“The morn, their rosy steps advancing,
Sow’d the earth with orient pearls.”

“Who in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely have shunned the broad way and the green,
And with those few are eminently seen
That labor up the hill of heavenly truth.”

In the cities and over the prairies watered by the Missouri and the North Platte, the Mississippi and the Des Moines, the Illinois and on the shores of Lake Michigan, the La Salle Mission school girls, twigs from the parent tree, seeds from the parent stock, bees from the mother hive, purveyors ladened with a treasure of solid, durable and practical Catholic knowledge, are found in all the walks of life, faithfully performing their task as nurses, housekeepers, typists, stenographers, clerks, milliners, dressmakers, enjoying because of the perfume of Catholic womanhood they send forth and spread the unwavering confidence of their employers, their superiors, their families. To list all the names would be to publish a personnel as large as a city directory, since scores of families have left La Salle within the half century. The writer deems it sufficient to state, that no family who respected, and lived up to the ruling of the Church on education, ever dreamt of any other school for their daughters, than the Sisters’ school; that all the women of note in the old parish today with few exceptions went, when girls, to the school of the Daughters of Charity; that the women who have loved and labored for the Church, mothers of the best families of healthy sons and daughters of society, mothers who gave their sons to the priesthood and daughters to the sisterhood, with few exceptions, when girls, went to the Sisters.

Mrs. Lucy Powers Benson, an early friend of the writer’s family, and one of the oldest of our La Salle Sisters’ school, writes:

PEORIA, ILL., November, 1907.

MY DEAR FATHER SHAW:

I am afraid I can be of very little use to you in your research, but I will do what I can gladly. My first teacher you know, was Sister Mary Virginia. Mary Haverty, now Mrs. Jarboe of Kansas City, Mo., Vespera Willis, Peru; Anne Duncan, Mary Kilduff, Kate Halligan (Mrs. Matt. Terry), Kitty Cody (Mrs. T. Donoghue), Marcella Quinn (Mrs. J. Boyle), were among my classmates. We had commencement exercises, dialogues, speeches and occasionally a little drama written by Sister Mary Virginia Joyce. As near as I can remember we were all "stars" and of the first magnitude, at least in our own imagination.

So much from grandmother Benson.

Another of our Sisters' earliest children, also a grandmother, highly educated as the above, 1857-1867, tells of the heavenly days that cannot die:

MY DEAR FATHER SHAW:

I was trying to find someone who could inform me, but could not find anyone who knew more than myself. After giving the names of her class, and after mentioning the brightest, she humorously adds: "they were also the most troublesome in school, always looking for fun, and in the end kept in for two or three evenings after school." Nobler women than the last alluded to there were not; Diogenes himself with his lit lamp in midday, were he in quest of nobler, would throw aside the task as ludicrous in the extreme.

"The average number," writes Sister Mariana Dwyer, the spiritual grandmother of over two generations of St. Vincent's La Salle school girls, "from 1855-1891, was one hundred and seventy-five. As to graduates, some years we had none, again a good number, but I think they would average four or five a year." "Since 1896," Sister Joachim, the present directress of our La Salle St. Vincent's school assures the writer, "the following have been graduates: The Misses Ella McLeod, Anna Noonan, Anna Scanlan, Agnes Hanley, Frances Cleary, Mary Crotty, Loretta McNamara, Leonora Hanley, Margaret McGrath, Stella Martin, Catherine Boyle, Pearl McElhemy, Anna McInerny, Ella Hanley, Margaret Martin, Mary Hanley, Anna Burke,

Mary Donnelly, Mary Reinke, Mary Minaghan, Stella Sheehy, Mary O'Shaughnessy, Anna Woods, Elizabeth Hanley, Mary Feray, Stella Conway, Mary Carr and Josie Shea.

"About this same number have graduated from the commercial course also during this time."

These are the daughters of the La Salle Mission by whose integrity and knowledge the public school system is rendered less odious. For by the state law as everybody knows, no religion can be taught, yet the virtues and fitness of our girls as teachers for over forty years in the state schools of La Salle have powerfully acted for good on their scholars, Catholic and non-Catholic, so that whilst the state system in other cities has shown the lamentable working out of a godless education, in the absence of Catholic teachers, La Salle state schools, because of the teachers trained under the eye and by the hand of the Daughters of Charity, have been in a degree at least less offensive to morality. Given the influence of one Catholic teacher set over a state school for forty years, for thirty, for twenty, for fifteen, for ten, yes for five years, the results, say to a class of fifty scholars, will be at least in good manners of incalculable worth without taking into account that personal purity of conduct for which our La Salle young women of the Sisters have ever been examples.

"I can count fifty of our girls, and I know there are more, some of whom taught for a few months, some for years, in the public schools of La Salle." This is the evidence of our Sister Mariana, already quoted. By no means does the writer, by showing the healthy personal influence of Catholic teachers on the scholars of the state school, intend to urge our Sisters' school girls to seek after this mode of gaining a livelihood. Much less does he intend to insinuate, either because of gaining a livelihood or because of the personal influence they may have over the scholars, they may dare to make use of any means to influence Catholic children against maintaining the Sisters' school. Such action would run counter to the teaching of the Church on education. It must be ever present to the thoughtful Catholic that the excellence of the Catholic system of training youth, especially girls, lies in forming and fitting them to become faithful wives and loving mothers, when their calling is not a higher one. The writer asks what has been the glory of La Salle the past fifty years? What is her glory now? The

women, young and old, single and married, daughters and mothers. Enrooted in the principles of the Catholic faith by the Daughters of Charity, they have applied these principles every hour of their Catholic life. These are the women, who like the woman in the Gospel, took the leaven of virtue in their early years and let it spread through their whole Christian system, and by their exemplary lives, spreading it among their brothers, sons, husbands and fathers; so that if the La Salle Mission has had or has anything in morality to show, to the women of La Salle, to the Catholic school of the Sisters after God, it is largely owing.

The writer in the next chapter shall ask the reader to give his attention to the work of the Brothers of Mary in favor of the virile sex of Catholic humanity. No less should be the tension of the mind given to the study of the Catholic development of the boy, than has been given to the Catholic development of the girl. Indeed, the Holy Ghost has this to say of each: "The man is the image and glory of God, but the woman the glory of man."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BOYS' SCHOOL OF THE LA SALLE MISSION.

1882-1905.

"If you suffer your boys to be ill-educated and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them you first make them thieves, and then punish them."

—*Blessed Thomas More.*

A THIRD of a century mark the Brothers of Mary have reached as educators for the boys of St. Patrick's parish, La Salle. The writer is now ready to survey their field of work, and to lay, without the least misgiving, the results before all interested in the full development of the powers of the Catholic boy. The priesthood, the chief of educators, is followed by the teaching religious orders of lay men and women. The training of these religious is admirably fitted to call forth and develop all the faculties of head and heart of the child, "the father of the man." What the religious Sister teacher, summoning all her power of talent, patience, self-sacrifice, has accomplished for the girls, no less has the Brother teacher, summoning all the powers of talent, patience, self-sacrifice, done for the boys. The Sisters' teaching in its gentle discipline, suits admirably the nature of their own sex to discharge the duties peculiar to Christian womanhood; the Brothers' teaching, in its more robust methods, builds up the Christian man marked by the character of truth and ennobled by the exercise of the cardinal virtues. The fathers of families that have made up and make up the parish of the La Salle Mission, the Catholic unmarried men that strengthen by their Christian lives the work of their fathers, have all, with few exceptions, not figuring the scores of fathers

and sons who have carried with them into the cities of all the western states the Catholic education, drunk in from the La Salle Brothers' well-spring. Such are the Brothers' boys of 1861-1874, 1874-1879, 1882-1905.

The table of statistics mailed the writer by the present worthy and erudite director of the Boys' school of La Salle is sufficiently full, and is highly satisfactory reading, not alone for all enlisted, but for parents who are and ought to be, concerned in the Catholic, solid, durable education of their sons, and also for all others, Catholic and non-Catholic, whose convictions are those of the Protestant historian Guizot: "That natural education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate all its parts."

The names of the Brother Directors since the Brothers of Mary are in charge have been:

Brother Michael, Brother Louis, Brother Thomas, Brother John, Brother James, Brother Gustavus, Brother George and Brother Anthony.

Attendance of scholars: 1882-3, 254; 1884-5, 238; 1885-6, 219; 1886-7, 202; 1887-8, 125; 1900-01, 125; 1901-02, 138; 1902, 136; 1903, 136; 1904, 128; 1905, 133; 1906, 132; 1907, 141.

N. B.—The drop in attendance from '87-'88 was due to the transfer of the primary grades to the Sisters of Charity.

Percentage of all boys not Irish-American:

1900-01, 35%; 1901-02, 38%; 1902-03, 28%; 1903-04, 28%; 1904-05, 29%; 1905-06, 42%; 1906-07, 30%; 1907-08, 36%.

Number of graduates:

1901, 4; 1902, 0; 1903, 5; 1904, 1; 1905, 3; 1906, 4; 1907, 7.

Old boys following various callings:

Barton, Michael, with T. Lucey & Bro.; Cummings, Geo., grocer, deceased; Cummings, John, grocer; Callahan, John, ice merchant; Clinch, John, transfer line; Colue, Thos., foreman Citizens' Lighting Co.; Cummings, Henry, saloon, deceased; Donoghue, Chas., attorney-at-law; Fitzgerald, John J., farmer, Lostant, Ill.; Foley, James, ex-alderman, clerk for John Cummings; Keys, Edward, general contractor; O'Rourke, Eugene, La Salle State Bank; O'Shea, John, steel constructor; O'Shea, Patrick, tailor; O'Connor, A. J., lawyer; Pierard, Fred J., ex-city clerk, insurance agent; Scanlon, John L., assistant cashier, L. S. National Bank; Feray, Ed., operator, C. R. I. & P. Ry.;

Feeney, John, teamster and coal merchant; Jaskowiak, Ad., alderman; Leahy, Frank, manager, Leahy Shoe Co.; Mextel, Chas., market gardener; McGovern, Ed., clerk for Francis Kilduff; Orsinger, Ed., baker and confectioner, Peru; Malone, Eugene, assistant postmaster; Byrne, Wm. F., proprietor Harrison House; Coleman, John, lawyer; Coleman, Peter, lawyer; Clancy, Wm., druggist; Jankowski, Frank, meat market; Malone, Ed., druggist; Pierski, Frank, clothier, alderman; Duncan, Stuart, cashier, La Salle State Bank; Heinz, Nicholas, chemist; Hetherington, Wm. Bern., city attorney, La Salle; Christopher, Michael, barber; Christopher, Thos., barber; Doyle, James, editor and publisher La Salle Daily Post; Begley, Wm., journalist in Princeton, Ill.; Herzig, Jacob, assistant foreman of machine shop in Danville, Ill.; Doyle, Thos., ex-city attorney, lawyer; Orsinger, Louis, clerk at postoffice; Dimond, Vincent, clothier.

Number of First Communicants, Boys' School:

1883, 48; 1884, 27; 1885, 40; 1886, 19; 1887, 27; 1888, 25; 1889, 34; 1894, 27; 1895, 38; 1896, 26; 1897, 47; 1898, 24; 1899, 32; 1900, 18; 1901, 33; 1902, 20; 1903, 51; 1904, 30; 1905, 27; 1906, 28; 1907, 44.

Number of bi-yearly Confirmations, First Communion Classes:

1894-5, 65; 1896-7, 73; 1898-9, 56; 1900-01, 51; 1902-03, 61; 1904-05, 51.

Number of graduates:

1890—James Cody, John Reed, Edw. Stanton, John Haley, Harry Gallagher, Wm. Costello, Edw. Flaherty.

1891—Jos. Martin.

1892—Eugene O'Rourke, Thos. Carroll.

1893—Joseph Murtha, Edward Michaels, Thos. Sweet.

1894—Eugene Malone, Thos. Minaghan.

1895—Hubert Cline.

1896—Edw. Malone, Frank Maher.

1897—Francis Martin, Frank Feenen, L. Rigden.

1898—Stuart Duncan, John Porter, Howard Scanlon.

1899—None.

1900—Robert Coughlin, Martin Hanley.

1901—James E. Cassidy, Vincent Dimond, James M. Flanagan, John V. O'Donnell.

1902—None.

1903—Vincent Dooley, Wm. Begley, Edw. Burke, Jacob Herzig, Chas. Hardy.

1905—Chas. Dooley, Chas. Hanley, Malachy Madden.

1906—Daniel Cawley, Edw. Charley, Vincent Cleary, John McKenzie.

1907—Francis Charley, Eugene Dooley, Thomas Haley, John Kelly, Francis Murray, Howard Winhein, Edw. Zerkie.

342 MARQUETTE ST., LA SALLE, ILL., Jan. 14, '08.

VERY REV. THOS. A. SHAW, C. M.,

DEAR AND VERY REV. FATHER:—The year the Irish named boys began to dwindle in number was 1887, when the most numerous grades of the Brothers' school were transferred to the Sisters.

The Polish and German children of the more progressive classes, began to patronize St. Patrick's and probably St. Vincent's schools after their own had become well established. They seemed to come especially for a better knowledge of the English and commercial branches. The removal of St. Patrick's school to its actual location also added materially to the constant influx of the Polish, German and Austrian elements. The Irish element seems to have always been well proportioned to the population of the parish at large. Whilst the numbers seemed occasionally to fluctuate, the average attendance remained the same since the removal of the primary grades to the charge of the Sisters.

One year, of the nine boys promoted from these grades to the Brothers' school, but one had an Irish name. This one was Eddie Foley.

Last year the Boys' school was more exclusively Irish than for many years previous. This was especially so in the upper grades. Of the seven graduates only one had a name not Irish and that boy had an Irish mother.

The same year at St. Vincent's Academy, of the twelve or thirteen girls that received graduating or special class honors only two bore Irish names.

This year St. Patrick's school has again many boys with names other than Irish. Thus the numbers vary and simply prove that the schools of St. Patrick's parish are held in esteem all over La Salle and Peru.

The opening of St. Bede's College in 1902 probably drew to them a number of German-American Peruvians and thus diminished a trifle the number of boys attending St. Patrick's. Our registers of this period indicate this. Since then the attendance is on the average the same.

Our own parish furnishes almost exclusively the graduates of St. Patrick's school, and very few go elsewhere to study, after completing the course here. It is as a rule, only when they wish to enter upon some learned profession that they do so.

I remain Very Rev. Father,

Cordially yours in J. M. J.,

BROTHER ANTHONY, S. M.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE LA SALLE MISSION — FATHER SHAW IN CHARGE — CLOSE
SURVEY OF THE MATERIAL NEEDS OF THE OLD
MISSION — RAZING AND BUILDING.

1892-1899.

Ardua molimur: sed nulla, nisi ardua, virtus.

“I grapple with hard problems: unless I do, I am
of little account.” —*Ovid.*

THE resignation of Father Peter Byrne of the Superiorship of the La Salle Mission was sent to and accepted by the Visitor July, 1892. After a month's delay the appointment of Father Shaw to the empty chair was made in the middle of August. The Father placed in charge was not unknown in La Salle. The many boys and girls whom he had left on occasion of his removal January, 1868, from La Salle, he found on his return men and women. He was therefore no stranger. Like his predecessor in charge he had a work, and after careful attention he found he had a heavy work to do. His work would not lie in laying and uplifting great schools and elaborate churches—but his work would be made up of saving what had been already built, of restoring what showed decay, of repairing what had been broken, of embellishing what had been plain.

The writer, versed a little in the knowledge of men and things from his practical relations with them as pastor with his flock, imagines he hears some sore-head of the congregation who never had himself any use for parish improvements, never contributed unless under heavy pressure, and then miserly to needed repairs, ever in word and example hindered his neighbor with a dog-in-the-manger spirit from sharing in the duty of justice, explode this wise: “I hear Father Shaw is bent on

making more improvements." Have not improvements been the order of the long day of Father Anthony and when he took leave of La Salle and went to glory, improvements were the order of the day under Father Guedry, his successor? What parish may dare to compare with the prosperous condition of the La Salle schools and church? Let us rest and be satisfied with things as they are. The man that puts forth the above objection to needed improvements of school and church and rectory, is the very man ever busy examining the condition of his home from cellar to roof, ever, if improvements are needed and repairs are necessary, not only willing and ready but joyful to save his home from wreckage or ashes. Man and his buildings; by their nature, must collapse and decay ultimately, in the meantime only the fool will make no provision. The most ordinary mind will secure even a hen coop against a score of agents that would hasten ruin and decay.

The grasp of the human mind varies as the grasp of bodily sight. A few, in a glance take in, so comprehensive is their mental sight, the whole bearings of an object, whilst the many see things only piecemeal, that is, after slow and careful survey. Not gifted with the power of mental intuition or bodily sight to see the long distance range of things, the missionary now in charge of the La Salle Mission was satisfied with a piecemeal survey of the physical and moral conditions of the old parish. He endeavored to follow the wise maxim, "Go slowly." Great work on the physical as well as on the moral buildings of the old Mission had been done "by our fathers in their generation," and not one among his confreres valued their work more than the writer. The buildings of their day improved and cared for by their zeal, ceased to be the same the following day. The rock school house on Third Street was erected at great expense in 1860. A flash from a powder blast delivered sometime in the seventies, so acted on the huge building that from that time it gradually lost its cohesiveness, and made it unsafe and unsound as a home. It was abandoned in 1897.

The church furnaces, the highest grade that Father Anthony could purchase, built up with a brick encasement, too closely to the flooring of the church, had been fired to red heat on the evening of the feast of All Saints, 1892. No people except penitents were in the church. Happily the mother and lover of the church, Mrs. Catherine Donoghue, was there and detected

something unusual with the furnace register near the communion railing, middle aisle. Quietly she notified Father Shaw, then in the confessional. In a moment he was on the spot; took in the situation; saw the slow eating process the fire was making through the floor. The time the message went to the fire department and the application of the six-inch hose could not have been a quarter of an hour. So swelling and vehement was the flood directed by skillful hands to and over every inch of beams, joists and flooring lying west, that in the space of forty minutes danger was passed and the venerable church was saved. There and then thanksgiving was offered by all present to that Providence that disposes all for the best, there and then the Superior with his assistants took the resolution to throw out as soon as convenient the furnaces that had ever been a nuisance, either by filling the church with smoke, or by catering to the whims of the wind. Did the east wind blow, the west side of the church was comfortable, and the east side cold and disagreeable. Did the west play upon the church, the cold was more trying, although in both cases the huge furnaces in zero weather, even in ordinary freezing weather, were taxed severely.

Few things in the survey which Father Shaw made in the fall of 1892 of the church surroundings, appealed to him more distressingly than the old steeple. In every gale or breeze or storm it ever brought to his memory a distressed vessel he had once seen on the Bay of Fundy, shifting and rocking so that the amazement was, that the last blow did not sink her. Many a decade during windstorms did the Father as he blessed the old steeple, ask Him, the great Controller, to protect church and house as the steeple gave a lurch, and seemed to careen. Did the pastor conclude to wait and view its fall?

The action of time told no less on the church steps, front and sides. Anyone, irrespective of creed, who had the slightest idea of the place the entrance to a church should occupy, seeing the shabby, uneven, out of plumb, rough stone steps, which in going down into a quarry would be in place, now leading up to a massive chiseled church, should rightfully consider the La Salle priests and people a very ordinary class, contented to stay and let things stay as their fathers, that shame they had none. Then there was the interior of the church, which, although improved twelve years before after a style of architec-

ture most elaborate, yet the painters' brush became a necessity. Few panel ceilings surpass the ceiling and sanctuary canopy of the La Salle St. Patrick's church. With no pillar to obstruct the view, what a ground lies before the artist on which his colors and creations may appear to the most telling advantage to beholders, and fame to himself!

The old stations of the cross time had ruthlessly dealt with, rendering them indistinct, and beyond the touch of the artist. The windows of the church were of the most ordinary stained glass, which any firm would hardly accept as a gift. The altars, all of wood, put up at considerable expense, were wholly out of harmony with the architecture of the church, and a swindle. Never did Father Anthony regret anything so deeply, and he did not fail to make known his regret to his confreres, among them the writer, when it was too late, as when he allowed the magnificent high altar, built in St. Louis, to suit the architecture, and placed by Father John O'Reilly in the La Salle church, to be removed, and in its stead a Gothic altar erected. The side altars of the great Mother and St. Joseph also made way for Gothic altars. The Gothic altars whilst not in keeping with their surroundings, were moreover a nuisance as they shut up and out of the sanctuary windows back of them, an effect in sanctuary architecture, making what naturally one would expect to be luminous, darksome and dreary.

The roof of the church, having no pitch, had been incapable of carrying a slate, much less a tile roof. Galvanized sheet-iron had been from the beginning its covering. The action of the weather eating the iron sheeting, notwithstanding the coats of paint applied every alternate year, has ever been to every pastor a matter of deep concern and constant care.

The cemetery, the writer is happy to inform his readers, instead of the last object surveyed by the new pastor, Father Shaw, was the first. And the first object to which when improvements began, he gave his first attention. The experience of all the Fathers ever in charge of the La Salle Mission, when money was needed for improvements, has been the experience of the fortunate hunter, who never sallied forth in quest of game without returning laden with stores of the choicest. The people of the La Salle Mission have ever lived up to the axiom, "Who gives quickly gives twice." Father Shaw, as also his predecessors, ever had reason to chide the rich ones of the old

La Salle parish with littleness. Rare have been on the part of the rich a right royal outburst of clever giving, and the exceptions has cleverness been found with the bread earners, yet Father Shaw may safely say from his long years' service to the La Salle people, that he never asked anything for improvements, that, with one exception, he did not freely get. Hence when the hour of improvements struck, he with his assistants obeyed the call, and did not let up until schools and church and grounds were placed in a decent and attractive condition.

(1) In the fall of 1892, and every year afterwards until 1906, farmers of the La Salle township, Eden township, Dimick township, and a few La Salle city families, prevented the cemetery road from becoming a slough. The loads of gravel every two or three years ran as high as five hundred. Our Mitchell owners of the gravel pits, of which St. Patrick's parish has been the beneficiary, cannot, as the writer has elsewhere in this work noted, be forgotten.

(2) At the cost of two thousand four hundred dollars the contract for steam-heating the church was let in 1893 to Messrs. John Dougherty and Cregg of Ottawa, Ill. By Christmas of this year to the delight of priests and people the great plant was built, and working out its soothing effects.

(3) The great white city, World's Fair, of Chicago, as huge as the attraction had been, did not throw back improvements. The old steeple was taken down at a cost of \$480.00, the lowest bid, whilst the highest was \$1,000.00.

The present beautiful campanile that suits so admirably the architecture of the church, was erected at a cost of nearly \$3,500.00, from plans drawn up by the classic church architect of Chicago, Mr. James Egan.

(4) The same Mr. Egan sketched in 1897 the plans for the massive semi-circular steps embracing the whole frontage of the church, and at the hands of Mr. Francis Sheehy, at a cost of \$1,900.00, the graceful addition adding so much dignity to the venerable shrine, was erected.

(5) In 1897 Mr. Thos. Haskins, Sr., from plans drawn up by the above architect, built the present beautiful Brothers' residence, which all told cost over \$4,000.00.

(6) From the city of Lyons, France, in 1898, through the firm of Benziger Bros., Chicago, arrived the massive stone stations of the cross at a cost of \$2,300.00

(7) The Crucifixion and Sacred Agony groups, all life-size figures, all, except the corpus of our Lord exquisitely carved, and which for beauty and pathos and rich coloring may compare with any work of the kind in the United States, were imported by the Excelsior firm of M. H. Wiltzius & Co., Milwaukee and New York, whose diplomas for beauty and solidity of church goods, the St. Louis World's Fair judges signed.

(8) The enterprising church window artists Messrs. Flanagan, Biedenweg & Co. put in the fifteen windows at a cost of \$3,900.00.

(9) The frescoing of nave and sanctuary footed about \$1,300.00, executed by Messrs. Mellerio of Chicago and St. Louis.

(10) The marble railing, high and side altars neared the \$9,000.00 mark, built by the Schroeder Bros., Blair and North Market Streets, St. Louis, Mo., in 1903.

In a future chapter, under the heading, Benefactors of the Parish, the names of the generous givers of many of the above church ornaments will be given.

Ere the writer deals with the more important work, the moral improvements of the parish, which must never cease, and which the following chapter will treat of, the attention of the reader is called to the apparent sudden, yet by no means unprovided death, in January, 1897, at St. Joseph's Hospital, of our dear missionary and confrere, Rev. Pius Kreuz, C. M. In a future chapter will be found a notice of our missionary.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SPIRITUAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE LA SALLE MISSION EVER
PLACED FOREMOST BY THE MISSIONERS.

1857-1907.

“Why do I speak? Why am I here? Why do I live, unless it be that we may live together with Christ? This is my glory: this is my riches. If I speak although you do not listen, my own duty is done: but I do not wish to be saved without you.”

—*S. Augustine Serm. 17th.*

HOWEVER worthy of study and close attention had been the material wants of the Mission to which the Fathers unselfishly gave up their strength and time, far more worthy of their study and close attention had been the spiritual interests of the old mission.

In the days of the Civil War and after the Civil War from 1864-1868 the work of the parish had been chiefly borne by the present rector; for the health of Fathers Anthony and Michael O'Reilly was precarious. Indeed, as has been written, one of them, Father O'Reilly, had paid the debt of nature in April, 1867, and in the opinion of many of that period, Father Anthony would outlive him but a short time. Among the people the old spirit of faith asserted itself in parents and in children; and the government of the town was carried on, on lines that kept pace with the teachings of morality. Modern progress had not entered when the assistant, Father Shaw, was removed to other fields. What does he find when authority bids him take hold of the helm on his return in 1892?

(a) The Sunday theatre opened in 1891 has done ever since, in the avowal of two truthful witnesses, a prosperous Sunday business. Time and again the writer has fallen in with

actors who declared that La Salle for theatricals, sometimes the questionable, was superior to all other cities of its size.

(b) A spirit of liberty that boded little good to the growing Catholic young men and not a few Catholic young women.

(c) The lines of faith as to marriage with non-Catholics loosely set.

(d) The children from eight to fifteen on the streets after dark until late hours.

(e) Numbers of Catholic Irish-American children in the public schools with the consent of Catholic parents.

(f) A tendency, with some, to make the practice of the Catholic faith go hand in hand with worldliness; an opinion among the same that religion should not and must not interfere with the moral acts of the citizen, that the end justifies the means.

(g) The absence of the time-honored custom of reciting every Sunday before the High Mass the holy rosary.

(h) The shabby attendance at the High Mass on Sundays.

(i) The cold treatment towards weekly parish Mass and Benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament so frequently imparted.

(j) The want of zeal on the part of many young women to build up a strong sodality for the spread of devotion towards her who is the life and the hope, after her divine Son, of mankind.

(k) The costly extravagance of adult funerals in flowers and caskets shown by not a few families, whose means were very limited.

The abuses mentioned which had made their way into the field of the La Salle Mission, are the abuses the second and third Plenary National Council, held in the United States in 1866 and 1884, signalized, and in burning words, urged pastors to grapple with and root out.

(1) The observance of the Lord's day.

No subject had ever been more constantly treated, and reasonably so, than the holiness which should mark the Lord's day, and holy days. Every pastor is aware that the faith of his people gets dim, then dies, if the obligation of hearing Mass is laid aside; and since the spirit of the world in Saturday night amusements and sinful occasions tends to efface the center worship of the Church, the Holy Mass, children and parents, in rigorous language, often during the year at each of the four Masses, had the guilt of this sin rung into their ears.

(2) Holy Marriage holding the place it does, as the source of unfailing blessings on the family, society and Church, has ever at the hands of pastors and assistants, received the treatment it deserves, and the able pastoral of the Bishop, given at length in Chapter XLI of this book, was ever a text.

(a) The unreasonable and wicked conduct of company keepers before marriage, in the curse it entails was positively set forth.

(b) The promise of marriage, made without advice and with a party of another creed, was put forth as the pest of the Church, and because destructive to her very life of faith, was repeatedly denounced.

(c) The list of mixed marriages, now under the eyes of the reader, is food for instruction and mourning.

From November, 1848, to June, 1867 (20 years), the number of mixed marriages was 16.

From 1867 to October, 1888 (20 years), the number of mixed marriages was 12.

From 1888 to 1907 (20 years), the number of mixed marriages was 41.

Whole number for space of 60 years, 69.

Let it be, that not a few of these couples concluded to live in Catholic La Salle, where there has been and is so little bigotry shown by the non-Catholic party towards the Catholic party, where the Catholic party, if he or she value the practice of faith, has every encouragement from Catholic neighbors on every side, how many model Catholic wives and mothers, out of forty-one such marriages for the last twenty years, are there? The writer numbers four, as model Catholic mothers surrounded by model Catholic sons and daughters, educated in the Catholic schools, whose husbands and fathers will undoubtedly enter the Church—four out of forty-one mixed marriages during the last twenty years.

(d) The publication of the bans, reception of the sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist, the marriage Mass, were insisted upon.

(3) Catholic schools, the hope of the religion of Jesus Christ, has ever been the ideal of the Pastor's subjects, and to fill the schools the meaning of his shepherd's charge. Hence no subject has been more frequently handled than the Catholic school. Three Sundays in succession before the opening of the Catholic schools, the school was the sermon. For years at the Sunday

nine o'clock Mass, when the answer of a boy or girl to a question put to him or her from the catechism by the Pastor, gave the Pastor his text, the training of the children in the belief and practice of their faith, was ever a sermon on this chief work of the Church.

(4) The Christian wake was ever near the hearts of the clergy. The beautiful custom established by one of the Fathers of telling the rosary, and succeeded oftentimes by the sodality, in the home at the side of the poor corpse, for years had been faithfully followed.

(5) The missionaries had ever been foremost in urging by every praiseworthy means, devotion to the most adorable Sacrament; where this is not enrooted, there vice prevails. No vice can stand, where the heart inflamed with the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, exerts its powers. "He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me." The drink habit, impurity, gambling, worldliness, crushing evils before which so many fall never to arise, must abandon the poor victim, if the poor victim seeks his Lord in the Holy Communion. What a sight to see the ministers of Jesus Christ wearing their strength and their lungs for years, striving to loosen this one from the grasp of the demon of drink, that one from the demon of lust, a third from the demon of gambling and robbery.

(6) The excellence and the glory of the priesthood had their yearly sermon on occasion of the first Mass of the Lord's anointed. Independent of this occasion, the subject, "Calling to the priesthood and the religious life" had its own time.

(7) Nor need it be dwelt upon, that the La Salle Fathers, Pastors and assistants, had never any axe to grind, or ever quailed if truth was to be told before political bosses or their henchmen. The writer with numbers of his clergy and laity, with Catholic and non-Catholic friends, has ever been convinced that no city of the United States is more susceptible of being made a model city than is La Salle. The assistance she needs is, as the case is with every city, negative and positive. First, selfishness, the bane of good government, that has often threatened its life, must be ostracised. Secondly, the strong arm of a prudent and fearless press must be raised and exerted against law-breakers high and low. Thirdly, the city that has framed its own laws and ordinances, owes it to its own dignity and worth, to see that laws are enforced and ordinances observed,

otherwise mob rule would have sway. Every lover of sound judgment does expect the two fruitful sources of crime should enlist the zeal of the city fathers to hold them in merciless gag—the saloon and the gambling hell.

(8) Fully alive to the importance of a healthy, sound city government, yet must the city government look for its chief support from parents. Hence taking that text of the Holy Ghost, spoken by the mouth of St. Paul of Timothy, which sums up the duty of parents towards children, how repeatedly and forcibly have the missionaries driven this home, getting down to daily practices, in work, in watchfulness, in correction, in example. “He that hath not care of his own house denies the faith and becomes worse than an infidel.”

(9) Did the spiritual food served up to the people of the old parish at all the Masses on Sundays, and on Holy days and Lenten season, prove betimes, at least to some palates, distasteful, Missions every four years came around, when “the certain man made a great supper and invited many. And when his servants went out along the by-ways and hedges to compel them to come in.”

So were the spiritual improvements ever most sacredly attended according to the prophecy of Jeremiah, Chapter 3, Verse 15: “I will give you pastors according to My own heart, and they shall feed you with knowledge and doctrine.” And to show the high office of the pastor as the representative of the Eternal Pastor of souls, in the prophecy of Malachy, Chapter 2, Verse 7, it is laid down: “The lips of the priest shall guard knowledge and they shall receive the law from his mouth, for he is the angel of the Lord of hosts.”

What scenic grandeur which holds the sightseer immovable can compare with the grandeur of a host led on by a Cæsar, scaling the mountains, and by unsurpassed bravery claspings the peaks? Has not this been ever the source of unutterable joy to generals and host in the military order, but how deeper and more lasting the joy, when the grandeur of general and host that produced it, lies in the spiritual and higher order, whose mountains to scale are the awful foes of man?

“Dearly beloved,” says the beloved disciple of Jesus, “I have no greater grace than this, to hear my children walk in truth.”

CHAPTER L.

THE PRIESTHOOD AND THE RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE LA SALLE MISSION.

1857-1907.

*Non vos me elegistis, sed Ego elegi vos, et posui vos ut
eatis et fructus afferatis.*

"You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you that
you go forth and bear fruit."

St. John. Ch. 15, V. 16.

THE center for a vigorous Catholic spirit for over half a century, as the La Salle Mission has been, should, in the nature of things show quite a percentage of callings or vocations to the sanctuary and to the religious brotherhood and sisterhood. La Salle was Ireland in manner and custom just as much as Kilrush in Clare County or Athlone on the Shannon. The family inspiration of the La Salle people was the inspiration of the old Church to the highest order of living.

The atmosphere of La Salle was, as it ought to be, laden with dews of grace, ever distilling, ever seeking to find a green-sward on which to soak and work its soothing nature. The ceremonial was carried out, as a rule, as strictly and uniformly as in most seminaries and cathedrals, the Bishop's part excepted. Latin classes were in order for years. The yearly celebration of the first Masses of the newly ordained priests hailing from La Salle, the repeated instructions on the high offices of the priesthood, the regular monthly communion of the boys' sodality, the self-sacrifice of the clergy, their mode of life, "their purity of thought, their eminence in words, wisdom in silence, usefulness in word, by sympathy every man's neighbor, by lowliness the fellow worker of such as do well, by zeal for righteousness the opponents of such as do ill, not suffering the care

of those things that are outward to take away from the care of those things that are inward, nor neglecting those that are outward because they had care of those that are inward,"—what spectacle sublimer, more elaborate, deeper planned, better disciplined to strike effectually the Catholic youth, and lead him, if such were his calling, to follow those who said: "Lord, we have left all things and have followed Thee!"

Then if the sublime priesthood had not been the aim of the young manhood of La Salle, if they were inclined to choose a state of life which would insure and secure them against the shoals and rocks in the way of salvation, there was the brotherhood ever before them. Now the sons of St. John Baptist de La Salle, the Christian Brothers, who had trained most of the fathers of families of La Salle; now the Brothers of the Holy Cross in the four years they had charge of the La Salle boys; now the Brothers of Mary, who after more than a quarter of a century, have been to our La Salle boys beacons of light and hearths of heat.

What a model had not each boy had, of the meaning of a clean heart, of uprightness of action, prudence in word, patience in dealing, self-sacrifice in all things! What had the boy not seen in the school and the church, in private and in public, to lead him to virtue and save him from vice! What had his home shown him superior to the Brothers' training, in union with God by prayer, strictness to duty, watchfulness against the beginning of sin, correction of abuses, and ever an example of Christian manhood! What number of vocations in the La Salle Mission should one not look for from exemplars so high!

If the Catholic boy, trained in the Catholic schools of La Salle, has had before him the life of self-sacrifice in priests and Brothers to incline and bend his way towards the priesthood or brotherhood, if such had been his choice, no less had the Catholic girl of the Sisters' school, before her, the handmaid of Christ, the unselfish Sister, to let the girls see the meaning of what a spiritual mother is made up. The natural mother the poet calls "the holiest thing alive,"—no thoughtful being denies she is such, if the mother is the truly Christian mother, "who hath care of her house, and whom the children rising up call blessed." But if the natural mother is that sickly sentimental Catholic mother who had never had a training herself, and could not mold, and did not know how to mold her child according to

reason and Catholic teaching, can the daughter of such a mother, placed under the influence of the spiritual mother, molded by the arts of the spiritual mother, fail to see that night is not more different from day than what she calls her home, is different from the Sisters' school? After a thoughtful consideration of such high examples of self-sacrifice which the priesthood, the brotherhood, the sisterhood of the La Salle Mission have shown to the young manhood and womanhood, the writer is anxious to discover the sources of the fewness of vocations to the priestly and to the religious life. The task is far easier for the brain than the task of finding the unknown quantity in the most ordinary algebraic problem. To worldliness of the parents is the dearth of priestly and religious vocations due. Parents of such a stamp hold their children by the exclusive title of supreme dominion. They are the makers of their children and controllers of the destinies of their children. It is theirs to point out and urge sons and daughters to blend energies of soul and vigor of body to the trades and professions of human life, the supreme law of paganism. In the estimate of such family leaders the dignity of the priesthood of Jesus Christ, or the high religious life, is practically not as valuable as that of the industrious miner, of the skilled mechanic, or of the successful professional man, be he merchant, lawyer, doctor or professor. So deeply ingrained has this damnable spirit been in not a few of our Catholic college boys, that the faculties, assisted by the Catholic manly boys, had all they could do to subdue cliques formed to the prejudice of the priesthood and the religious life. The bewilderment was that whilst the clique drank in science from the priesthood and the Brothers, with an inconsistency so bare-faced, the members of the clique talked among themselves of the priesthood of Jesus Christ, as a calling like any other worldly calling, a matter of taste or sentiment clearly open to acceptance or refusal. Yea, betimes there have been and are parents so utterly estranged from the meaning of the priesthood of Jesus Christ, as to imagine their dullest son is good enough for the priesthood, as when understood to show the marks of vocation to forbid positively their sons from obeying the sublime call; again, when their sons expressed their wish to become Brothers, they scouted the idea as something below them. When their daughters looked to that life of single blessedness in the religious habit they either sneered at them, or threw everything in their way to thwart them.

After worldliness in parents another cause has been the spirit of the age. To suffer and abstain had ever been by the worldly boy and worldly girl more shunned than the tree infested by the panther had been shunned by the Rocky Mountain traveler. To be surrounded and set upon by a thousand snares, the chief, ungodly men, then the play of politics, the saloon, night amusements, company keeping and its results,—for the boy and for the girl to see all these, to be proof against all these, to despise all these was not in human nature. What percentage of youths raised in a city as La Salle for the last quarter of a century, with a free and easy government winking at morality, has been fit and willing to take hold of the sublimest of callings, or to enter the religious state!

“Woe to thee, O torrent of human custom! Who shall stop thy course? How long will it be ere thou are dried up? How long wilt thou carry down the children with thee into that great and frightful sea, which they that are the best embarked shall hardly pass over?” St. Augustine.

Voltaire and Gibbon, the incarnation of hatred against the priesthood and the religious life, have not, in all their venom, done as much injury to Church and to souls, as such misguided, ignorant persons and worldly Catholics, their abettors. The writer deems it a matter of much importance to lay before the eyes of the lovers of the La Salle Mission the following doctrine concerning the priesthood and the religious orders:

(1) Priesthood. “Neither doth any man take the honor to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was.” Heb. Ch. 5, V. 4.

The Holy Ghost said: “Separate Me Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have taken them.” Acts Ch. 13, V. 2.

Canon 1st. “If anyone shall say that there is not a visible and outward priesthood in the new law, but that the office is only an empty ministry of preaching the Gospel, let him be accursed.

Canon 7th. “If anyone shall say that Order or Sacred Ordination is not truly and properly a sacrament instituted by Christ the Lord, or that it is a certain human fiction invented by men governing Church matters, or that it is only a certain ceremony of choosing ministers of the Word of God and of the Sacraments, let him be accursed.” (Council of Trent, Session XXIII.)

(2) Religious Orders. Pope Martin V decreed in the Bull *Inter cunctas*, issued in February, 1418, that anyone suspected of heresy should be asked: "If he believed that religious orders were approved by the Church and were introduced ritually and reasonably by the Holy Fathers."

The Council of Constance in its decrees, and Pope Martin V in his bulls *Inter cunctas* and *In eminentes*, condemned anyone who said: "The saints founding religious orders sinned in doing so, that anyone entering into any religious order becomes silly and unfit to obey the commandments of God."

The holy Pope Pius IX quotes from the martyr Pope of the reign of terror, Pius VI, the place religious orders hold in the Church: "Our predecessors taught, 'the abolition of religious orders wounds the public profession of the Gospel maxim, hurts that manner of life recommended in the Church as agreeable to Apostolic teaching, hurts the very founders themselves whom we venerate on our altars, who inspired by God have established these societies.'"

Notwithstanding the small showing in numbers the La Salle Mission has made to the priesthood, brotherhood and sisterhood, what man of judgment but prefers the electric spark that quickens into life to the bulk whose massiveness repels a motion? Quality and quantity combined for priesthood, brotherhood, sisterhood, if possible, let us have. Quantity alone, unless the Church and orders are to be sowed with dragon's teeth, and hopes for society here and hereafter blasted forever, let us forcibly resist. Quality alone be our aim! Three hundred Spartans defeated Xerxes' tens of thousands. Single handed St. Vincent de Paul fed the world and reformed the clergy of France, St. Francis of Sales won over seventy-two thousand fierce Huguenots to the Church, St. Francis Xavier baptised and won to Christ Jesus seven hundred thousand pagans. Into every land the sound and to the boundaries of the world the words of the twelve poor fishermen, sent by the great Redeemer, penetrated. "Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your Father to give you a kingdom." A score of priests, a dozen Brothers, about thirty Sisters are La Salle's offering in half a century to the highest, noblest of callings. The departed La Salle boys, each a unit of power, who honored the vesture of holiness, are the two Kelly brothers, Fathers John and William, Michael Cavanaugh, all sons of St. Vincent de Paul. The living, Fathers

James Murtaugh, James Cody, Anthony Malloy, J. J. Martin, Martin Hanley, John Donnelly, John Woods, Thomas Levan, Henry Murtaugh, Francis Nugent, all sons of St. Vincent de Paul, are still on the battlefield.

The living sons of La Salle not of the family of St. Vincent, yet worthy of La Salle, and by their labors bespeak the rock whence they have been hewn, spending and willing to be spent for the sake of souls, are Father P. C. Conway, who leads his flock of St. Pius Church, Chicago, with rare ability and consummate skill; Father L. A. Campbell of St. Catherine's, Austin, whose genial smile and fear to dare, safely lands him over canyons and gulfs, which an impolitic and more daring spirit would barely clear; at the head of the parish of St. Viator is the amiable one of La Salle, the silent, yet fruitful worker Father Thomas McCormick. Not the least is Father P. J. Tinan, whose wisdom is always at a premium among his clerical friends, and whose ever ready prowess exercised in behalf of conserving intact the indissoluble knot is the theme of the ecclesiastical court. Chicago is now in the throes for a spiritual birth of fervor through the zealous Father J. Flaherty. Nor is La Salle without a share in the labors of the great Jesuit Order; for the McGuire brothers, nephews of Patrick McGuire, connected with Capt. John Feeney and John Stuart families, spent in La Salle their early years.

The writer, one of La Salle's sons, feels that the calibre of ecclesiastics as the above roster shows, although numerically small, yet is amazing in its effects!

The thirty virgins consecrated to the Lord, religious mothers who tore themselves from flesh and blood for the sake of Christ, are the Sisters Anselm Shaw, Bridget O'Halloran, Veronica O'Connor, Mother Aloysia Terry, Eliza O'Connor, Julia Halligan, Madame Martin and Sister Geraldine, grand daughters of Mrs. Harrison, Bridget Coughlin, Joanna O'Reilly, Mary Noonan, Margaret Connerton, Mary Gerrity, Bridget Callaghan, Mary Malone, Margaret O'Reilly, Mary Reed, Martina McNamara, Mary Murphy, and others, the glory of La Salle.

To the community of the La Salle priests of the Mission went in 1854 from La Salle, John Dreen, relation of the McCurlys and Thomas Murtaugh, a relation of the Murtaughs and O'Connors of the County Roscommon, who lived and died true sons of St. Vincent.

To the Brotherhood of Mary have gone the noble youths, Thomas Burke, professed in 1899, Joseph Christopher, professed in 1907, Walter Golatka, professed in 1907, Joseph Szczepanski, due to profess in 1908, to show the way of the cross, and the contempt of all the world holds dear to the La Salle boys and men.

Quality, therefore, must ever be the prime factor to be rigidly studied in the choice of candidates, above all for the priestly office, and for the communities of the brotherhoods and sisterhoods. Of these has it been said: "Everyone that hath forsaken houses or brethren or sisters or father or mother or lands for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

CHAPTER LI.

THE SORROW OF THE LA SALLE MISSION—THE LOSS OF HER
STALWART Pillars.

1881-1907.

“When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in
battalions.”

—*Shakespeare.*

DEATH is intended by the Creator to prove an agony, bitter and longer for the living than for the departed. This bitterness is the more galling, as the relations of the departed to the world have been the closest, or by reason of ties of blood, or influence of virtue. “Oh, death!” says the Holy Ghost, “how bitter is thy remembrance to a man that hath peace in his possessions.” This refers primarily to the man dying, about to be ostracized from the world, from family, from wealth, from enjoyment which he had simply lived for and in which he had found his heaven. The gall which fills his soul makes him angry, gnash his teeth, pine away and writhing in pain determined to accept relief of no kind, he gives up the ghost. Such a death is very bitter because very wretched. Very bitter is death to a family little or big, to a home or a parish where the ones mourned have been model Catholics. The parish of La Salle has ever had peace in its possession of simple, manly, fervent Catholics. They have been and are the real wealth. Not one going into the house of his eternity, but touches the heart of the shepherd, and the more deeply as his services have been of a high order. The altar, the pew have missed him. Allow memory to recall a score of the noble parishioners passed away since Fathers Anthony, Guedry and Abbott’s time.

How may the writer say too much of honest, religious John Confrey. With his enlightened piety, for he had read well,

—and none in La Salle of the writer's day had a deeper knowledge of the principles of the Catholic faith,—few seminarians at their philosophy or theology, could serve Mass with our friend. The bitterness of the winter mornings or any other impediment, for years, 1864-1868, a little after 5:00 a. m., never prevented zealous John Confrey from being present to serve the Mass of Father Michael O'Reilly or the Mass of the writer. What parish is not enriched by the presence of such souls! Leaving his family and parish a high example of virtue, in his 67th year, 1883, he passed to his reward. His saintly wife in 1906 followed him.

Here was Uncle Thomas O'Connor, whose soul was filled with religion, for he had passed the best part of his life at All Hallows' College, Dublin, and none knew the role of the priest or the angels of the altar better than our old friend.

Daniel Cline, little in body and big in soul, was another specimen of the old school who had to obey the summons, leaving his family his strong love for the Church.

Grandfather Francis Harrison, after an edifying life at the ripe age of 87, December 30, 1882, slept in the Lord. Grandmother Harrison, a great personality in the La Salle parish after a life of strong Catholic deeds, at the age of 67, October 2, 1886, went to her reward. Mrs. Michael Winifred Byrne, devoted as her mother to the Church, after years of suffering, in her 57th year, January 31, 1899, gave up her generous soul to her Creator whom she served so well. Mr. Michael Byrne, high-minded and magnanimous, courageous in the profession of faith, and ever most reverential and generous to the La Salle clergy, in the 68th year of his age, October 13, 1900, prepared by his old friend the writer, passed to a better world. And James Cody, our boyhood companion, and whom in the early years of our priesthood and his manhood we had admiringly eyed for his genial nature and Catholic firmness, the old town had to lose. High example he ever was to the parish. Like his grand old father John, had been to the clergy, so had James Cody ever lived. His sons, Rev. James Cody of the Lazarist Order, Joseph Cody of La Salle, whose time is divided up among various pursuits, combining the necessary with the useful and with the agreeable; John Cody, the oldest, strong in the faith of his father, faithful to his beautiful family, true to his friends, must ever be thankful for the gift of such a father, and strive to walk in his footsteps.

The Donnelly family of La Harpe and Second Streets, had to bitterly grieve over the loss of their cherished son William. As grievous as his loss had been and is to his relations, the loss to the parish and to the city has been graver immeasurable. His fidelity to duty was a passion, his forethought and foresight in what concerned Church and house matters, characteristic. Few ecclesiastics surpassed William in gravity of behavior, weight of word, prudence in action. He was a young man in a thousand, was William Donnelly. Oh! may the life of this exceptional character be ever present to the mass of the Catholic young men of La Salle to all time, that they may study deeply "that venerable old age is not counted by the number of years, but that a spotless life is old age. He pleased God and was beloved. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding." Wis. Ch. II.

Here the writer must chronicle the name and deeds of a son of St. Vincent whom La Salle had little known. He had been a member of the La Salle clergy family hardly three months before he entered into his rest. Our confrere, Father Pius Kreuz, entered into the family of St. Vincent de Paul at St. Louis in 1863. He received the holy order of priesthood in our church, Germantown, Pa., in 1874. Missioned to St. Vincent's church, Chicago, thence to St. Vincent's parish, St. Louis, thence to St. Vincent's parish, Kansas City, the experience he gathered of parish life, and the zeal he ever showed for the good of the people, was a matter of constant talk among the parishioners of the respective parishes of the above named cities. Reaching the La Salle Missionary house in October, 1896, his duty, in company with zealous Father Weldon, was in the missionary field. During a laborious mission preached in the city of St. Paul, Minn., in the latter part of November, he contracted a very serious cold. Of a rugged nature, never to the writer's knowledge known to complain, yet on his return to La Salle he had to make known his distressed feeling, had recourse to a steam bath which failed to free him from the clutches of that enemy, the racking cough, so fatal to even the most powerful physique. The extraordinary remedy had to be applied. Father Shaw insisted that he go to St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago, for treatment. Like a child Father Kreuz obeyed. To Chicago he went, and under the care of the Daughters of St. Vincent, his

sisters, he was placed. The best medical skill was applied. The writer and other confreres called upon him during his illness. Resigned and happy to see us he hoped against hope. The letter that follows describes his last hours:

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.
CHICAGO, ILL., February 16, 1908.

REV. THOS. A. SHAW, C. M.,
ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, PERRYVILLE, MO.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

THE GRACE OF OUR LORD BE WITH US FOREVER!

Your letter asking for some details of the illness and death of Father Kreuz was received and I gladly send the information you desire.

Father Kreuz came to this hospital on December 30, 1896. He was giving a mission and had a very heavy cold. During his illness he was most resigned and bore his suffering with edifying patience and cheerfulness. Almost to the last he celebrated Mass, even when it was next to impossible for him to do so. He died on January 30, 1897, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, death resulting from empyema of the lungs. The remains were taken to La Salle at noon the following day. The weather was extremely cold, and it was snowing heavily.

I trust that these few facts relative to Father Kreuz will be of some use. I cannot give you his very words as you requested, but he met death peacefully and was full of confidence in God. His dispositions were all that could be wished for.

With earnest good wishes believe me,

Yours sincerely in St. V.,

SISTER M. ROSE.

The remains of the holy priest were conveyed to La Salle where reverently they were received, placed in a hearse, and followed by the clergy and a number of gentlemen of the parish, were laid in the church in state. The solemn services for the dead were performed over his precious remains, and along side Father Michael O'Reilly, in the beautiful diamond shaped lot surrounded by pines he rests. Two months afterwards in the same year his big-hearted confrere Father Michael Cavanaugh slept next to him.

Other pillars that have fallen the quarter of a century past, are the honored names of Great-grandmother Counerton, Anna O'Reilly, Bridget Fallon, housekeepers to our early missionaries, Wm. O'Reilly, John Cody, John Riedy, Richard Woulfe, Grandfather Hanley, Patrick Conway, Patrick Malone, Patrick Farrell, Richard Prendergast, Mrs. John Johnston, Mr. John Johnson, Luke Doyle, Mrs. Meagher, Mrs. Dorrigan, Peter Coleman, John Coleman, Thomas Coleman, Luke Gierty, Mrs. O'Connor, his sister, Senator James Duncan, Senator Andrew O'Connor, Mrs. Andrew O'Connor, Kennedy O'Brien and his amiable wife, John Stewart, Mrs. Capt. Feeney, Mrs. Patrick McGuire, Mrs. Byrne, so loyal to the church, Grandmother Kilduff, whose life so saintly was ever a powerful stimulant to her children to walk as she walked, Mrs. Timothy O'Donoghue whose wise piety and admirable home rule extended so far. Mrs. Rose Kernon passing to her Lord in full use of her faculties in the 98th year of her age.

And lastly went out to her Saviour, amiable Sister Pacifica, that spiritual mother who had from 1862-1905 served the children of the old Mission, whose gifts of natural kindness, evenness of disposition, thoughtful forbearance were heightened by the graces given her and corresponded with as daughter of St. Vincent de Paul. Her last days are beautifully described to the writer in letters by her own Sisters who had the large happiness of having under their eyes a model of rare virtue.

"She suffered of late years a great deal from insomnia and rheumatism in her lower limbs. All through 1904 the pain was intense at night and her only sleep was from 3 to 6 in the morning; her strength failed and at times her limbs were numb, but she struggled on to the end of the year, hiding her sufferings as much as possible. It was the year of the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception and she spared nothing to have an impressive celebration in its honor, closing it by the illumination of our house that night, which all La Salle enjoyed. When preparing, someone said that we must have a good program to celebrate the fiftieth of the school the following year on St. Vincent's day, she answered, 'We'll prepare our Lady's celebration and St. Vincent will take care of his own.' I think he did take care of it in his own way, for when it came she was in heaven and the day passed unknown.

"On Christmas afternoon she went to bed, got up on the 28th to distribute gifts on the Christmas tree to our children, then to bed till New Years, when she rose, came down to dinner against our will, then went to the parlor to see the doctor, who pronounced her ailment, paresis. We helped her upstairs, and that was her last time down stairs, although she got to the chapel, and sitting room occasionally, until about the first of February, when her feet were paralyzed. When first affected, the doctor said that some lingered that way two or three years, but on March 1st he told us that she could not live more than a month, the disease developed so quickly. Of course we had prayers everywhere, a novena of Masses at the Carmelites at Baltimore, another in their New Orleans house, one in honor of our venerable mother closing on her feast, but their effect was to shorten her sufferings, and I believe to ease them, for she was the last month in a continual half sleep, perfectly conscious when we could arouse her, but in a few minutes she would say she wanted to sleep. On Sunday, March 6th, her speech was affected, we could not understand her, the next day it was better and the next day worse. On the 8th, Ash Wednesday, you heard her confession, gave her holy communion and anointed her, from that on I remember little."

SISTER MARIANNA DWYER.

"Sister was always afraid we would hurt ourselves in turning her, that we were losing too much rest, or not taking sufficient food; even in the worst paroxysms of pain, her moan was, 'My poor Sisters, you are overworked, but God will bless you;' when we sympathized with her for not being able to turn, she would cast her failing eyes on the crucifix and say, 'Our Lord could not turn on the cross, and my bed is so much more comfortable.'

"It was the same with everything; she needed nothing, was grateful for every little attention, and anxious for every spiritual favor, that could be granted.

"She was attended during her illness by Drs. Burke and Crowley, whose untiring devotedness was fully appreciated by all the Sisters, but particularly by the dear patient herself. Her spiritual wants were, if possible, more promptly attended to, for on March 8th, the first day we admitted her case was serious, you insisted on administering to her the sacrament of extreme unction. When Sister was told that Father Shaw wished to

anoint her she said, 'I do not think I am sick enough to die, but if he thinks so let him anoint me.' She was perfectly resigned to God's holy will, and several times during her illness did she say, 'Our Lord has put me on the cross and I am satisfied to remain on it as long as He wishes.'

"We had the school children make a novena to our Venerable Mother Le Gras for her recovery, and we hoped for great things on the 15th of March, but that date found our dear patient worse. She received holy communion on that day. When we were putting away the little stand, etc., she said, 'Do not put those things away for good, I will receive holy communion on St. Joseph's day.'

"On the 18th she reminded us that she wanted to receive holy communion the next day. At about six o'clock in the evening she said, 'Fix me for holy communion, the priest will be here in a few minutes.' On being told it was evening and that the great feast would be tomorrow, she dozed off for a few minutes and when she again awoke she repeated her request of being fixed to receive our Lord. She did this several times and as we feared she would not live to see the morrow, the priest was sent for and Rev. Father Edwards came at once and gave her holy communion.

"On Saturday, April 1, 1905, at about 8 in the evening, the last change came. Our dear Sister had been lying with closed eyes for some hours, but now she opened them wide, with a startled look full of anxiety, then gently closed them, gave one sigh and her soul was with God. A look of peace and heavenly joy immediately settled on her face, and remained there during the three days her body was exposed in the chapel, giving everyone the impression of sanctity; many persons said that her funeral seemed more like a triumph of a saint.

"She was laid in the chapel on Sunday afternoon. We asked Messrs. H. W. Duncan and J. Martin to take care of the funeral arrangements, and they did it with a kindness and respect that was very soothing to us in our sorrow. The funeral was on Tuesday, April 4th, solemn Mass by our La Salle boys."

SISTERS ALOYSIA AND MARGARET.

The chief mourner was her life-long friend Sister Marianna Dwyer, whose anguish of spirit was the sharper because of the knowledge she had of the wealth of so beautiful and meritorious

a career, which on this side of the tomb was now forever closed to her. May the virtues of this woman of God be ever fresh in the memories of the throngs of our La Salle girls, young women, and mothers who had for teacher in the way of God the good, amiable and saintly Sister Pacifica Ulrich.

Few months had passed since gloom had shaded La Salle by the death of Sister Pacifica, when the all-wise God struck La Salle again, once and twice. First by the departure of our Visitor, Very Rev. Thomas J. Smith, September 23, 1905, and secondly by the sudden departure of our Visitor Very Rev. William J. Barnwell, January 25, 1906. Losses deep and far-reaching because of the eminence and virtue, in letters, and in that rarest of talents, the talent of governing. Very Rev. Father Barnwell, only four months in office of head Superior of the Western Province of the United States, had been unknown to the people of La Salle. The people of La Salle had known Father Thomas Smith for over forty years. Often had he moved among them and received of their purses to build up Niagara, and the great church of St. Joseph's, New Orleans. Had he not at the death of Father Anthony lived for a while at La Salle to settle matters? Did he not appoint honest, simple, zealous Father Guedry to succeed the old patriarch? La Salle, therefore, had reason to sorrow over what the priests of La Salle sorrowed over, the collapse of two great pillars which had added much strength to the house of St. Vincent.

CHAPTER LII.

THE DIOCESAN AND CHICAGO CLERGY AND THE PRIESTS OF THE
LA SALLE MISSION—THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

1882-1907.

“How beautiful and how pleasant it is for brethren to
live in unity, for there the Lord hath ordained blessing.”
—*Psalm 132nd.*

IN the long years the Lazarist Fathers have had charge of the La Salle Mission, the keenest pleasure the writer of the La Salle “Story” enjoys is the pleasure arising from the *entente cordiale*, or the hearty understanding which has ever marked the diocesan clergy towards the sons of St. Vincent de Paul, or *vice versa*. It is truth to say this feeling is largely traceable to the able and broad views of the illustrious Bishop of Peoria, and the endeavors of the La Salle Missionaries to carry out the customs of their wise founder towards the Bishop and his devoted clergy.

The confidence placed in the Missionaries in admitting them into the diocesan board of examiners for concursus, schools and other matters of trust,—to each and all of which the Missionaries as far as they could, ever lived up,—is more than a diamond mine, is life in all that life means. The clergy of the diocese of Peoria calling on and inviting the La Salle Lazarists to preach missions in their parishes have certainly by these marks of favor given their confidence to the sons of St. Vincent, which the sons of St. Vincent have ever highly valued and endeavored to hold. The La Salle home of the Lazarists has ever had the latch loose to all of the Peoria clergy, and the Peoria clergy have ever had their houses open to any of the La Salle Missionaries who chose to call upon them. The fellowship among both has been most pleasant and constant.

It has been the good fortune of the La Salle priests, and especially the good fortune of the writer, to fall in with members of the clergy of many dioceses whose sterling work had impressed itself, after close acquaintance with them. The relations the writer and his brothers have had with certain of the Peoria and Chicago clergy are close, yes, friendly. First, because root and branch of Lazarists have known them; secondly, because of the College home they passed under the Lazarists; thirdly, because of the circumstance that brought the La Salle priests of the Mission and the diocesan clergy together, afforded them opportunity to study "spotless reputation." The present worthy dean of St. Columba's, Ottawa, the excelsior parish of the Peoria diocese, is one of the very closest friends of the writer, outside of his own order. When a boy, before the Civil War, old St. Mary's of the Barrens, where the writer is engaged penning these memoirs, was for a few years the home of Thomas S. Keating, as well as the home of the writer. Simple in his way, fond of fun, never ruffling the prefect, nor eye-sore to his college chums, he was then a voracious reader. Gifted with an extraordinary memory, and as a consequence a fund of information, yet the modest boy had little to say until asked, who harmless himself, judged everybody to have and exercise the same gift. "The child," says the proverb, "is the father of the man." The best has ever been the object of the thought and expression of Dean Keating, and so far as the writer knows his friend of nigh fifty years, the motto of the dean has been, "What people don't know won't bother them." The reputation in which he stood at Champaign, El Paso, and in Ottawa, the home of his youth, is his passport. Long may he go on and live his amiable and unselfish career, among a people who admire the heart and the hand ever open to them.

There are the branches of the sturdy Irish stock, the Quinn brothers, Father John of Peoria and Father James of Rock Island, representative men and pastors, whose ideal of the ecclesiastic is the highest, open, frank, with no axe to grind, worthy sons of great parents who adored Father Patrick Toner, and stood to him so often when the zealous priest; at the end of the sixties and at the opening of the seventies, had his home among the sloughs and his out-missions on the lonely prairies, where today are the Champaign and Urbana cities, the latter with its state

university, Farmer City, Ivesdale, Rantoul, Tolono, and fully a dozen others, whose names escape the memory of the writer.

Dean Thomas Mackinn, the La Salle County young man who asked no odds for his education from anyone outside of his family, was a thorough business man in Chicago during the war. After the war his funds were flush enough to allow him to reach the aim of his life, the priesthood. Ordained at the opening of the seventies for the diocese of Chicago, St. Patrick's Church was his first mission. The writer well remembers the character the pastor of Rev. Thomas Mackinn, Father Patrick Conway, afterwards Vicar-General, gave of the newly ordained assistant: "I never met in all my years a priest who can reach the hearts of the people and unloose their purses like Father Mackinn." In Chicago and in Rock Island he has left innumerable traces of his excellent judgment and tact in the positions his influence has procured and the losses he has prevented. The Dean was ever true to his friends, and his compassion for the wayward of every class was the mercy of silence. That he would have passed away so rapidly has been the bewilderment of his friends.

The name of Father Michael Heafy, to the older Chicago clergy, to the Peoria clergy and to the clergy of La Salle, is a name that cannot easily be passed over. He has been a favorite pastor because of his modesty, his rare prudence and his love of the poor from Pekin to Mendota, from Mendota to Peru. Our Father Anthony of happy memory ever treated Father Heafy, because of the holiness of his life, in an exceptional way. In the evening of his career he is enjoying, as chaplain to the Sisters at Ohio Station, that rest so well earned by him.

Father Henry O'Kelly of Streator, who with the Dean of Ottawa and the writer, had so much to do with the schools of the Deanery, cannot easily be sided. His priestly bearing, his honesty, are known by all, his zeal for the care of youth and for the glory of the house of God, anyone who cares to pay a visit to the most populous city of La Salle County, Streator, may see exhibited in the striking school building, and handsome basilica he has enlarged and embellished to the interests of religion. Still in his prime, may his healthful and dignified form grow day by day more elastic, because of his children of the faith.

The "Story of the La Salle Mission" must not be allowed to limp through forgetfulness of favors received. To the accomplished musical genius, Rev. Dr. J. J. Cummings, whose per-

sonality wins and holds his friends, the La Salle Mission owes much. Still in the youth of his manhood, may he continue to shed renown on his high calling, mindful of his grand old pastor, Father Wm. Hughes, a Barrenite, whose only thought was duty to his flock.

The official visits paid La Salle city by Right Rev. Peter J. O'Reilly, auxiliary to Bishop Spalding and Vicar-General of Peoria diocese, offered occasions to the good Bishop to know the spirit of the Lazarists, and for the Lazarists to know the Bishop. Indeed, after first acquaintance of the Lazarists with the far-seeing Bishop Spalding's Right Rev. auxiliary, stiffness gave way to ease, display yielded to simplicity, the genuine soul of him representing Bishop Spalding in his absence, is before you. His striking characteristic is knowledge on a variety of subjects outside of his professional knowledge. His conversational powers, once the zealous Bishop opens up into any subject, are like an avalanche, but unlike an avalanche non-destructive in their results. Kindness, his very nature, running through his every mood, loyalty to his illustrious chief, and conscientiousness to duty, excellent traits in the character of a leader, have not failed in the diocese and out of the diocese to be noted.

Dean Weldon and Vicar-General of the Peoria diocese, knowing the Lazarists in his old home, New Orleans, and especially our late Visitor Father Thomas Smith, was ever quite at home with the priests of the La Salle Mission, although his calls were seldom; and the home of the large-hearted Vicar-General at Bloomington, the Lazarists, on going to or returning from St. Louis, did time allow, ever sought, and Southern hospitality, *nolens volens*, was the fortune of the guests.

Our La Salle-Niagara boys and those affiliated to La Salle-Niagara boys discharging the sublime priestly office now engage the pen of the writer.

Father Francis Henneberry was the second edition in zeal of the honey-tongued Father Faber. The La Salle Mission when Francis paid it a visit considered itself ennobled by the presence of one who felt what it was to be, to act the priest, whose restless soul was ever thinking out ways and means "to restore all to Christ." Who that knew him when he was a boy at Niagara, when years were added to him, when the most correct clerics of his College course were his constant companions,

when his earnest piety and fervid zeal were the admiration of the faculty and of his equals, and raised to the highest of dignities and understanding the meaning of the priesthood in the virtues he should own and practice, who would be bold enough to think, much less assert, that the personality of Francis Henneberry spoke in all his actions, anything else but the copy of the great High Priest? None who ever knew this man of God but must endorse every word of the above delineation of Father Francis Henneberry's character. His saintly mother's departure a few years before had affected, alas, too deeply, her son. Being of a nature most sensitive, of strong attachment to his friends, what had he been towards his mother? On her his boyhood had rested for everything. Her counsels in his numerous priestly duties and difficulties when he heeded them, safely guided him. To miss forever in this world such a guide, philosopher and dearest of all friends, was too much for royal hearted Father Henneberry to carry. Glowing with the first fervor of his priesthood he lingered on for a while, and then the Master when He deemed it well, ordered him home. Chicago knew the dear departed, as she knew herself, the progressive priest according to Christ. His brethren, who knew him, loved his deep, warm, candid, enthusiastic Irish nature which ever found its way to their hearts. Among the people he lived an ideal to copy.

The classmates of Father Henneberry in the University that echoes the roar of the cataract, are names of priestly honor and zeal, enjoying the confidence of their ecclesiastical Superiors. Rev. P. J. Tinan whilst guarding the Dove of the Cell in Chicago, has his confrere Father Michael Egan watching with his trained Eagle at the foot of La Salle County for any spiritual poachers from Streator.

The La Salle boys, Fathers L. A. Campbell, J. Flaherty and P. C. Conway, who are leading the hosts of the great western metropolis into a high and sound way of living, are only laying down the principles which Cape Girardeau and Niagara first taught, and deeply impressed on them. After all has been thought out and said and written, the influence of the La Salle Mission has had not a little to do with and has claims on her sons who are quickening the faith and keeping it daily waxing strong.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE BENEFACTORS OF THE LA SALLE MISSION.

1867-1907.

"Remember the word of the Lord Jesus, how He said:
It is more blessed to give than to receive."

—*Acts. Ch. 20th, V. 35.*

THE most fascinating landscape, the sublimest of subjects, the Yosemite Valley of California sets before the tourist, are to the human eye although faintly what generousness is to the human heart. Yet the physical phenomena although dumb, ravish the soul into pleasures of exquisite delight. What a picture of the human heart is the unfailing chattering stream breaking out from its mountain bed, and joyfully going on its journey, widening and spreading its munificence over fields and meadows of vast extent to gladden and enrich their owners. The writer has ever looked upon our United States, considered from the standpoint of humanitarianism, as the favored nation. "The love for man for man's sake is certainly a cardinal virtue of the great American Republic. No matter where the human heart throbbed in suffering, whether from oppression or consumed by the pangs of hunger, there the breast of the land of Washington has ever been filled with emotion." "The two United States warships, Jamestown and Macedonian, writes John Francis McGuire, of the Irish famine year, 1847, "sailing into Cork harbor, under a cloud of snowy canvas, their great holds laden with breadstuffs for the starving people of Ireland, was a sight that brought tears to many an eye and gratitude to many a heart."

The open hand to calamity, national or state, city or country, has been so ordinary that it has come to be a matter of course. This everyone witnesses in seasons of drought, overflows,

cyclones, earthquakes, pestilence. Then the charities dispensed by individuals and families to build and equip houses and schools of refuge, academies, universities, at the cost of millions of dollars, the funds formed from burses to protect the institutions from insolvency and decay,—who may fear for the success of a nation, and people, whose noble philanthropy is ever foremost! La Salle is happy in having in its midst citizens of such a caliber, American by adoption, and whose deeds to the city in manual training schools, electric plants, wiping out the city debt, pensioning scores of families, have been neither ordinary nor rare. The reader sees at a glance that the citizens referred to are the Hegler and Matthiessen firm.

Whatever one finds praiseworthy in the love of man for man is generally the incentive philanthropy. But what one of our philanthropists ever dreams there is an obligation for him to dispense his goods to the outcast and lessen misfortune under pain of guilt? It is not too much to affirm that the cleverest of philanthropists has not been ignorant of the history of the great Church of Jesus Christ for two thousand years, that her very life has been one of charity.

"Christianity," writes the non-Catholic historian, Lecky, in *European morals*, vol. 2, "for the first time made charity a rudimentary virtue. * * * It affected a complete revolution in this sphere, by regarding the poor as the special representatives of the Christian Founder, thus making the love of Christ, rather than the love of man, the principle of charity."

The action of the grand old Church, when paganism was glutting itself with her blood and strangling her children, had been to open her heart to every object of misery, and when the hour sounded for the overthrow of paganism, and the Spouse of Jesus Christ had her wealth of beneficence, the world was covered with her gifts. If it be true that man is like the company he keeps, that the influence of the company, especially if it be elevating, ennobling must act upon the convictions of man, and mould him, if he will be moulded, where could philanthropy, the shadow of charity, outpour its millions unless it had studied the outward Christianity in the thousand immortal deeds of the Church in every age? Universities, academies, schools, churches and asylums, the gifts of the children of the Catholic Church, and foundations to preserve them have been the object lesson for humanitarianism; and by contrast let it be understood that

even philanthropy was ever at best but spasmodic, a system in no way binding on anyone, that the genius of the Jewish law and Roman and Grecian law had nothing in common with charity, with the obligation under guilt of sin to support religion, to save the child, and reclaim the unfortunate, to protect life and safeguard the faith so essential to salvation.

The Catholics of the La Salle Mission, with the heart they had and the little they could control, the charity of Jesus Christ urging them, were and are the heirs of charity. The nigh one hundred missionaries that served for seventy years the people of the La Salle Mission have but one opinion of them, and that opinion was expressed in a letter written by Father Anthony fifty years ago: "We live in the heart of a Catholic people who know how to appreciate the success of their clergy."

Poor La Salle, with its heart ever bigger than its purse, did try on a small scale to follow that most generous of all the cities of the world, Philadelphia, where the Cahills, the Kanes, the Drexels, the Maxwells dispensed their charities, or St. Louis, where the Mullanphys, the Biddels, the Sheehan Brothers, the Hunts doled out their alms, or Peoria, where our lady Henneberry has set so high a value on Catholic education! Poor La Salle with its heart ever bigger than its purse, has been the inheritor of the spirit of Pammachius and Paulina, that great couple immortalized by St. Jerome. "Paulina in dying," writes the Holy Doctor, "gave birth to as many children as there were poor in Rome," and of Pammachius, the husband of Paulina, the same Holy Doctor says, "he embalmed her remains with an abundance of alms."

La Salle, with its heart ever bigger than its competence is the inheritor of these, and of that Paulinus prefect consul of Rome, Bishop of Nola and saint, whom St. Augustine bids his friend, Licentius, in the following words, to see: "Go to the land of labor and admire Paulinus, a man of great genius, high descent and great wealth, see with what noble disinterestedness the servant of God has stripped himself of all his earthly goods, that he might possess God alone." La Salle, always benevolent and beneficent in keeping with its means, ever had a praiseworthy ambition to see the religion of Jesus Christ in schools and churches spread. The Irish nature here in the confession of all peoples is in eminence.

The first benefactors among the La Salle people to the highest of all objects, the priesthood, are Michael and Rose Kernon. Unsolicited, of free and deliberate action, on January 6, 1867, whilst fervent old Michael lay on his bed after receiving the sacraments, he, with the consent of his wife Rose Kernon, made his last will and testament, which is on file the last forty years in Ottawa court house, La Salle County, Illinois. A copy of which, for edification, the writer submits:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF MICHAEL KERNON.

In the name of God, Amen.

I, Michael Kernon, of the town of Dimick, in County of La Salle and State of Illinois, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, but sick and weak in body, and considering the certainty of death and the uncertainty of time thereof, and to the end I may be the better prepared to leave this world, whenever it shall please God to call me hence, do, therefore, make and declare this my last will and testament in the manner following, that is to say:

After my death my personal property is to be sold and my burial expenses and just debts to be paid out of the proceeds of such sale, and the residue to be applied by my executor hereinafter named, to the support of my beloved wife Rose.

My real estate, S. E. 4 of S. W. 4 of Sec. 22 in Township Dimick No. 34, Range No. 1, in County of La Salle, in the State of Illinois, being the same upon which I now reside, is to be rented out by my executor, and the proceeds arising therefrom—after paying all the taxes that may be assessed thereon, and keeping the fence enclosing it in repair—shall be applied by my said executor to the support and maintenance of my said beloved wife Rose, so long as she shall live, and after the death of my said beloved wife Rose the said land shall be sold by my said executor, and the proceeds arising therefrom to be by my said executor disposed of as follows, that is to say:

Fifty dollars to be paid to the Catholic Sisters of Charity of La Salle, La Salle County, Illinois, to be by them applied in supporting the orphans they may have in charge. One hundred dollars to be paid to Rev. Mark Anthony, parish priest of St. Patrick's church, in the city of La Salle, in the County and State aforesaid, or to his successor as such parish priest, to be

applied for the good of my soul, to such charitable purposes as to said Rev. Mark Anthony, or his said successor, may seem best.

The residue of my proceeds of the sale of the said land after paying burial expenses of my said beloved wife Rose, and all other expenses, it is my will to have applied to the education to the priesthood of such young man "or poor boy" as the said Mark Anthony or his successor as parish priest of St. Patrick's church as aforesaid, in conjunction with Rev. Thos. A. Shaw, may choose for that purpose. And my said executor is hereby authorized in pursuance of the provisions of this my last will and testament, to sell and dispose of the said parcel of land and execute to the purchaser or purchasers thereof a good and sufficient deed thereof.

And I nominate and appoint Nicholas Duncan of the City and County of La Salle of the State of Illinois, executor of this my last will and testament.

In testimony thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this sixth day of January, 1867, of our Lord.

his
MICHAEL (X) KERNON. (SEAL.)
mark

Signed, sealed and delivered as his last will and testament by the testator, in our presence who at his request and in his presence, have hereunto set our hands as witnesses.

THOMAS A. SHAW,

his
MICHAEL (X) COSTELLO,
mark

NICHOLAS DUNCAN.

The will proven by Duncan and Shaw. .

The wife of the grand old man lived out her ninety-eight years. Full of faith, she passed away December, 1905, and her funeral, as became a benefactress, was the most solemn old St. Patrick's parish could show her memory.

Mr. Kennedy O'Brien grants St. Mary's Seminary, Perryville, the sum of \$800.00 to advance the work of all works.

The next benefactor to the La Salle Mission, in intention, is Charles J. Devlin. Death, alas, took him away before he was able to do anything to carry out what his Catholic benevolent nature had intended. It is highly proper to state for truth's

sake, that neither the order of the priests of the Mission, nor the La Salle priests of the Mission, nor the church of St. Patrick's, La Salle, ever received a dollar from Mr. Charles J. Devlin, except for the cemetery lots. All this does not, however, hinder the writer and friend of Charles from giving Charles J. Devlin credit for his noble intention, as he ordered the great marble altar, of paying in full for it, had the good God spared his precious life. The many objects of his benevolence and beneficence in the state of Kansas, and Illinois, known only to intimate friends, must keep his memory ever green. His friends will endorse the eulogy delivered on the character of Charles J. Devlin by a non-Catholic editor of an influential Kansas City, Mo., paper to one of the priests of the order: "Were I a Catholic priest I would preach at least two sermons from coast to coast, one of the great life insurance president of New York City, John McCall, and the other sermon on honest Charles J. Devlin."

The following is Mr. Devlin's letter in reference to the high marble altar, showing the zeal that urged him to write out the inscription which should be, as it has been, chiseled under the center panel of the great altar:

TOPEKA, KAN., Jan. 13, 1903.

DEAR FATHER SHAW:

Your kind letters received and I am always glad to see or hear from you. I wish you a happy New Year, and many, many of them.

Now as to the altar. Let the following inscription be put on it so those receiving the most blessed sacrament can easily see it:

"Erected by Very Rev. Thos. A. Shaw, in honor of the Immaculate Conception and most gratefully dedicated to our Immaculate Mother by him."

Please never say, or let anyone know who enabled Father Shaw to erect it. I will see that it is paid for in full when finished and before it is consecrated for holy use. I shall not tell a living soul of it, and I will appreciate if you will not also.

With kind regards and wishing you the best of success in all your undertakings, I remain,

Your devoted friend,

CHAS. J. DEVLIN.

Grandmother Harrison comes before us as ever during her long career in La Salle as a great leader in church matters. The \$600.00 gold chalice now in use at St. Patrick's church is her gift.

Her worthy daughter and an inheritor of the spirit of her mother, Mrs. Michael Winifred Byrne, is another benefactress. The altar was ever near to her and the many gifts in the shape of candelabra, candles, lamps, flowers and donations in money, are ever remembered. In selecting the tenth station of the Holy Way of the Cross, she would not allow her name to appear so the writer erected it as a gift of a benefactress.

Christmas, 1894, the three excellent sisters, Miss Mary Cody, Miss Anne Cody, Miss Catherine Cody, ever loyal and generous to the parish of their baptism, presented the nineteen light pair of candelabra to the church.

The artistic carved crucifixion group from the Wiltzius firm, Milwaukee, with the exception of the crucifix, are the gifts of three families. The statue of the Blessed Mother is the gift of John Counerton and family; the statue of St. John the gift of John Coleman, Sr., and family; the statue of St. Mary Magdalen, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Lucey.

The rich, artistic windows are from the well-known firm of Flanagan & Biedenweg, Chicago. To the munificence of Rev. P. C. Conway, our La Salle boy, the church is indebted for the great crucifixion group above the high altar; cost \$450.00.

To the munificence of Rev. L. A. Campbell, our La Salle boy, the church owes a charming window, the Good Shepherd; cost \$400.00.

To the munificence of Mrs. Thomas Dimond, Sr., the church owes the exquisite window, the Holy Family, cost \$400.00.

To the munificence of the sodality of the B. V. M., the church owes the winsome window, Jesus Christ Blessing Little Children.

To the munificence of William Anacletus, first born of Lawyer Thomas N. Haskins and Anne Milan, the church is indebted for the great window, the Coming of the Holy Ghost.

To the generousness of Mrs. Mark O'Reilly the church is indebted for the beautiful window, St. Joseph, \$150.00.

To the generousness of Lawyer John Coleman the church is indebted for the handsome window, the Maternity of the B. V. M., \$150.00.

To the Mayor Charley, the church is indebted for the emerald window, St. Patrick

To the ever-ready and whole-souled Mr Francis X. Kilduff the church is indebted for the window, St. Vincent de Paul, \$150.

To the beneficence of the Cavanaugh-O'Farrell family the church is indebted for the window, Blessed Perboyre, \$100.00.

To the Flanagan & Biedenweg Co., the artist manufacturers of the new windows, the church is indebted for the window, Jesus Christ and the Forgiven Adultress.

The gems, the stations of the cross, are the gifts from the broad-minded families herein mentioned:

1. Peter and Mary Coleman, \$125.00.
2. James and Mary Whalen Cody, \$125.00.
3. William and Bridget O'Reilly, \$125.00.
4. Joseph Farrell and sisters, in memory of Rev. M. Cavanaugh, C. M., \$125.00.
5. John and Mary White, \$125.00.
6. Mrs. T. B. Hanly, \$125.00.
7. Gift of Mrs. Penders, in memory of John Coffey, \$125.00.
8. Miss Catherine O'Brien, \$125.00.
9. Thomas and Mary Dimond, \$125.00.
10. Gift of a benefactress (Mrs. M. Byrne), \$125.00.
11. Gift of the McLain Family, \$125.00.
12. Gift of John and Mary O'Connell, \$125.00.
13. Gift of Mrs. M. Brennan and son (Dimick), \$125.00.
14. Gift of John and Ellen Brennan (La Salle township), \$125.00.

The church, weighty with the benefactions of a simple and religious people, lit up with jets of electric flame and enriched with an organ of surpassing wealth of tone, was now in a condition that the seventieth year of the practical life of the La Salle Mission could with dignity be celebrated by pastor and people.

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW THE RELIGIOUS HOLIDAY IN THE LA SALLE MISSION PRODUCED THE HAPPIEST RESULTS.

1857-1899.

"Springs of old enjoyment brooke up within me and I received into the very recesses of my being the whole scene before me."
—*Life of Father Faber.*

THE chapter of this second part of the "Story" the writer named "Slackening the Bow," dealt with the pastimes of the hour, bazaars and picnics, as means to promote the best humor among all the members of the parish. No branch of the Celtic race is readier to welcome, when the occasion offers, a holiday more than the Irish, and no branch of the Celtic race enjoys a holiday more heartily than the Irish. Among the holidays peculiar to the Irish race is that religious national holiday—St. Patrick's day. It is the Irishman's holiday of faith, it is the Irishman's anniversary of the victory of the faith over five hundred years of cruelty and oppression.

"The Catholic festival," writes Cardinal Wiseman, "is an occurrence which puts all the place in which it is celebrated into good humor and makes it brimful of cheerfulness. Its meaning, its object and its demands are perfectly understood by all, and are all of a common interest." The illustrious birthday of George Washington and the immortal 4th of July the Irish-American will observe in gratitude to him who was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. But the feast of St. Patrick has an influence over the Gaelic son not of the earth, but of the unseen world, leading him back to the great Apostle Patrick, who won Ireland and the race of Ireland "not by the sword but by the word." No day, in the succession of the anniversaries of the religious national feast of St. Patrick

during the seventy years of the La Salle Mission, was allowed or could be allowed to pass without a fit celebration. The preparation for the feast had been often most elaborate. The church "as a spouse adorned for her husband," surrounded with all variety, on altar and sacred ministers, wore the best and bore the regalia, the green immortal shamrock imported for the great occasion, from the Land of the Shamrock. Months previous to the day the choir had been in practice, the orator of the day had been chosen, and in presence of a glorious gathering the choir gave an account of themselves and the orator rose to the occasion. His great effort one while would be enriched with the words of the epistle of the day descriptive of "The great priest who in his days pleased God," or with the words of the Gospel of the day descriptive of how Patrick utilized the talents given him by his Redeemer, and the conquests of souls he led to Christ. Nor would the orator fail to sow his discourse with the select flowers of this or that Irish bard, as the work of the great Apostle lay before his vision:

Oh! to have lived as Patrick lived and die as
Patrick died,
His land to win with the cross and smile, as
a warrior wins his bride,
To knit its force in a regal host, and rule it
with regal pride,
And still in the girt of its guardian might o'er
victor fields to ride,
And when age was past and death came fast
To look with a softened eye
On a happy race
Who had loved his face
And to die as a Saint should die!

Oh! to have lived dear Patrick's life, to live
for a solemn end,
To strive for the ruling strength and skill,
God's saints to the chosen send,
And to come at length with that holy strength
The bondage of fraud to rend,

And to pour the light of God's freedom in where
Tyrants and slaves were denned,
And to bear the brand
With steady hand,
Christ's soldier of Truth and Right,
And Oh! Saints to die
Whilst the Cross flew high,
Never to fall or fly!

Oh! could you live as St. Patrick lived,
Kind heaven is his bed,
With an eye to guide and a hand to rule,
And a calm and high priest's head;
And a heart from whence, like a holy well
The soul of his land was led,
No need to cry on the days of old,
That your holiest hopes be fled.

Did the sun deign to gladden the day, the marshal of the hour, like another Phil Sheridan, had his hosts moving in line, divided into companies headed by the standard bearer raising aloft the flag of Erin and Old Glory followed by a brass band discoursing the melodies that will never die, whilst the municipality and clergy in carriages brought up the rear. When the procession ended and was disbanded, yet was the great day not over. Sweet music and her sister, song, a full choir and the drama should close in the evening what had been in the morning so auspiciously begun.

Ere the writer lays before his readers our musical and dramatic talent of the La Salle Mission of many a St. Patrick's anniversary, talent, that anywhere to the lovers of Orpheus or Mercury, would arrest attention and win applause, he asks his readers to consider for a brief space the claims of the Irish to (a) instrumental and (b) vocal music.

(a) Instrumental Music.—Only the Irish student, that is, the student able because of the knowledge of the Gaelic language of his ancestors, and willing because of the love for his Celtic race, can with enthusiasm plod his weary way through piles of Gaelic lore in Gaelic characters written before, during and after the age of St. Patrick, St. Columba, St. Columbanus, and continued in the great Irish schools of Bangor, Lismore and

Clonfert. His amazement will grow and its measure will only be equaled by the extent and variety of the musical erudition he gathers from the twenty instruments the mind of the musical Gaelic soul invented. The horn, the reed have their own charming effects, but the great national emblem, the harp, various in the number of its strings as the number of the gamut, when swept by the skill of a Carolan or his scholar, rising from melody to harmony, playing on the Irish emotional nature, one while to soothe, again to subdue, again to arouse the heart's affections, shall, if the soul of his race be in him, convince him of the depth of the music inlaid in the Gaelic nature. What gladsome, exultant harmony did the Irish harp send forth before the Dane, like another Attila, appeared and tried to boast that no grass would grow where his horse had trodden, and before the awfulest of persecutions of the brutal Tudors, the fickle Stuarts, and the cruel Cromwell had settled on Ireland the darkest of horrors!

"The religious sentiment," writes the great archæologist Dr. Petrie, "so strongly characteristic of the Gaelic mind, has despite so many adverse circumstances, preserved to us a few of those saintly men who * * * obtained for their country the title of *Insula Sanctorum* * * *. Highly, however, as I appreciate these remains I confess that I would rather have possessed the harp of the apostle St. Patrick or that of the gentle Kevin of Glendalough which we know to have been long preserved, than their bells, shrines and croziers; for such were only memories of their professional existence, while their harps would present 'the concordance of sweet sounds' which the Creator has bestowed upon man, as the most sensuous and pure of his leisure enjoyments."

No more is the music of Erin, the music of Patrick, Columba, Columbanus; for captivity has stolen the proud enrapturing note and left the sad, sweet moaning and grief of a broken heart "on the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed." Yet in the language of Dr. Petrie who has consecrated his hours to the "Music of Erin" to the various harps from St. Patrick down to the end of the last century—"The Irish harp cannot be brought back to life; 'tis dead forever!" And even the music which it had created will never be felt again, as it has been felt. But the music won't die.

(b) Vocal Music.—A few minds, possessing the deeper sensibilities of our nature, and strong enough to spurn the deadening influence of fashion, will always be found, who in the enjoyment of such music, will look for a solace amidst “The fretful stir and fever of the world.” The musical few have had since the foundation of the La Salle Mission their representation in the old Catholic Irish city of Illinois.

“The play,” which Shakespeare calls “the thing,” has ever been the occasion for music, instrumental and vocal, to quicken into full action every affection of the living breast. What an exhibition of musical talent and histrionic art have not the school halls of La Salle, year in and year out, given to the patrons of music and the forum! What better adapted to soothe in sorrow’s darkest hour the heart oppressed, or what more powerful beverage to raise to the highest culture the youths that cared for noble manhood and womanhood.

Happily, the writer, at this length of time is able to present to his readers the names and the *dramatis personæ* of some of the plays:

FIRST—THE SISTERS’ GIRLS’ DRAMAS.

LAILA—OPERETTA.

Dramatis Personæ.

Laila.....	Miss Mary Fogarty. (Mrs. Dr. Burke.)
Mountain Child.....	Miss Mary Garrity.
Beggar Mother and Fairy.....	Miss Mary Xeloski. (Mrs. Thos. Noon.)

QUARREL AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Rose.....	Miss Anna Cody.
Dahli.....	Miss Mary T. O’Halloran.
Snow Drop.....	Rosemary O’Donnell.
Pink.....	Miss Cassie Collins.
Lily.....	Miss Catherine Walsh.
Sunflower.....	Miss Queenie Reilly.

MAY QUEEN.

Dramatis Personæ.

Principal part taken by Miss Anna Cody.

LAILA REPEATED.

Dramatis Personæ.

Laila.....	Miss Alice Garrity.
Mountain Child.....	Miss Anna O'Rourke.
Beggar Mother and Fairy.....	Mary T. O'Halloran.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Religion.....	Miss Mary Cleary.
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CINDERELLA IN FLOWERLAND.

Dramatis Personæ.

Prince Sunshine.....	Miss Mary Hanley.
Godmother Nature.....	Miss Mary Donnelly.
Cinderella-Daisy.....	Miss Lizzie Hanley.

KATHLEEN'S PROMISE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Kathleen.....	Miss Mary Hanley.
Mrs. O'Connor.....	Miss Stella Sheehy.
Mrs. Royalton.....	Miss Mary Donnelly.
Her Nieces.....	Misses Anna Burke and Maggie Martin.
Granny Gilliegen.....	Miss Anna Pihl.
Mme. Felice.....	Maggie Shea.
Topsy.....	Genevieve Shannon.
Magistrate.....	Anna Coughlin.
Alma.....	Zita Hardy.

THE NATIONS.

Dramatis Personæ.

United States.....	Miss Stella Martin.
Ireland.....	Miss Margaret Fallon.
England.....	Miss Norah Hanley.
Germany.....	Miss Mary Donnelly.
France.....	Lila Coughlin.
Italy.....	Miss Katie Boyle.
Switzerland.....	Miss Anna Pihl.
Russia.....	Miss Mary Harmon.
Japan.....	Miss Laura McNamara.
China.....	Miss Ella Hanley.
Africa.....	Miss Katie Fallon.

OUT OF THE SHADOW INTO THE LIGHT.

Dramatis Personæ.

Farmer Styles.....	Miss Ella Hanley.
Aunt Kitty.....	Miss Mary Harmon.
Olga.....	Miss Sadie Kane.
Violet.....	Miss Katie Boyle.
Mary Love.....	Miss Stella Martin.
Mother Angelica.....	Miss Ellen Murtaugh.
Mrs. Stuart.....	Anna McNery.
Mme. Adelards.....	Miss Pearl McElhenie.
Aunt Mersy.....	Miss Mary Donnelly.
Heps.....	Miss Lizzie Hanley.
Dr. DeJoie.....	Miss Lizzie Flaherty.
Carrie and Bessie.....	Misses Marie Daley and Rose Feray.

THE DISCONTENTED SISTERS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Arabella.....	Margueriete Gaynor.
Dinah.....	Lizzie Hanley.
Kitty.....	Anna Pihl.
Cynthia.....	Mary Feray.

WHO WILL BE QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS?

Dramatis Personæ.

Rose.....	Miss Laura McNamara.
Sunflower.....	Miss Catherine McGann.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Miss Anna Burke.....	Miss Mary Reinke.
Miss Maggie Martin.....	Miss Stella Sheehy.
Miss Mary Gueron.....	Miss Ella Kane.
Miss Catherine Gaynor.....	Miss Mary Hanley.
Miss Mary Shaughnessy.....	Miss Mary Donnelly.

MRS. WILLIS' WILL.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mrs. Divindle.....	Miss Agnes Hanley.
Lady Spindle.....	Miss Laura McNamara.

DOTTIE'S DREAM.

Dramatis Personæ

Dottie.....	Miss Bernice Daily.
Queen Mab.....	Miss Mary Feray.

THE COST OF A PROMISE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Kathleen.....	Miss Mary Hanley.
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SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Searcher.....	Miss Anna McNery.
Time.....	Miss Stella Sheehy.
Angels	Misses Donnelly, Harmon, Coughlin, Gaynor.
Power.....	Miss Maggie Shea.
Wealth.....	Miss Maggie Martin.
Wisdom.....	Miss Lizzie Flaherty.
Pleasure.....	Miss Lila Coughlin.
Poetry.....	Miss Anna Burke.
Music.....	Miss Anna Woods.
Love.....	Miss Margie Quigley.
Art.....	Miss Ella Hanley.
Fame.....	Miss Eliza Healy.
Religion.....	Miss Mary O'Shaughnessy.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mary, Our Mother.....	Miss Katie Halligan.
Countess.....	Miss Stella Sheehy.
Elizabeth, her sister.....	Mary Feray.
Adelheid, daughter of Countess	Mary O'Shaughnessy.
Bertha, companion of Adelheid	Mary Carr.
Margaret, Bertha's mother.....	Stella Conway.
Queen of Tunis.....	Winnie Sheehy.

THE WITCH OF BRAMBLE HOLLOW.

Dramatis Personæ.

Queen of May.....	Miss Josie Shea.
Witch.....	Miss Maggie O'Shaughnessy.
Sister Veronica.....	Miss Eva Griffin.
Gipsy.....	Miss Mary Sroka.
Topsy.....	Alberta Malone.

NEARER THE GREAT WHITE THRONE (*Sacred Tableau*)*Dramatis Personæ.*

Pilgrim.....	Miss Lucy Malloy.
First Angel.....	Miss Mary Nertney.
Second Angel.....	Eva Griffin.
Third Angel.....	Miss Caroline Hebel.
Angels' Chorus.....	Senior Girls.

The above entertainments, enriched from prologue to epilogue, with a full orchestra and vocal display, were every one a study, and set the house in the state of the most gladsome feeling and expression. What Catholic worthy of the name, and what Catholic parent setting a high value on the career of his daughter, would be absent from the feast that served up so much and so daintily to the satisfaction and pleasure of every palate.

The musical and dramatic Boys' Club, which directly under the leadership of our Brothers of Mary, appearing yearly on occasion of commencement, never failed to make a marked hit. Experts with the magic violin, as our Brothers must be, to what a discipline of precision they brought the boys through the mazes or shifting scenes the drama requires, nature as opposed to that monster affectation, ever speaking, ever acting to the infinite delight of every soul in the audience.

The author of the La Salle "Story" enjoys a feeling of deep satisfaction that owing to the zealous research of the friends and patrons of the Brothers' school, he is able to lay before his readers the full dramatic personality of many of our commencement plays.

SECOND—THE BROTHERS' BOYS' DRAMAS.

1901.

AN INDIAN RAID.

Dramatis Personæ.

Tom Lawler, a western boy at Needles, Cal.....	J. Schmitz.
Bob Lawler, his brother.....	J. Eastman.
Willie Lawler, younger brother.....	G. Schoid.
Dan Lawler, younger brother.....	M. Madden.
Harry Marshall, their braggart cousin from New York.....	M. McInerney.

THERE'S LOSS IN DELAYS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Charlie Cheerful, studious boy.....	P. Chesnas.
Ralph Ready, studious boy.....	J. Gaczkowski.
John Ray, lightning memory.....	W. J. Duncan.
Mr. Hardear, an inquirer.....	M. Gaczkowski.
Claude Troublesome.....	H. Grauer.
Dan Lookout.....	J. A. Hoar.

1903.

A PLAY FOUNDED ON ACTUAL CONDITIONS IN FRANCE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Oscar Sequin, a student of the Paris school . . .	Adolph Wirtz.
Paul Sequin, Oscar's father	Jacob Herzig.
Victor Sequin, brother to Paul	Edmund Burke.
Gaudin, friend of Paul Sequin	Vincent Dooley.
Fiat, friend of Paul Sequin	William Begley.

NO PEDDLERS WANTED.

Dramatis Personæ.

Shamus Shrewd, storekeeper.....	Jos. P. Christopher.
Elim Nate, first peddler.....	Marcus Dooley.
Ready Reckon, second peddler.....	Harold French.
Cornelius Corn, third peddler.....	John Kings.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

Dramatis Personæ.

Collodion Skyflyer, artist.....Geoffrey Schaid.
Adolphus Uptotricks, servant.....John Gerhards.
Gumbo Takenin, customer.....Walter Golatka.

1904.

THE BELL IN THE FOREST.

Dramatis Personæ.

Prince Percival.....	Dan Cawley.
Attendants of the Prince.....	Wm. Shields and Thad Foerester.
Count Ruprecht, friend of the prince.....	Edmund Charley.
Count Peopold, friend of the prince.....	Emmet Martin.
Alexis Foster, the gamekeeper's son	John Gaczkowski.

Karl Krag, a poacher.....	Geoffrey Schaid.
Bluster, a policeman.....	Malachy Madden.
Screech, the town crier.....	John Gerhards.
Frauz Staub, a wanderer.....	Frank Nelson.
Stichem.....	Chas. Hanley.
Chopem.....	John McKenzie.
Waxem.....	John Hardy.
Kneadem.....	Chas. Dooley.

THE JONESVILLE NIHILISTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Tom, a rich boy.....	Matthew Martin.
Joe, his cousin.....	Leo Gaczkowski.
Policeman.....	James Kelly.

Nihilists: Ed. Myler Frank Reinke, Geo. O'Connor, Ed. Morawetz, H. Brotherton, H. McManus.

THE CENSUS TAKER.

Dramatis Personæ.

Henry Doolittle, the census taker.....	F. J. Cassidy.
Prudence Pettibone, a farmer.....	W. H. Winheim.
Samuel, child of P. Pettibone.....	W. Cannon.
John, child of P. Pettibone.....	F. Byrne.
Geo. Washington, child of P. Pettibone.....	E. J. Zerkie.

PATRICK AND THE GRIDIRON.

Dramatis Personæ.

Patrick.....	Mal. Madden.
The Captain.....	Geoffrey Schaid.
The Frenchman.....	Thaddeus Foerester

1905.

THE WIZARD'S SALT.

Dramatis Personæ.

Doctor Cure, a renowned practitioner	Mal. Madden.
Jeremiah, his servant.....	Howard Winheim.
Zingarelli, an Egyptian sorcerer.....	Daniel Cawley.
Rufus Smiley, counselor-at-law	Charles Hanley.
Professor Sanitas, expert on lunacy.....	John Kelly.
Jim Leary, a hostler.....	John McKenzie.

Officer Brown, "one of the finest".....Frank Murray.
Major Skinflint, a retired English officer.....Chas. Dooley.
Fritz Dinkelspiel, father of the family.....Jos. Chrabot.

MEMBERS OF THE DINKELSPIEL FAMILY:

Hans.....Elzear Confrey.
Jakey.....Vincent Hanley.
Willie.....Harry Dee.
Michel.....Wm. Schuetz.
Fritzie.....Edward Foley.

THE WAGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

Jonathan Allwise.....William A. Herzig.
Bert Bluffer, pal of Jonathan.....Fred. J. Cassidy.
Tom Sleek, pal of Jonathan.....Thomas F. Halpin.
Sam Dexter, culinary artist.....Frank T. Nelson.
John Stubbs, butler.....Francis A. Byrne.
Rex Killemquick, physician.....Walter B. Wierzchowski.

JUST RETRIBUTION.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alberti, the duke, whose life has been assailed..Dan Cawley.
Montaldi, a kinsman of AlbertiMalachy Madden.
Julian, the accused.....Thomas Haley.
Stephano, courtier.....Frank Charley.
Ludovico, courtierCharles Hanley.
Guards.....Edmund Charley and Charles Dooley.

1906.

THE RUNAWAYS—DIALOGUE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Abel Grump, a farmerJohn Boyle.
Johnny Grump, his sonEmmet Zerkie.
Charley Black, Johnny's friendGrover Malone.
Policeman No. 429John Sroka.

MESMERISM.

Dramatis Personæ.

Clarence Wonder, a mesmeristFred. Cassidy.
John Day, a great philanthropistFrancis Murray.

VANITY ENSNARED.

Dramatis Personæ.

Morgan, Rogue No. 1	Francis Murray.
Buffles, Rogue No. 2	Thos. Halpin.
Sharper, Rogue No. 3	Francis Byrne.
Moneybags, a wealthy husbandman ..	Howard Winheim.
Edward, son of Moneybags	John Kelly.
Paul, servant of Moneybags	Daniel Cawley.
Footman	John McKenzie.
Captain Bradley	Edmund Charley.
Policeman	Frank Charley.
Policeman	Thos. Haley.

1907.

SARMATIA'S BLIND PRINCE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Stanislaus, King of Sarmatia	Eug. P. Dooley.
Edmond, the legal heir	John J. Kelly.
Prince Rudolph, unwittingly adopted heir ...	Francis R. Murray
Oberto, an honest husbandman	How. W. Winheim
Elvino, son of Oberto	Edw. J. Zerkie.
Kalig, a nobleman in reduced circumstances ..	Francis A. Bryne.
Starow, a villainous confident of Prince Rudolph	Wm. F. Cannon.
Molino, a good-natured villager	Fred. J. Cassidy.
Courtiers, Guards, Pages, Servants.	

THE BASE BALL ENTHUSIAST.

Dramatis Personæ.

Lazy Lawrence, an indolent boy	Thos. V. Hardy.
John Ball, base ball enthusiast	Vincent P. Hanley.
Jimmy Dunup, base ball enthusiast	Geo. L. Sheppard.
Tom Tackle, fishing enthusiast	Vincent J. Griffin.
Harry Lisp, can relate fish stories	Harry T. Dee.

To the St. Patrick's Amateur Club made up of our former Brothers' boys and former Sisters' girls, the La Salle Mission for hours of the keenest enjoyment on civic and religious holidays owes a deep debt of gratitude. If, as the great editor of the Edinburg Review, Sidney Smith, aptly writes: "A man is the

happier for life for having lived for any length of time with pleasant people or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure," assuredly the happy hours the La Salle people yearly spent with the members of St. Patrick's Amateur Club have added largely to their years, since to be pleasant, to be delighted, is a great means to proper digestion, free circulation of the blood, which is another word for length of days.

From forgetfulness, the author has snatched the programs of a few years, and they are thus presented.

CAPT. JACK.

March 17, 1903.

Dramatis Personæ.

Capt. Ed. Gardon, commanding a detachment of her Majesty's soldiers	M. F. Hanley.
Squire Shannon, whose love for Aline blinds him to all sense of right	J. J. O'Shea.
John Driscoll, the Rebel leader known as Capt. Jack	T. Donnelly.
Barney Donavin, a sprig of the Old Sod	John J. Nugent.
Teddy Burke, the informer in the pay of Shannon	Frank Duffy.
Tim Burns, a half-witted lad	D. Farrell.
Lieut. Rogers, of her Majesty's soldiers	Wm. Flannery.
Aline Driscoll, sister of John, in love with Capt.	M. Hopkins.
Nellie Shannon, Squire's daughter	Jennie Hopkins.
Kate Kelly, a true-hearted Colleen	Nate Jenkins.

INCIDENTAL TO THE PLAY.

Specialties were introduced:

Meeting of the Waters, Solo	A. McAnerney.
Killarney	M. Cummings.
The Flag of Erin, recitation	J. J. O'Shea.
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls	Company.
Typical Irish boys in their genuine Irish songs and dances	D. A. Farrell, J. Nugent.
Special Direction of	J. J. O'Shea.
Headed by	Thos. Donnelly.
Musical Director	Josephine Boyle.
Stage Manager	Frank Duffy.
Chief Butler	L. Hetherington.

March 17, 1904.

INNISFAIL, OR THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

Scene Killarney—1867

Dramatis Personæ.

Felix O'Flaherty	John Nugent.
Gerald O'Connor.....	Frank Allen.
Henery Black.....	Chas. Forristal.
Con o' the Bogs	Frank Duffy.
Brandon Banner.....	J. J. O'Shea.
Barth. O'Connor Malone	Chas. Forristal.
Boucher.....	T. Hetherington.
Effie Headford	M. Hopkins.
Marylinn Malone	Nate Jenkins.
Mrs. Ford	Jennie Hopkins.
Musical Director	Josephine Boyle.
Stage Director	F. Duffy.

March 17, 1905.

THE SHAMROCK AND THE ROSE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Barney O'Brady, an Irish Banchol	J. Nugent.
Squire Fitzgerald, Rose's father	T. Hetherington.
J. Desmond, an outlaw patriot	F. Allen.
Shann Carey, a spy.....	L. Hetherington.
Capt. Beck, of the King's Yeomanry.....	J. J. O'Shea.
Lieut. Douglas, of the King's Yeomanry ...	M. Hanley.
Thornton, of the King's Yeomanry	A. Panneck.
Rose Fitzgerald, The Rose of Wicklow	Eliz. Hanley.
Ileen O'Rourke	Anna Pihl.
Nano Desmond	Kate Fallon.

Soldiers and Insurgents.

Father Edwards delivered an able address on Ireland before the performance. Specialties were introduced by Misses McInerney and Hanley, and Messrs. Hanley, Coleman, Madden, Nugent and Farrell.

Mgr.—J. J. O'Shea. Musical Director—Miss Lucille Lenzen. and Stage Director, Lawler Hetherington.

March 17, 1906.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

Dramatis Personæ.

James O'Brien, Capt. of Mountain Rebels... Frank Allen.
Squire Donnelly, an English officer residing
in Ireland J. O'Shea.
Bartle Brannigan, formerly an Irish patriot,
but now a spy..... F. Duffy.
Phil O'Connor, a young Irish American Tom Hetherington
Teddy Murphy, proud of his birth and ready
to fight for Erin-Go-Bragh..... Mart Hanley
Marg. Donnelly, who fails to know her own
heart..... Eliza Hanley.
Blanche Flym, Marg's cousin, a girl of good
common sense Kate Fallon.
Alice Gorman, a true-hearted Colleen and
Terry's better half..... Anna Pihl.
Old Nancy, the mountain witch who tells
more truth than people like to hear..... Mal. Madden.

March 17, 1907.

FAUGH-A-BALLAGH.

Dramatis Personæ.

Gerald Graham, or Capt. Faugh-a-Ballagh . . . Frank Allen.
Donald Ragan, a spy Frank Duffy.
Alice Quinlan E. Hanley.
Squire Gilmore, Alice's Guardian J. J. O'Shea.
Mark Quinlan, Alice's brother, a priest Mal. Madden.
Kittie Callahan, proud of her Irish birth . . . Mary Luka.
Miles Griffin Mart Hanley.
Followers of the Captain { Jeff. Schaid, Harold Trench,
H. Winheim and W. Shields.

The last to be mentioned and to receive right merited mention is the Gregorian Choir. The little choir of our boys and girls under the leadership of Miss Josephine Boyle have been the joy and comfort of the priests of the old parish, and to none more truly than to their former pastor. And what has been the object in forming the little choir? First, to fill the organ gallery with young souls fired with zeal for God's glory, an object un-

known to the worldliness of choirs whose aim as a rule has been worldly display, who lack respect for the church and above all for the adorable sacrifice; secondly, to sing that simple music of the grand old Church, which fills the soul with devotion, raises the soul to heavenly choirs, and unites the soul in melody and harmony with that concert of blessed ones who never cease night and day to sing to the Lord a new canticle; and thirdly, to answer the ardent wish of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, that the chant of the Church ought to have the preference to every other form of music. "Who composed the chant of the pater noster?" was the question put to Archbishop Kenrick by a distinguished scholar. The answer of the Archbishop was prompt, "The Holy Ghost." Were the like question put about any of the other chants of gradual or vespereal liturgy, the like answer of the Archbishop could and should be made. No list of names may be more heartily welcomed and presented than the list emblazoned with the name of the ever self-sacrificing, able organist, and those of her little choir of Gregorian chanters that have done rare service for the fit celebration of feasts and holy days of holy religion.

To encourage organist and little choir, the magnificent organ with its multitude of instruments and the electric battery, to answer the skilful touch of the artist, was at large expense purchased, towards which Messrs. Edward Hegler and Matthiesen were the chief givers. What a recreation has it ever been to the missionaries and chiefly to the Father in charge, to see how quickly the little choir took to the chant, how correctly they read the Latin, and how sweetly they sang psalms and hymns which had twelve hundred years before touched the heart of the great St. Augustine in the cathedral of Milan.

MEMBERS SINCE THE ADOPTION OF THE GREGORIAN CHANT:

Boys.—Chas. J. Hanley, Adolph Wirtz, Emmet Martin, John Gaskowski, Chas. Dooley, Mal. Madden, John Hoar, John Hardy.

Girls.—Kate Fallon, Mary Zerkie, Gustie Wirtz, Mary Hidolski, Anna Pihl, Lila Coughlin, Margaret Martin, Mary Reinke, Mary Hanley, Anna Burke, Mary Donnelly, Mary Minaghan, Anna Woods, Lucille Carr, Mary Feray, Emma Quigley, Margaret Wirtz, Eliz. Wirtz, Mary Sroka, Kate Dooley, Eliz. Hanley, Anna McKenna.

In connection with the fit celebration of holy days in the La Salle Mission, the writer a son, though unworthy, of St. Vincent, cannot pass over the memory of two sons of St. Vincent, who in China were strangled for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. John Gabriel Perboyre in 1840, and John Francis Clet in 1820, the former beatified by Pope Leo XIII in 1889, the latter beatified by the same Pope in 1900. It is regrettable that the order of the Triduum drawn up and carried out most solemnly in 1889 by good Father Abbott has been mislaid. The zeal of our Brothers of Mary in organizing a society of our boys under the patronage of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre has been a great promoter to the increase of piety.

The grand old missionary and martyr Blessed Francis Regis Clet had his Triduum in 1900. The enthusiasm of the people, shown in the crowds that approached the sacraments, and in the craving that marked them to get the picture of the martyr, was most gratifying. Nothing was left unprepared and undone for a worthy celebration of the Triduum.

SOLEMN TRIDUUM
IN HONOR OF
THE BLESSED MARTYR
FRANCIS REGIS CLET,
PRIEST OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION,
NOVEMBER XIX, XX, XXI.
MDCCCC.
ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,
LA SALLE, ILL.

FIRST DAY.

SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS—10 A. M.

Celebrant.....	Right Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, D. D.
Assistant Priest.....	Rev. F. Henneberry, R.
Deacons of Honor.....	{ Rev. T. A. Shaw, C. M., Very Rev. F. Vincent.
Deacon of Mass.....	Rev. T. Murtaugh, C. M.
Sub-deacon	Rev. J. J. Martin, C. M.
Preacher.....	Rev. T. A. Shaw, C. M.
Master of Ceremonies.....	Rev. F. Nugent, C. M.

PONTIFICAL VESPERS—7:30 P. M.

Celebrant.....	Right Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, D. D.
Officers same as at Pontifical Mass.	
Preacher.....	Very Rev. Dean Keating, R.

SECOND DAY.

SOLEMN HIGH MASS—8:30 A. M.

Celebrant.....	Rev. F. Henneberry, R.
Deacon.....	Rev. J. Murtaugh, C. M.
Sub-deacon.....	Rev. F. Nugent.
Master of Ceremonies.....	Mr. Alex. Kilduff.

SOLEMN VESPERS—7:30 P. M.

Celebrant	Rev. T. A. Shaw, C. M.
Deacon	Rev. J. Murtaugh, C. M.
Sub-deacon.....	Rev. F. Nugent, C. M.
Preacher.....	Very Rev. Dean Mackin, R.

THIRD DAY.

SOLEMN HIGH MASS—8:30 A. M.

Celebrant	Rev. L. A. Campbell.
Deacon	Rev. J. Murtaugh, C. M.
Sub-deacon.....	Rev. F. Nugent, C. M.
Master of Ceremonies	Mr. Alex. Kilduff.

SOLEMN VESPERS—7:30 P. M.

Celebrant	Rev. J. J. Murray, C. M.
Deacon	Rev. J. Murtaugh, C. M.
Sub-deacon.....	Rev. J. E. Hennelly, C. M.
Preacher	Rev. J. Murtaugh, C. M.

CHAPTER LV.

THE LA SALLE MISSION CELEBRATES THE 70TH YEAR OF ITS
LIFE—AND WITH THE CELEBRATION, THE SECOND
PART OF THE STORY OF THE LA SALLE
MISSION CONCLUDES.

1838-1907

"O Juda keep thy festivals and pay thy vows."
—*Nahum Ch. 1st, V. 15.*

THE golden jubilee of the La Salle Mission had purposely been allowed to pass simply because the venerable Church of the Mission was not in a condition to celebrate a solemnity. Had the great feast commemorating the fiftieth come off in 1888, when the new brick rectory had been opened to the Fathers, when the church outwardly wore a neglected and wretched appearance, and inwardly nothing of art could be seen, except the ceiling and sanctuary canopy, the celebration would have proven a failure. Matter for adverse criticism, the condition of things afforded; and to invite high dignitaries, such as Bishop and Archbishop and clergy friends, in such circumstances would have been anything but pleasing and bright. Setting back the great celebration for twenty years had been a wise step, taken after slow and deliberate thought. It was ample time to undo what had become time-worn, shabby and vulgar, and to repair, build up and embellish the venerable temple. The time had been well spent by missionaries and by a generous people. The outward appearance of the house of God had improved so strikingly, that no subject for a length of days was treated so feelingly and frequently. The wealth in art the interior of the church revealed to visitors, not only among the La Salle people,

but among strangers who came from afar, filled the soul with delight and afforded them matter for years of thought if the trend of their soul had been towards the symbols of Divine faith.

The celebration was intended to be, as it proved to be, wholly a Catholic, quiet celebration. The modern hurrah which deals so largely in noise and display would have no place in the celebration. Invitations had been sent only to a few, not exceeding, in all, forty guests. The La Salle Post had this to write of the big day's doings:

ALTAR IS CONSECRATED.

Unique Services solemnized at St. Patrick's—Bishop O'Reilly,
Auxiliary of Peoria, Consecrates High Altar—
Archbishop Quigley Present.

This morning a grand ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Church, this city. The magnificent marble altar was consecrated to the worship of the Almighty.

The church has lately been embellished, preparatory to this occasion. The beautiful stained glass windows were readjusted to supply a good circulation of fresh air; a fine new cork linoleum replaces the old matting; the wood-carved statues of the "Crucifixion Group" have been retinted, and the platform on which this group rests has been raised, painted, and the railing decorated with gold leaf. The members of the congregation were also agreeably surprised at beholding the beautiful new candlesticks and crucifixes. An entire new set of vestments were also used. The entire church presented a splendid appearance.

The ceremony of consecrating an altar is a very long one. Right Rev. Peter J. O'Reilly, Auxiliary Bishop of Peoria, performed the ceremony, which began at half past six this morning. He was assisted by Rev. John Cummings, D. D., Rev. James Devine, C. M., Rev. Thomas Levan, C. M. and Rev. John Donnelly, C. M. It took four hours to consecrate the altar.

It is not often in one's lifetime that a consecration service can be witnessed, and those who had the patience to assist at this morning's impressive service will never forget it.

After the altar was consecrated, Very Rev. Thomas Shaw, C. M., pastor of the church, began the solemn high Mass of Thank-

giving. He was assisted by Rev. James Murtaugh, C. M., as deacon, and Rev. Anthony Malloy, C. M., as sub-deacon. Rev. John Donnelly, C. M., acted as master of ceremonies.

After the Gospel of the Mass, Rev. P. C. Conway of St. Pius' Church, Chicago, mounted the pulpit, and in eloquent words recalled the labors of old missionaries.

"Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation." Taken from Eccli. 44th Chapter, 1st Verse.

"Most Right Rev. Archbishop, Right Rev. Bishop, Very Rev. and Reverend Clergy, and dear friends of the laity: This triple celebration of the consecration of these altars, the forty-sixth year of our most beloved Father Tom Shaw, and the seventieth year of the Church in La Salle, constitutes a theme for a volume, rather than an address or a sermon. I will not pretend today to more than index the theme that is already so beautifully developed by the gifted orator and author whom you know so well.

"Standing on this occasion of consecration in the midst of plenty and beauty, surrounded by splendid material and artistic accomplishments, in the presence of sacerdotal and episcopal grandeur vying in splendor with royalty in magnificence, I would gratefully and reverentially look back seventy years and behold this region in all its primitive helplessness. We behold the virginal prairie land, the primeval forest, the undeveloped ore of the country round and about us reaching to the northward and to the southward, to the eastward and to the westward, a hundred miles and more. We behold a land rich in every natural endowment, poor only in being unclaimed and uncultivated. La Salle, like a richly endowed bride, patiently awaits the arrival of the bridgroom, whose compliment of means can match her own, though seen and named by saintly missionaries and discoverers many years before. The true discoverer of La Salle, we may well say, was the genius of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. Fraught with grand destiny for our home and central and southern Illinois, was the onward of progress spoken in 1835. In a response to that command came a rush from every wind of heaven in '35 and '36. The unknown hamlet at the headwaters of navigation of the Illinois assumed new life and activity, the sound of hammer and screech of saw went out upon the air, whilst a thousand men united their efforts to open up the waterway connecting the great inland seas with the gulf. To this mecca of

toil came hundreds of hardy, honest men, ambitious to gain fortune by every means that was justified by honor, not to hide in a hedge, not for a train resplendent, but for the glorious privilege of being independent. Among them were our own ancestors in the faith and ancestors in fact. The labors were hard, the hours were long, the compensation was small, and the privations were many, but the spirit to do and succeed was strong within them, and on they labored, hoping for a brighter day. They had no money, only the scrip that could be exchanged for provisions such as the land produced, and for the land itself. They had no church, no priests to break to them the bread of life, to speak to them the Word of God. They were willing to live and toil without money, but they could not and would not live without religion, without the ministry of the priests of their fathers and of their God. How fervent and frequent must have been the prayers of those exiles to the Father of Light for the coming of him who would be to them the way and the truth and the light forever. The Lord heard and was pleased, and raised up for them the wise man in the person of the devout Catholic Wm. Byrne, generally known as Billy Byrne, who went to St. Louis, and appealed to Bishop Rosati in the fall of 1837. The saintly Bishop, who was himself a Vincentian, appealed to Father John Timon, then Superior of the Lazarists in the United States. Father Timon, afterwards Bishop Timon, first Bishop of Buffalo, sent Fathers Raho and Parodi, who arrived by boat from St. Louis late in the evening of March 29, 1838. The entire community turned out to give them greeting and welcome, and conducted the missionaries to the home of Mr. Byrne, modest as home could be, but hospitable as homespun Irish hearts could make it. The address of welcome read by the twelve-year old daughter of Mr. Byrne, and the hearty handshake of poor but honest manhood, were the only guarantee of the people of La Salle that they would be loyal to the priests and to the faith of Christ. How genuine was that guarantee, how sacredly was it kept, the works from then to now that have their crowning in the sanctification and consecration of your altars in this consecrated church loudly tell. How admirable they appear to us, assembled early in the first morning after the arrival of the Fathers to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered for the first time at La Salle in the home of Billy Byrne, or on the following Sunday, and for many Sundays afterwards, crowding into

the small rooms of John Hines' old boarding house to worship their Divine Master in the holy Mass, or kneeling devoutly under the canopy of heaven to receive the blessing of the priests and of God, or lending willing hands to dig the trenches, to fell the trees or to hew the logs for the first log church, that of the Holy Cross, completed in June, 1838, or see them coming on Sundays from the Lost Land and Arlington and Ottawa and Henry on foot or on horseback or in lumber wagons drawn by ox teams, and by rowboats up and down the Illinois, coming to confess their sins; coming to receive the Holy Eucharist; coming to receive the sacrament of matrimony; coming to have their little ones baptized and confirmed; or note their unselfishness as they share part and part alike of their food and their scrip with Fathers Raho and Parodi. Or contemplate the enthusiasm with which they concreted the sentiment, 'O Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth,' in breaking ground for this present venerable pile in 1846; or witness their steadfast support in successfully completing, finishing and ornamenting the church for consecration by Bishop Vandeveld in 1853. How admirable, let me repeat, are they! They erected a home and convent for the Sisters of Charity in 1855; and completed the old 'Brothers' School' on Third street in 1861. I say, when we see them in the works they have so magnificently co-operated in doing, and know that their sacrifice and obedience were prompted by a supernatural motive and inspired by the supernatural virtue of faith, can we not say of our fathers: 'God bless you living and crown you dead.' You kept your promise made to the ministers of Christ on that March night seventy years ago, you fought the good fight, you kept the faith. Yes, we are proud of those pioneers of the faith in these parts, who, like the noble youth embodied in Longfellow's *Excelsior*, though poverty, though pestilence, though danger might threaten, yet, on they went in the cause of righteousness and of God, bearing always aloft that banner stamped with a strange device '*Excelsior*.' But if we generously pay our tribute of gratitude and admiration to the noble laity of early days, we can never be unmindful of the cause whence all this grandeur sprung. Let not men, but angels on high, announce the magnificence of those souls that came amongst our own so long ago, and were eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, food to the hungry, rest to the weary, joy to the sorrowful, hope to the despairing, faith to the

doubting, life to the dead, Christ to all. And if I am to mention the names today I would pray that He who cleansed Isaias' lips with fire, might mine inspire to speak their praise in accents mild and holy. They came at different times, remained shorter or longer periods, performed heroic works of the ministry, but to us today they are all the same, consecrated sons of St. Vincent, who gave their life's blood that we might live in blessedness.

"O priests! If you wish to see the human embodiment of the Good Shepherd to inspire you to preach the Pastor, go, look at Fathers Raho and Parodi traveling far and near, night and day, seeking out the lost sheep; go see them, men who at home were accustomed to every comfort and every luxury, humbly sharing in the humblest fare of our fathers' cabin. See them living like other apostles, going about without scrip or mantle, depending for sustenance on the charity of those to whom they ministered. And if you wish to paint the distance that God's love will go, draw inspiration from the Parodis, the Demarchis, the Collins, the O'Reillys, the Anthonys and the Quigleys, hurrying through sunshine and storm, in summer's heat and winter's cold, through pathless prairies, and unknown forests, from Dixon and Oregon on the north to Bloomington and Springfield on the south, from near Joliet on the east to beyond Peoria on the west, bearing Christ's pardon and his mercy to some dying soul. They had long ago heard the voice of Him who said: 'He who leaves father and mother, sisters and brothers, houses and lands, for My Name's sake shall receive an hundred fold and possess eternal life.'

"And promptly on the day they made their holy vows, they said: 'Lord, I am come, I have left all things to follow Thee; lead, Thy servant followeth; speak, Thy servant heareth; command, Thy servant obeyeth.' What wonder when ghastly cholera scourged with thongs of death the people of La Salle's surrounding country in '49, '50 and '54, that we find these priests sleepless in their vigils, tireless in their ministrations, fearless of that awful scourge from which men fled in horror, going about administering the sacraments, nursing the sick and burying the dead. God spared them, but had He willed that death of one or two or ten, another one or two or ten would take their place, knowing that the martyr's death is the martyr's crown. I have not mentioned all the names on the roll of honor and sanctity, who from St. Patrick's Church, La Salle, went forward to min-

ister, to instruct and to save. It is not necessary, memory and tradition keep them sacred to you. The soulful Smith, the hospitable Guedry, the scholarly Byrne, the zealous Abbott, with many others just as worthy and beloved, are dear to you and present in your thoughts today.

"My dear friends, great was the laity of the olden days, great was the priesthood. Magnificent were the accomplishments. No blame, but praise, attaches to the memory of both. We, then, of today, are the scions of a noble house; we are the children of ancestors of faith, and our obligation is a sacred duty to keep in reverence ancestral memories, to keep undefiled ancestral ashes, to practice ancestral virtues, to imitate ancestral zeal in the sacred cause of Christ. I would not be *Laudator temporis acti*; I could not be a pessimist if I would. I believe that all the good is not done yet, and I believe too, that there is as much good in mankind today, as there was in any time in Christian history; and we, the priests and people of today, can say that we will not be faithless to the trust of ancestry, nor disappointing to the hope of posterity. And why do I make this statement in the face of so much materialism, so much worldliness, so many votaries of the god of mammon? Because, in the midst of materialism, I see daily springing up new temples to the living God, lifted up by Christian sacrifice from the midst of worldly revelers. Daily I see processions of virgins, men and maidens, joyously hurrying to the altar of sacrifice, and because I see the one-time votaries of mammon forsake their idol, and kneel instead at the shrine of charity, in rearing and sustaining our infant asylum, our insane asylum, our orphan asylum, our home for the aged and destitute poor. I say the priesthood of today is as pure, as powerful, as zealous, as self-sacrificing, as it has ever been at any other period of the history of the Church. True, we live better, we have more comforts, more luxuries if you will, more opportunities, more recreation and amusement than had those of our fathers' days, but it is because the times have changed to prosperous portion. But let poverty come, let persecution come, let pestilence come with all its awful ravages, then will the priests of today willingly, joyfully, be as poor as the poorest, as brave as the bravest, like other Christs will they go out to feed, to defend, and to die for the souls committed to their charge. Need I give example of the continued zeal of our people, I would have

but to point to your See City of Peoria and our metropolitan city of Chicago, where changing and increasing conditions necessitate greater and greater provision of Church and school and hospital, and tell you that hardly a week, surely not a month passes by that the Bishop or our Archbishop is not called upon to lay the cornerstone or dedicate an asylum, a hospital, a refuge, a school, a convent, a church erected by the generous sacrifice of the faithful laity and clergy.

"But I am wandering away from the main feature of my theme, from the occasion that has brought together today such a distinguished gathering in this sanctuary, of priests from near and far, men venerable in years and rich in the merit of good works done, doctors learned in the law, a Right Reverend Bishop, your Auxiliary Bishop O'Reilly of Peoria, and our own great Archbishop Quigley of Chicago. They have all journeyed here today to do honor to the manhood and the priesthood of your beloved pastor, and friend of all, Father Tom Shaw.

"In 1853, at the consecration of this grand old church, a young acolyte knelt at the feet of the second Bishop of Chicago to receive the apostolic benediction, and prayed that God might lead him on to a life of usefulness. And how richly was that prayer rewarded, the priestly life of Father Shaw for forty-six years tells more eloquently than words of mine can possibly do. Knowing that 'He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven,' he went to the mother house of the Lazarists in America at St. Mary's Seminary of the Barrens, and gave up his home and kindred, and, more than these, his very will, and sealed that renunciation of the world in the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. In a short time his masterly mind completed a brilliant course in the classics, mental and moral philosophy, dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, church history and sacred scripture. And we who know him well can say that he was not only a graduate, but a master of each. Of his scholarship we all know, of his ability as a professor of the classics in which his soul seemed to take the greatest delight, of dogmatic and moral theology, as well as the director of seminarians, the presence here of Fathers
* * * * * and the Most Rev. Archbishop, who sat at his knee and drank in the good and true and the beautiful, is sufficient testimony.

"I am not speaking to you, Father Shaw, I am speaking of you, and you are host today and must obey. And if there is no corner of the United States, from the Gulf to the Canadian line, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where the name of Father Shaw is not known and his memory is not revered, have we not a right to talk about him? And this is not the language of hyperbole.

"For forty years has Father Shaw preached missions throughout the United States, in the churches, in the cathedrals of Brooklyn, Albany, Chicago, and in the back woods of Minnesota, Missouri, Iowa and Mississippi, amid the canyons of the Rockies, on the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, in the adobe churches of the half Mexican, half Spaniard, in the fertile valleys of the Sacramento, throughout the whole extent of the Golden State, the voice of Father Shaw for many years rang out eloquently and strong, announcing the eternal truths of salvation to many, or mildly reconciling the sinner in the tribunal of penance. Oh, such men as Father Shaw were born not for us, but for all, and though we of La Salle claim him as our own, we know that he belongs to the great nation of Catholics and to this country.

"They tell us that you are going to be given a rest; you deserve it, but you do not need it. For, though during over forty years of hardest missionary labors, whilst you seemed to have done the work of ten, I believe today that you have more of ability, more of vigor, more of youth in you than any of us. But if, Father Shaw, you retire from the more active and laborious works of the ministry, you cannot retire from dear old La Salle, that witnessed your young years, you cannot retire from the friends and love of thousands. And whilst you enjoy your *Otium cum dignitate*, our thoughts will be of you, our hopes will be with you, our prayers will be for you. And now, in conclusion, may I not, on this thrice happy occasion, breathe a fervent prayer that the spirits of our sainted dead may ever look down in benediction on us, their children, grateful and forever faithful."

The Most Rev. James E. Quigley, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, an old scholar of Rev. Father Shaw, was present in the sanctuary. He was assisted by Rev. Lewis Campbell, and Rev. Patrick Tinan.

Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly was also present. His deacons were Rev. John Cummings, D. D., and Dean Greve of Peoria.

Visiting Clergy—Most Rev. James E. Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago; Right Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, Auxiliary Bishop of Peoria; the Rev. Dean Keating, St. Columba's, Ottawa; V. Rev. Hannon, Darlington, Wis.; V. Rev. P. V. Bryne, C. M., St. Vincent's College, Chicago; V. Rev. W. H. Musson, C. M., St. Mary's Seminary, Mo.; V. Rev. Dean Quinn, Rock Island; V. Rev. Dean Greve, Peoria, Ill.; Rev. James Murtaugh, C. M., Rev. Thos. Levan, C. M., Perryville, Mo.; Rev. John Cummings, D. D., Clinton, Ill.; Rev. P. C. Conway, Chicago; Rev. John Donnelly, C. M., Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis; Rev. Martin Hanley, C. M., Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Rev. James Devine, C. M., Chicago; Rev. Anthony Malloy, C. M., Chicago; Rev. Denis E. Walsh, Spring Valley; Rev. E. M. Hopkins, C. M., St. Louis; Rev. J. E. Madden, Chicago; Rev. O'Kelly, Streator; Rev. Egan, Eagle; Rev. Vincent Huber, O. S. B., St. Bede's College, Peru; Rev. Edw. Grobusch, St. Joseph's Church, La Salle; Rev. John Woods, C. M., Cape Girardeau, Mo.; besides numbers of others.

The long-life friend of our Order and of the writer, Most Rev. James Quigley, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, condescended to grace with his presence the occasion. To the regret of all, Bishop J. L. Spalding of the La Salle Mission, owing to indisposition, was unable to lend his magnetism to the gathering.

Bishop Peter J. O'Reilly, Auxiliary of Peoria, in his sunshine was there.

June 12, 1907, had been thoughtfully fixed for the celebration of the seventieth year of the sons of St. Vincent in the valleys of the Illinois. Two months were allowed to gather funds for the great occasion. The sodality ladies, represented by Miss Rose Collins, Miss Kate McClain and Lucy Keys; the lady Foresters, represented by Mrs. Robert Taylor, Mrs. D. McNulty, Mrs. P. Trench; the ladies of the parish, represented by Mrs. P. Donnelly; the gentlemen Foresters represented by Messrs. D. O'Shea, Peter Connelly and John Haack, at the invitation of the Pastor and assistants, met in the parlor of the parish rectory Easter week, and then and there were appointed committees to meet the expenses of the solemnity. The payment for the electric lights, the magnificent linoleum for all the aisles of the church, the retouching of the marble altars, the artistic bronze medal to be struck for the occasion, the gift to the Bishop, the banquet to the guests, were the chief items taken up, and which the solemnity would occasion. The consensus of views of the ladies

and gentlemen was very gratifying. The plans offered by this, seconded by that lady, and concurred in by all, proved the undertaking had whole-souled charity for its inspiration and, therefore, that success, as it did, would crown the efforts of our noble ladies and gentlemen.

The banquet that followed the ceremonial of the day was a befitting conclusion. No toastmaster had been appointed, nor had any speeches been prepared. Remarks were made by the illustrious Archbishop, who had made more important business wait on this Lazarist celebration at La Salle, and his happy allusions to days of old Niagara, when the writer had the honor of knowing intimately the future Archbishop of Chicago, were listened to with closest attention and rare delight. Bishop Peter O'Reilly's happy vein of humor opened to the pleasure of all. Very Rev. Dean Hannon of Darlington, the grand old friend and pioneer of Catholicity in Iowa and Wisconsin, carrying eighty years, and fifty-five of the priesthood, as prominent by his magnificent physique as Mount Shasta in the Sacramento Valley, deigned to honor the Lazarists whom he knew so well, and his coming was a spring morning. His easy and rich humor and pleasant wit were heartily welcomed by the guests.

Dean Keating, in his well-chosen period, was not behind, in his reference to the old La Salle missionaries. Nor were our La Salle boys, Rev. L. A. Campbell, Rev. P. J. Tinan, and the orator of the morning, silent guests.

At 3 p. m., all rising, the Archbishop gave thanks and all repaired, the Bishops going before, to pay a visit to the Great Master, after which the host led his distinguished guests to seats on the beautiful lawn, environed by maples, where the camera was in preparation to accept the image to life of each one of the assembled party, from the illustrious Archbishop Quigley and Bishop O'Reilly to the youngest of the clergy. At 4 p. m., the distinguished company were returning each one to his home, after bidding good afternoon to the Lazarist Fathers, who felt highly complimented by the visit of guests so eminent and honorable, on this, the seventieth year celebration of the La Salle Mission.

The will of the writer had been for some time to withdraw from responsibility to enjoy a quieter life, one more congenial to his seventieth year. Not that the last span, were it long or short, should be passed in a listless, indolent way,—for to the

writer's nature such would be impossible—but that, free from the exercise of authority, he would become a gatherer and chronicler of the sayings and doings of numerous sons of St. Vincent of our United States Provinces, whose memories, he has the presumption to judge, unless he recalls them, most probably shall fade. His superiors were aware of this, and answered his wish by calling him to the quiet of the old Barrens.

The second part of the "Story of the La Salle Mission" is now told. The writer bids farewell to his numerous friends and readers, whose fathers in God and fathers in nature have shared his thoughts, and delighted his soul for so many years. The like delight he prays may be the share of all their children, who, walking in the footsteps of such sires, shall direct every thought to and do every action for the accomplishment of God's holy will, which is the end of life.

"I will here make an end of my narration. Which if I have done well, and as it becometh the history, it is what I desired; but if not so perfectly, it must be pardoned me." IIInd Bk. of Mach. Ch. 15.

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STORY OF THE LA SALLE MISSION CHGO



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